THE

Musical Album:

A VOCAL CLASS BOOK FOR

FEMALE SEMINARIES, ACADEMIES, AND HIGH SCHOOLS.

BY GEORGE F. ROOT.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY MASON BROTHERS, 23, PARK ROW.

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PREFACE.

THE demand for new music in Female Seminaries, Academies, &c., and, especially, from those who, for three years past, have used the "Academy Vocalist," has led to the preparation and publishing of this work. The Elementary Instructions, Exercises, Solfeggios, and Rounds; together with the Hymns, Anthems, and Chants, are taken, by permission, from "THE HALLELUJAH," by Lowell Mason.

G. F. R.

THOMAS B. SMITH, STEREOTYPER AND ELECTROTYPER,
No. 216 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

ELEMENTARY EXERCISES.

The following Exercises should be sung sometimes slower, and sometimes quicker; sometimes louder, and sometimes softer, sometimes to La, sometimes to syllables, and sometimes to poetry.

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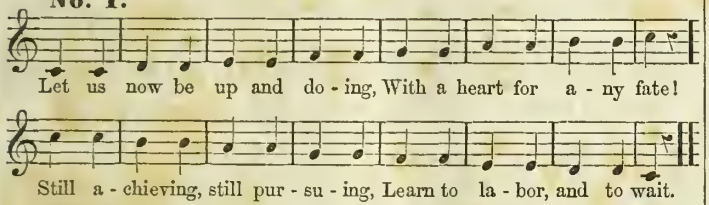

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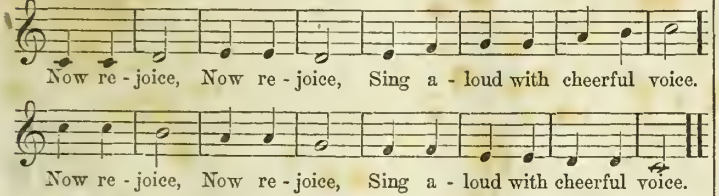
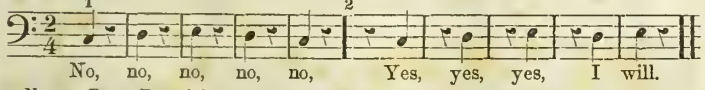
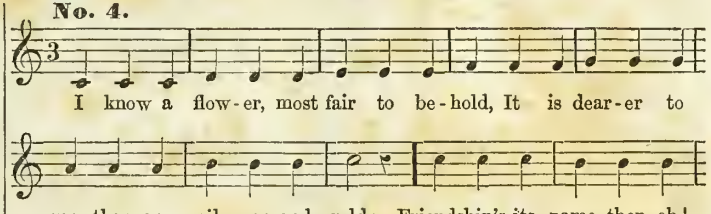


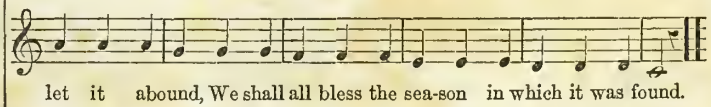
No. 3. *This may be sung in two parts, or as a* ROUND.



NOTE. By a Round is meant a piece of music, in which, one part commences after another, and each follows round in a regular order. In the above round for two parts, the second voice or voices should commence when the first voice or voices arrive at the figure 2.

No. 4.





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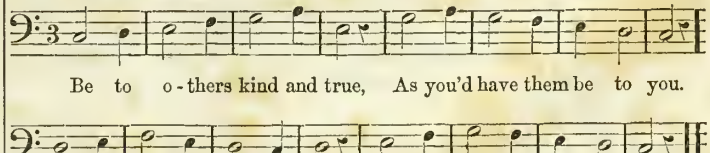

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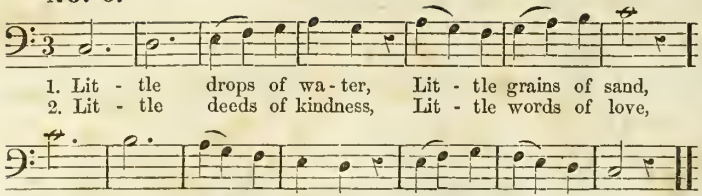

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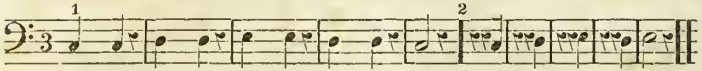

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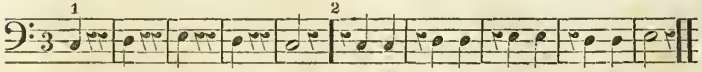

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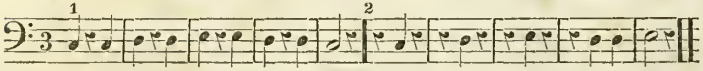
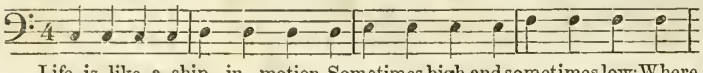
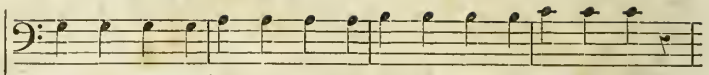
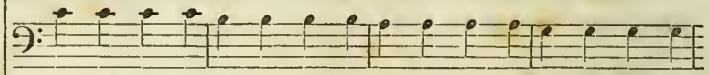


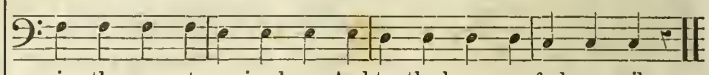
NOTE. Nos. 7, 8, 9 may be sung in two parts, or as Rounds.

No. 10.









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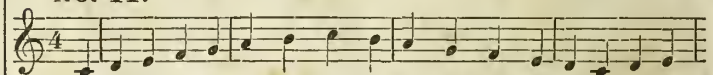

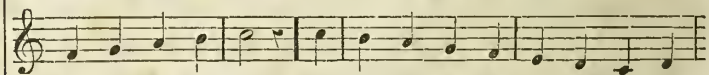

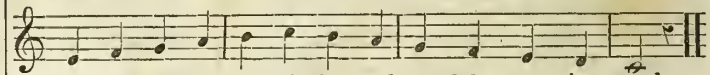

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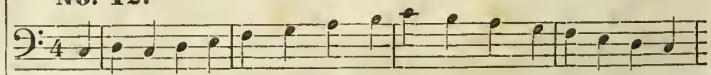

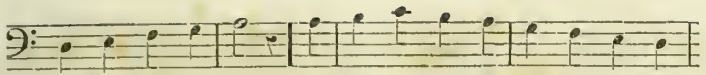

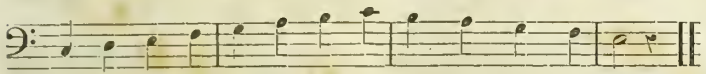

NOTE.—Exercises 11 and 12 may be sung together.

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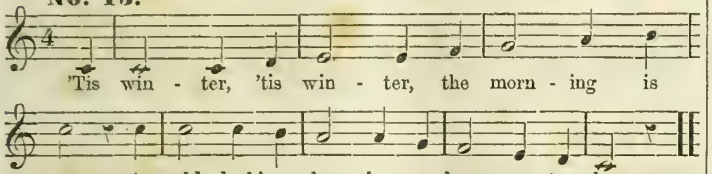

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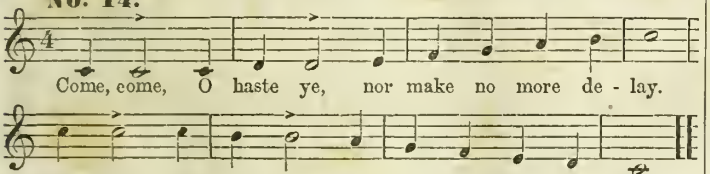
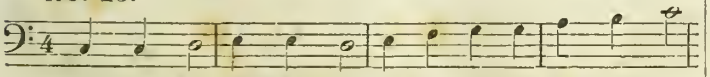
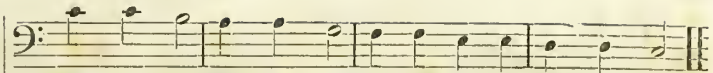


NOTE. A strong accent should be given to the notes marked thus >.

No. 15.





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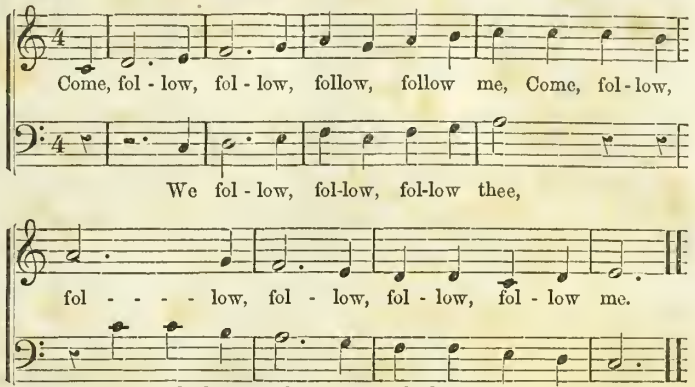

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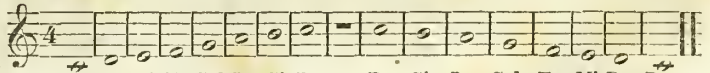
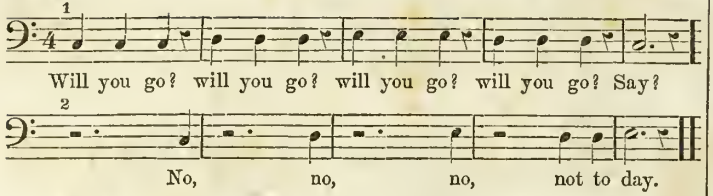


NOTE. The scale, as here represented, should be daily sung, in long, sustained tones, and with great attention to steadiness, firmness, and to an open, full, sonorous quality of voice.

No. 18. In Two Parts.



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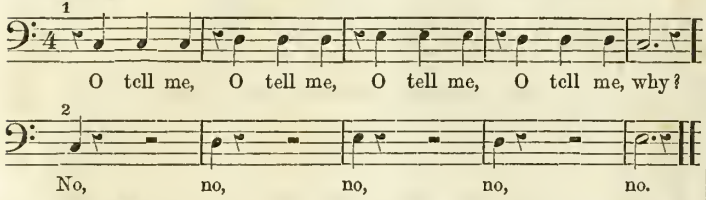

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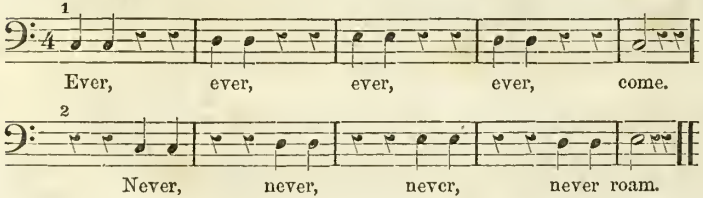

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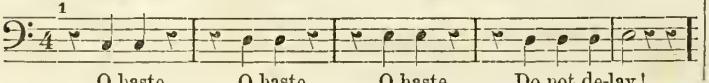

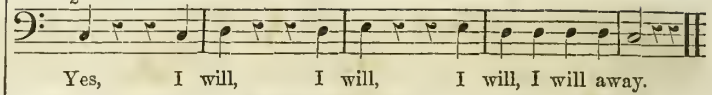

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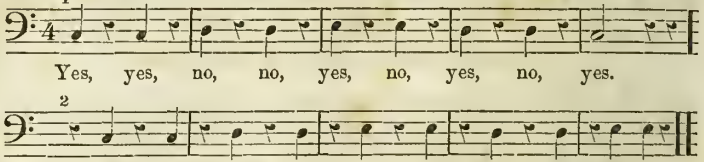

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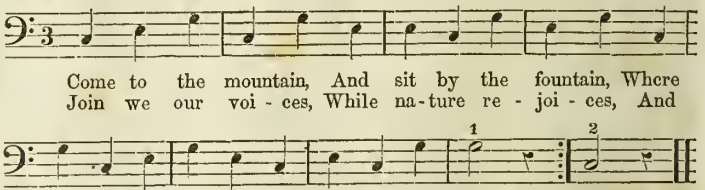

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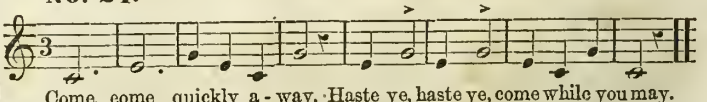

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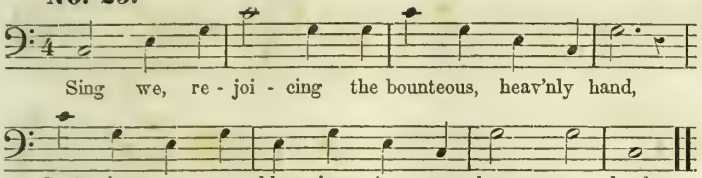

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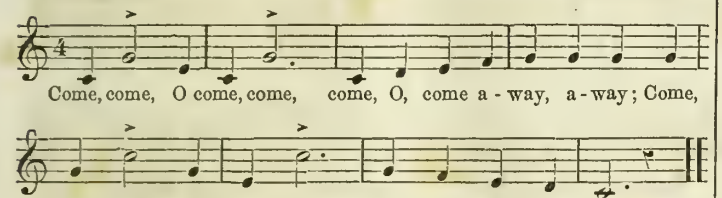

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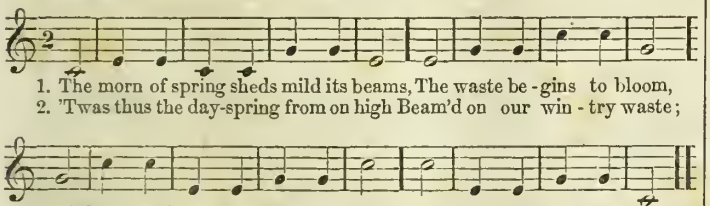

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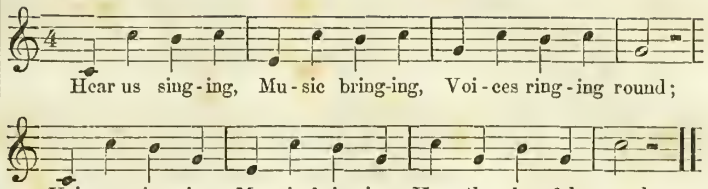

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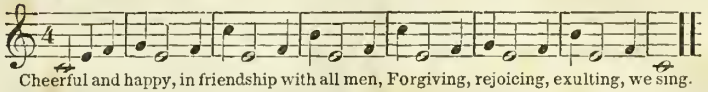

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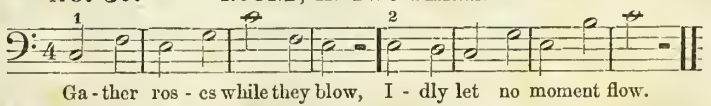
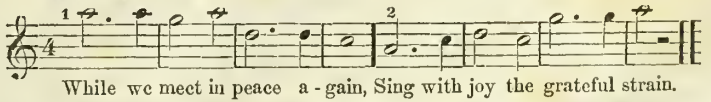


No. 31. ROUND, IN TWO PARTS.



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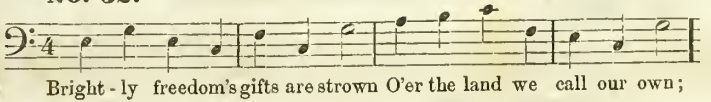

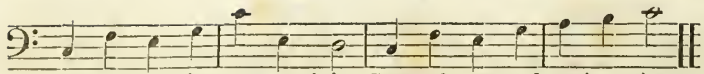

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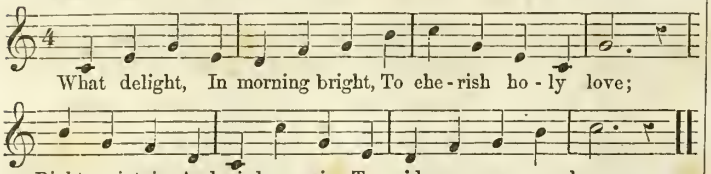

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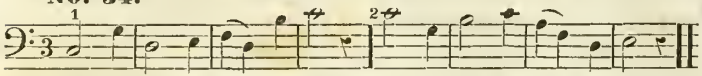

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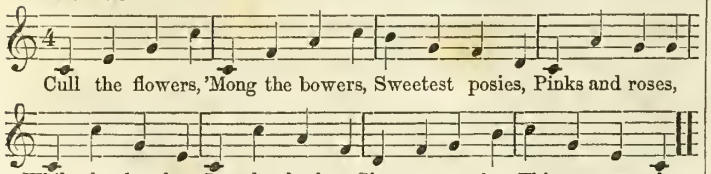

NOTE. Exercises 35 and 36 may be sung together.

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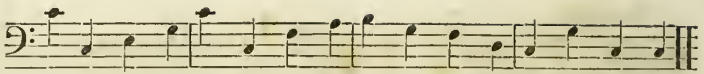

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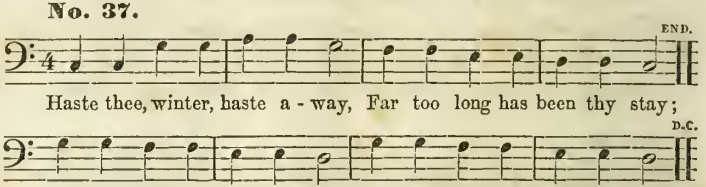

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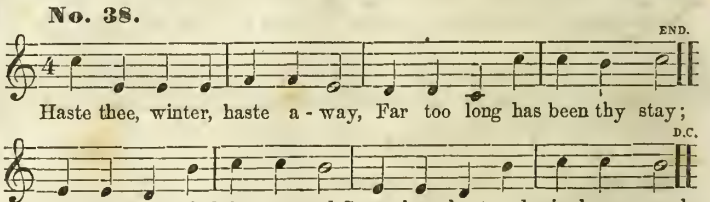
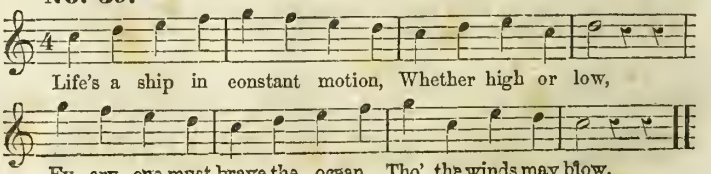


NOTE. Exercises 37 and 38 may be sung together.

No. 39.



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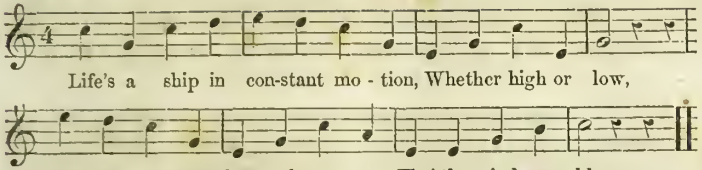
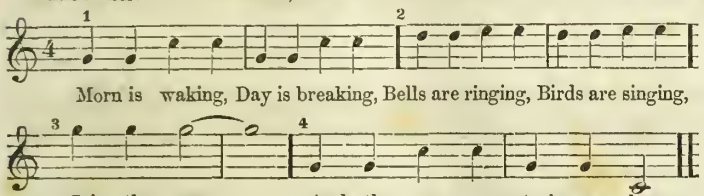
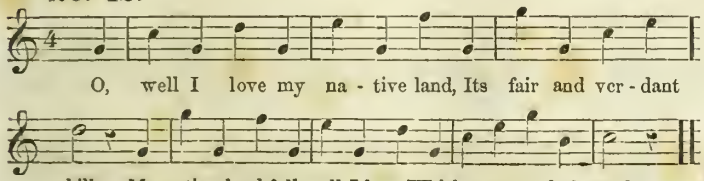


[Exercises 39 and 40 may be sung together.]

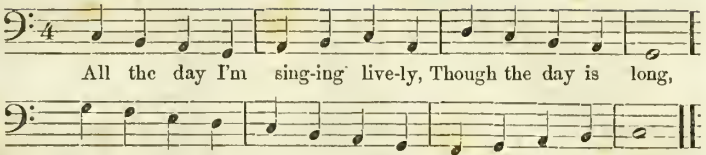
No. 41. ROUND, IN FOUR PARTS.



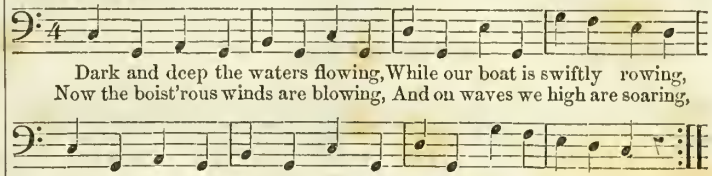
No. 42.



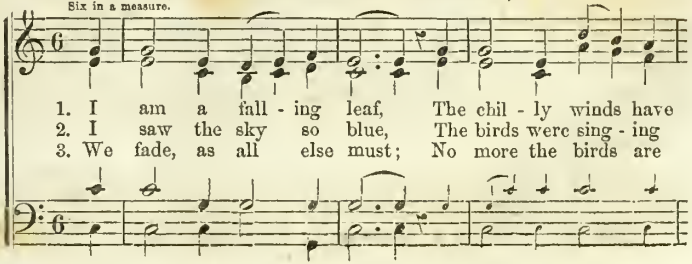
No. 43.

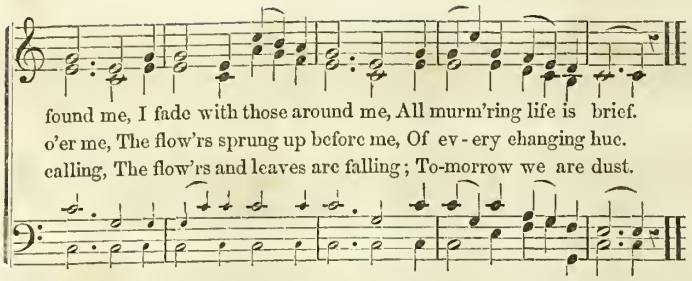


No. 44.

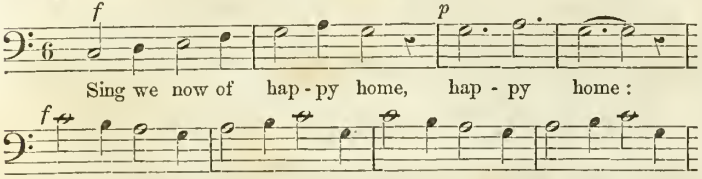


No. 45. FOUR PART SONG.—"The Fading Leaf."
(The Four Parts written on Two Staves.)

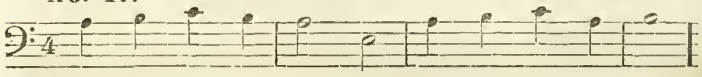


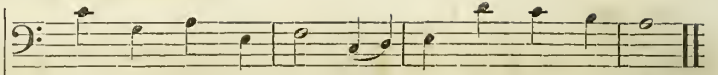


No. 46. Two Beats to a Measure.

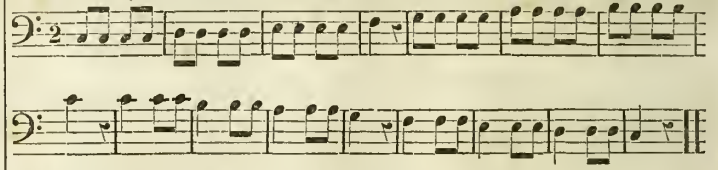


No. 47.

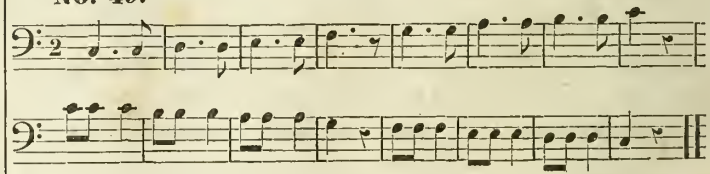




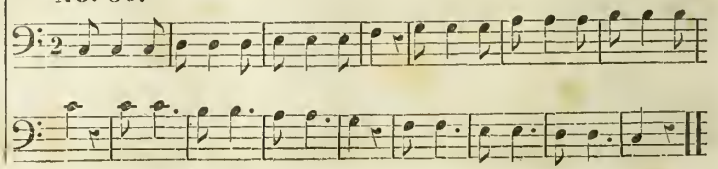
No. 48.—Exercises *in compound forms of measure; eighth notes.*



No. 49.

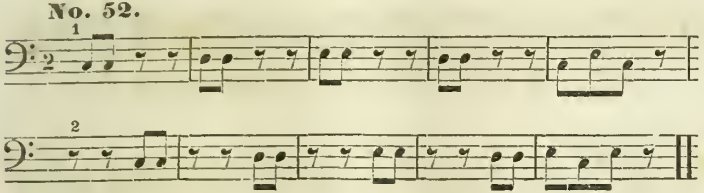


No. 50.



No. 51.

No. 52.



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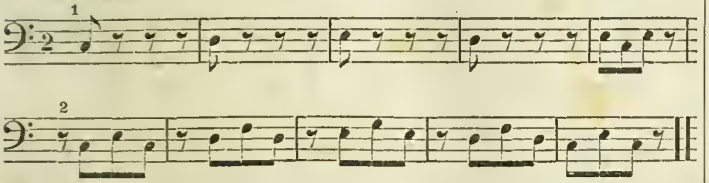

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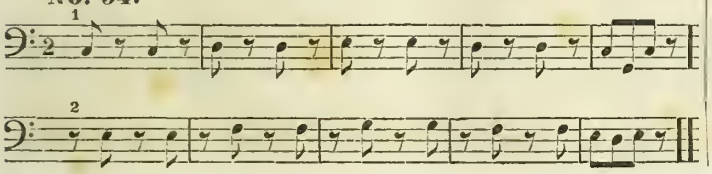

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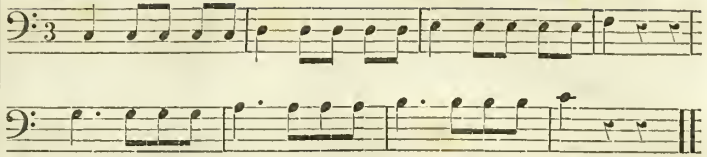

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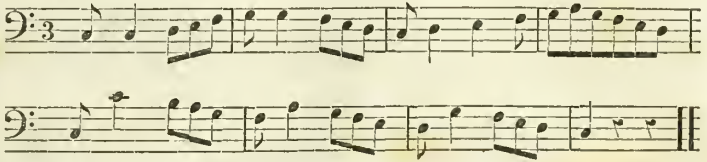

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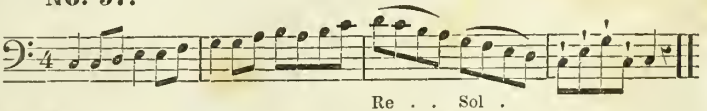

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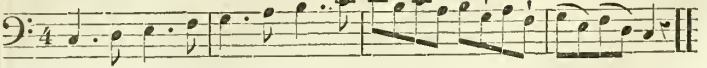

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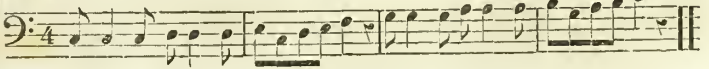

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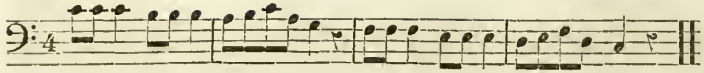
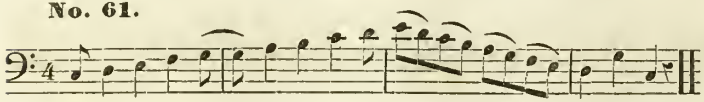
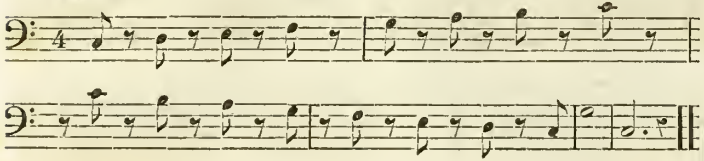


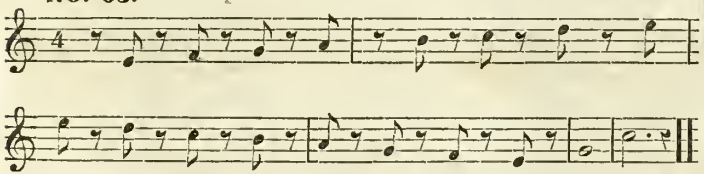
No. 61.



No. 62.

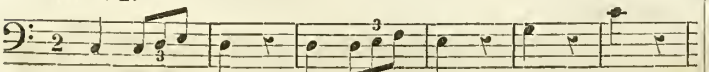


No. 63.

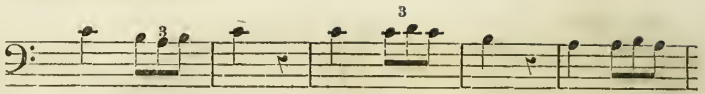


Note. Exercises 62 and 63 may be sung together.

No. 64.



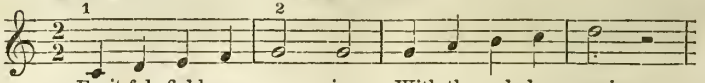
Sing, merrily sing, sing, merrily sing, sing, sing,



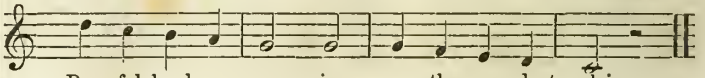
sing, merrily sing, sing, merrily sing, sing, merrily

sing, sing, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily sing.

No. 65. In two Parts.

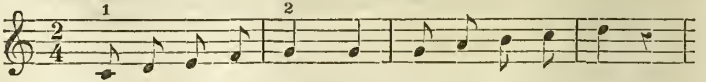


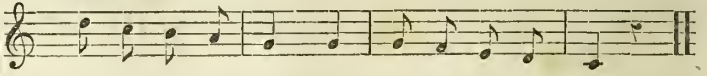
Fruit-ful fields are wav - ing With the yel - low grain;



Peaceful herds are graz - ing on the ver - dant plain.

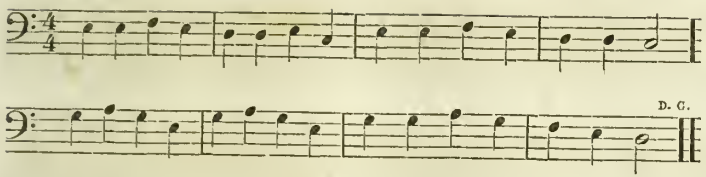
No. 66. In two Parts.



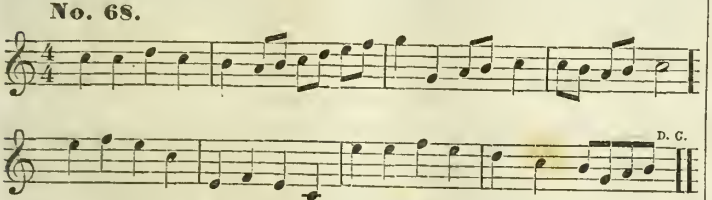


Note. Exercises 65 and 66 are given as specimen of different *varieties* of measure. They are the same to the ear, and only differ in the noting, or in the characters by which they are represented.

No. 67.

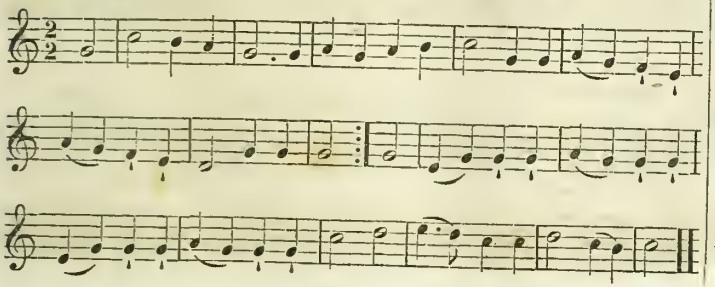


No. 68.

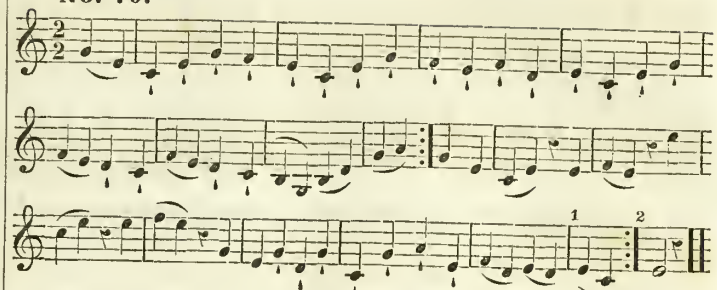


NOTE. Exercises 67 and 68 may be sung together.

No. 69.

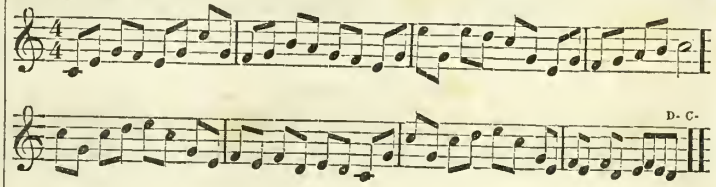


No. 70.

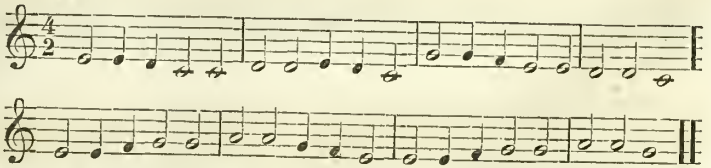


NOTE. Exercises 69 and 70 may be sung together.

No. 71.

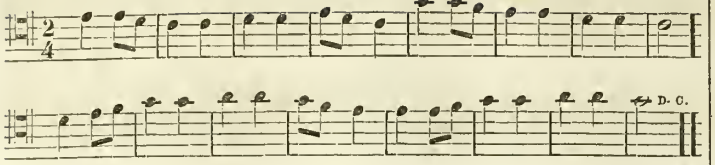


No. 72.



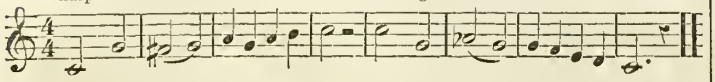
NOTE. Exercises 71 and 72 may be sung together.

No. 73.
C. Tenor Clef.

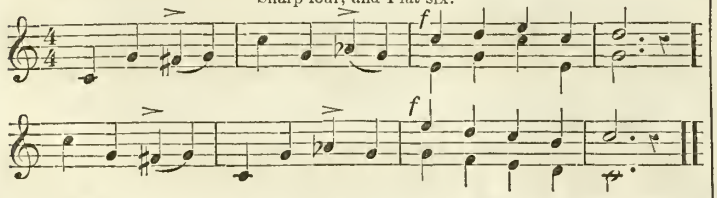


NOTE. Exercises 72 and 73 only differ in notation ; they represent precisely the same thing, both as respects time and tune.

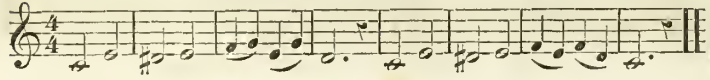
No. 74.
Sharp-four and Flat-six. Five will serve as a guide to either of these tones.



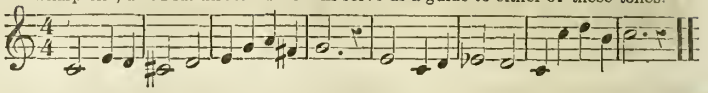
No. 75.
Sharp-four, and Flat-six.



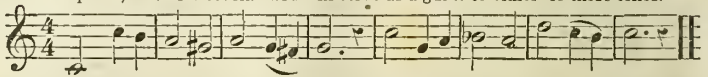
No. 76.
Sharp-two. Three will serve as a guide to this tone.



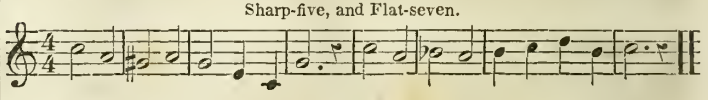
No. 77.
Sharp-one, and Flat-three. Two will serve as a guide to either of these tones.



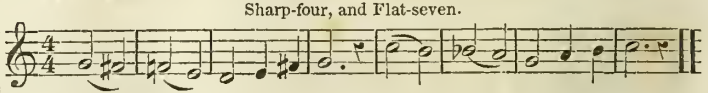
No. 78.
Sharp-five, and Flat-seven. Six will serve as a guide to either of these tones.



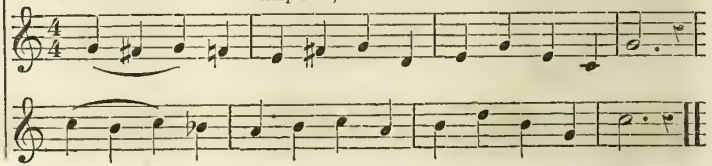
No. 79.
Sharp-five, and Flat-seven.



No. 80.
Sharp-four, and Flat-seven.

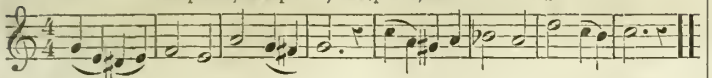


No. 81.
Sharp-four, and Flat-seven.



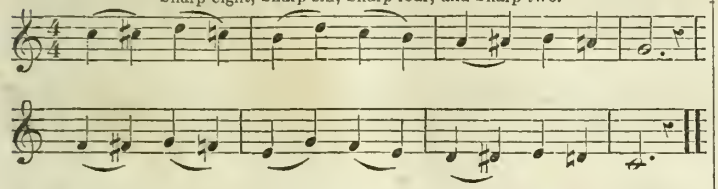
No. 82.

Sharp-two, Sharp-four, Sharp-five, and Flat-seven.



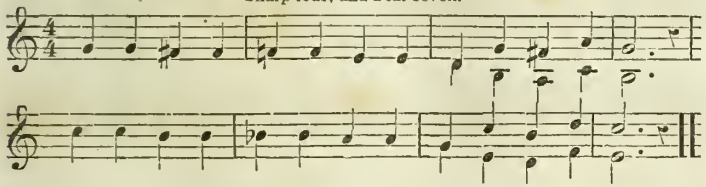
No. 83.

Sharp-eight, Sharp-six, Sharp-four, and Sharp-two.

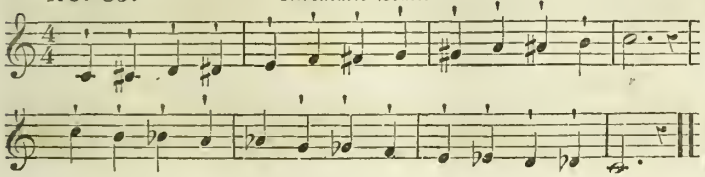


No. 84.

Sharp-four, and Flat-seven.

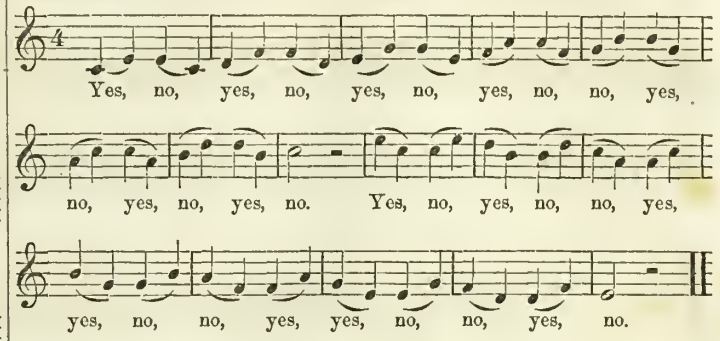


No. 85. *Chromatic Scale.*

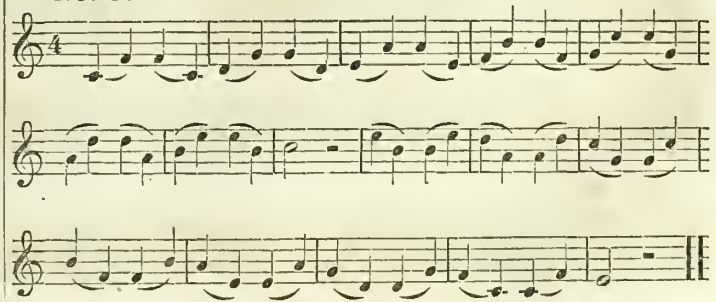


Note. The following lessons (86 to 91) may be sung responsively by two divisions, the first division singing the first two notes, and the second division the last two notes of each measure. They should be sung both with and without the slurs.

No. 86.



No. 87.



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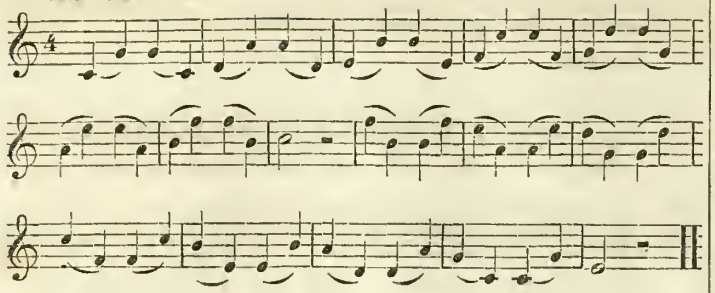

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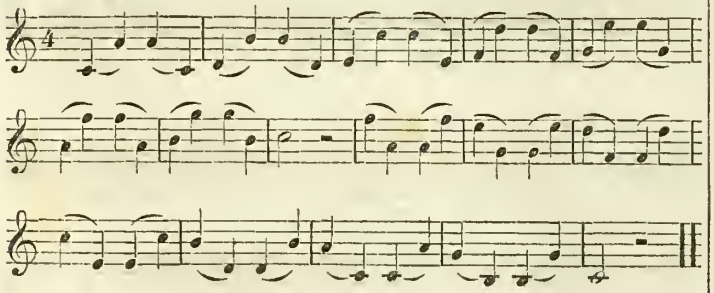

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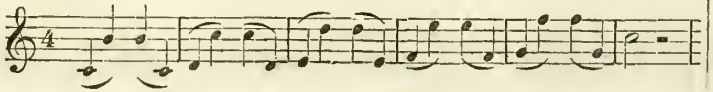

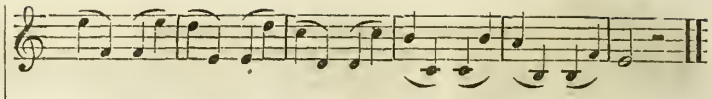

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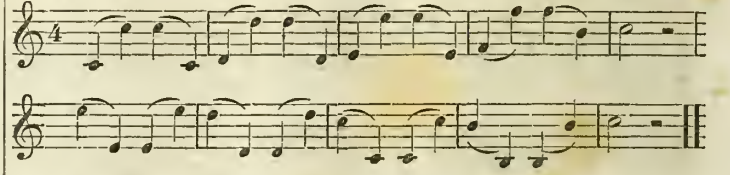

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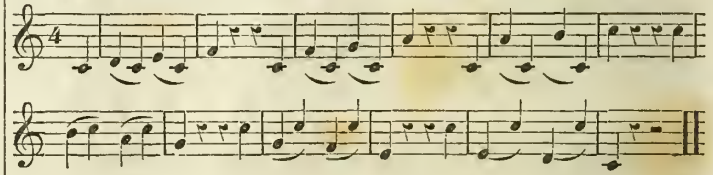
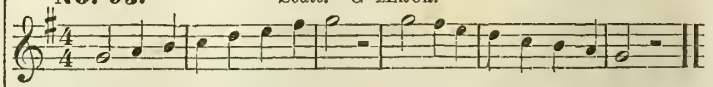


No. 93. *Scale.* G Major.



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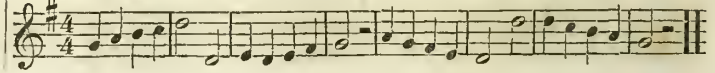
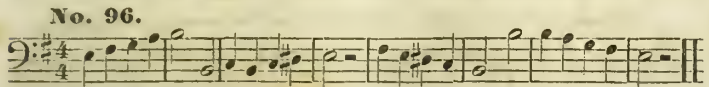


No. 95. *Scale.* E Minor.

No. 96.



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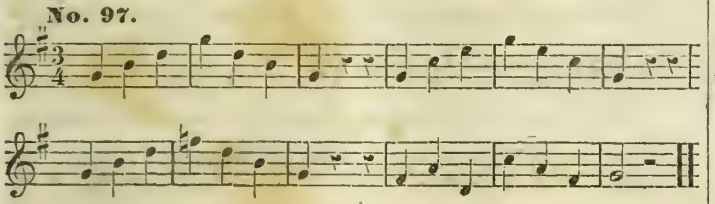

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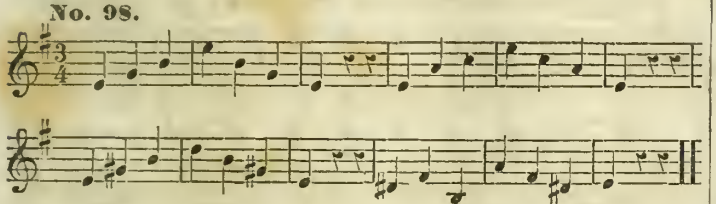

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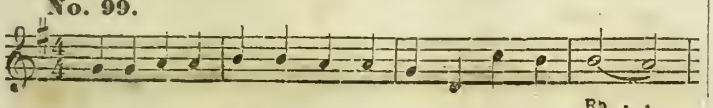

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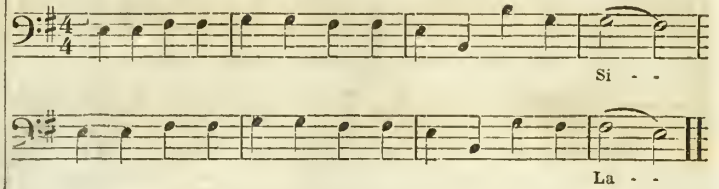

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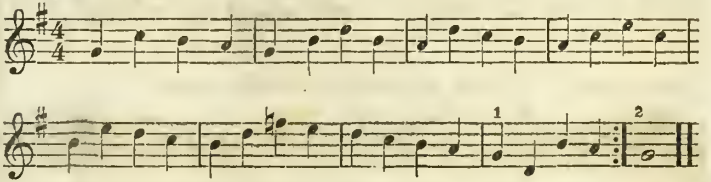
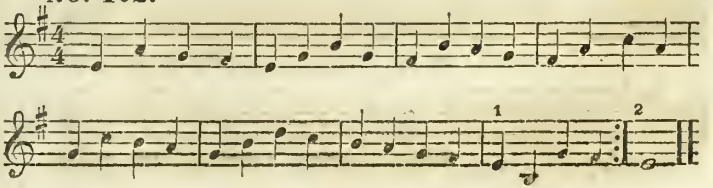
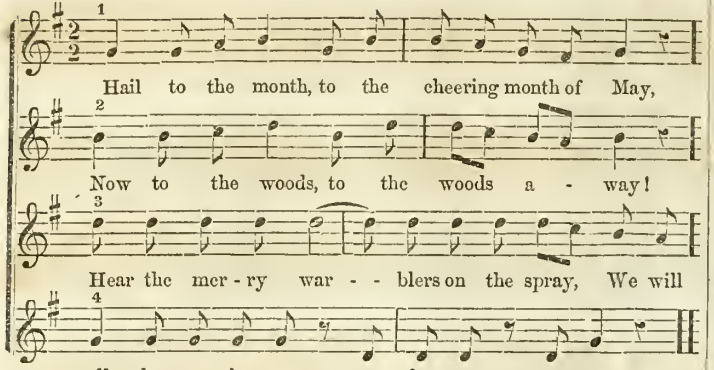


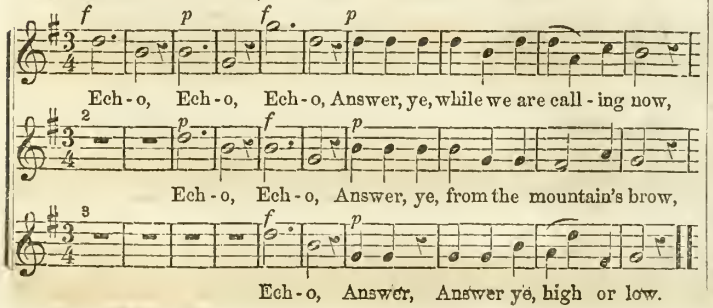
No. 102.



No. 103. ROUND, IN FOUR PARTS.—"Hail to the Month."

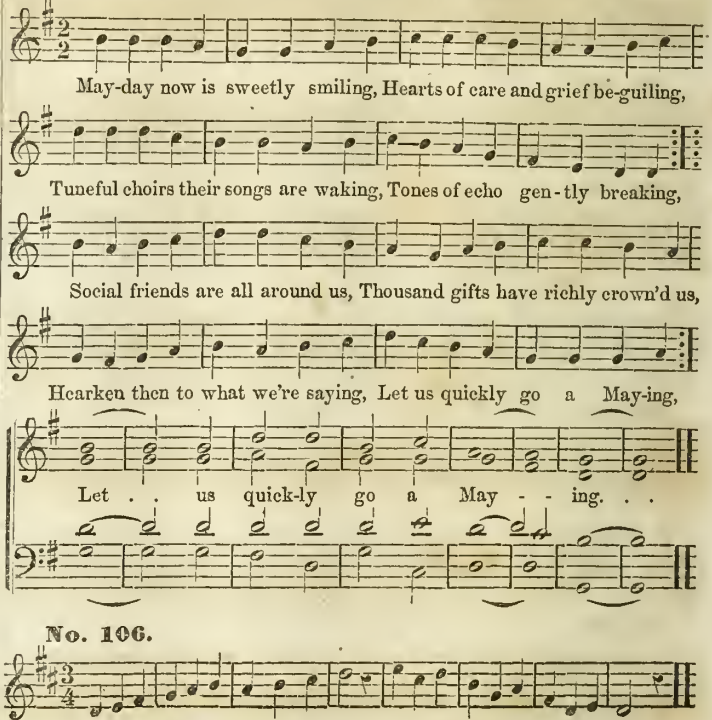


No. 104. ROUND, IN THREE PARTS.—"Echo."



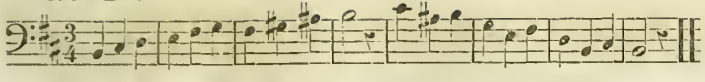
No. 105.

Note. This Lesson may be sung at first slowly, and afterwards gradually increased to very quick. It will afford a good exercise on the rapid articulation of words.



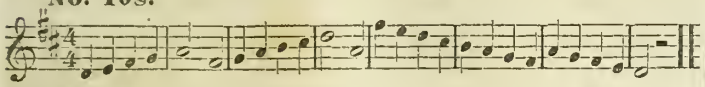
No. 106.

No. 107.

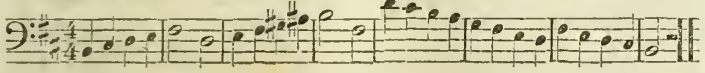


mi, fi, si, la, si, si, mi, fa,

No. 108.



No. 109.



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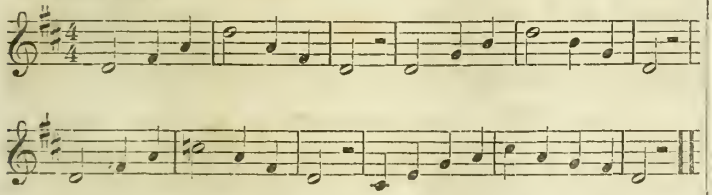
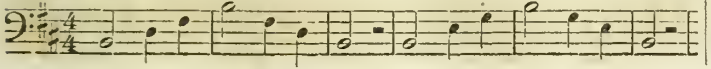
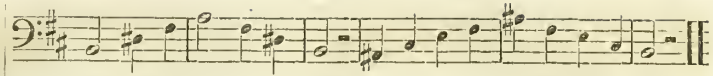


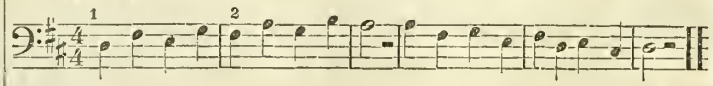
No. 111.



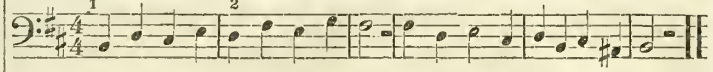


la, di, mi, sol, mi, di, la, si, si, re, mi, si, mi, re, si, la.

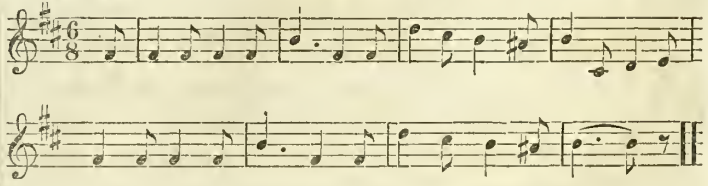
No. 112. In two Parts.



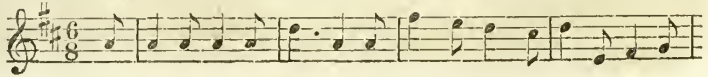
No. 113.

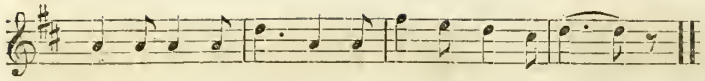


No. 114. Two Beats to a Measure.

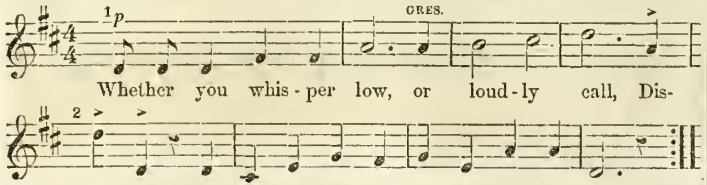


No. 115. Two Beats to a Measure.

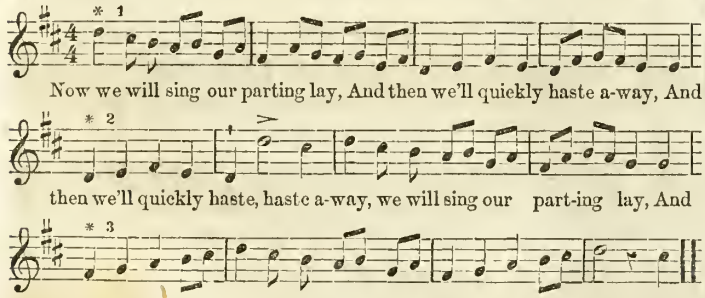




No. 116. ROUND, IN TWO PARTS.—"Whether you whisper."

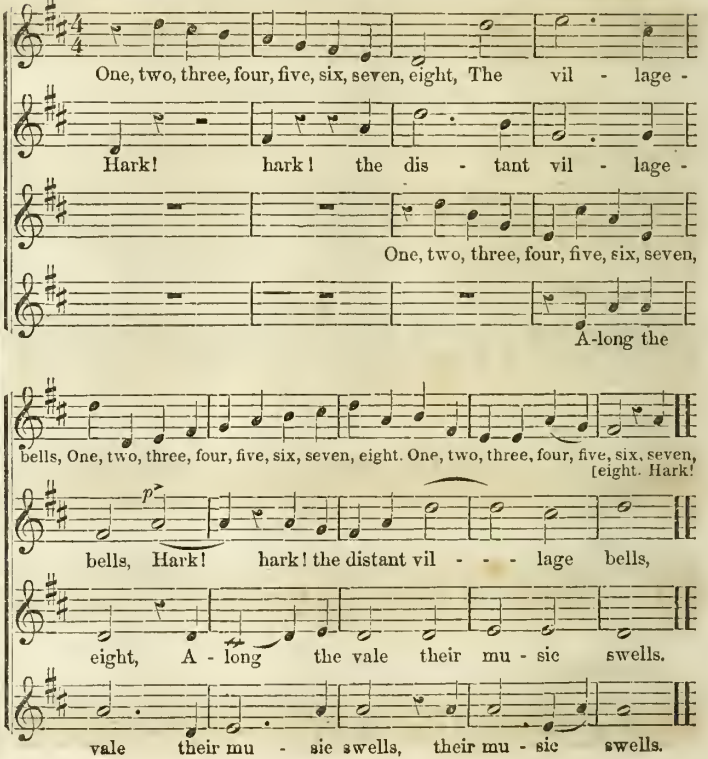


No. 117. ROUND, IN THREE PARTS.—"Now we will sing."

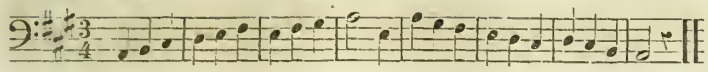


* Close here.

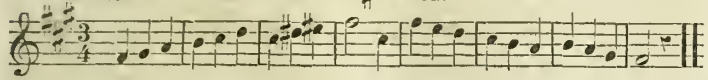
No. 118. ROUND, IN FOUR PARTS.—Village Bells.



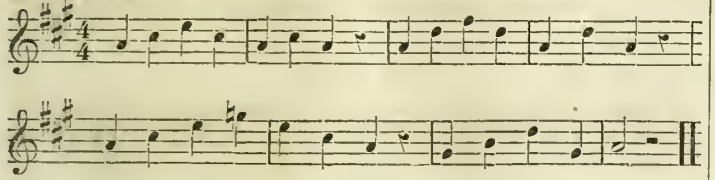
No. 119. *Scale.* A Major.



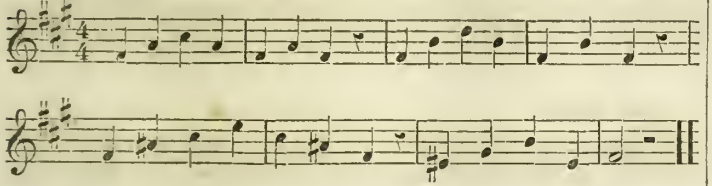
No. 120. *Scale.* F♯ Minor.



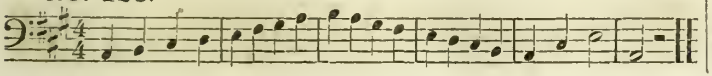
No. 121.



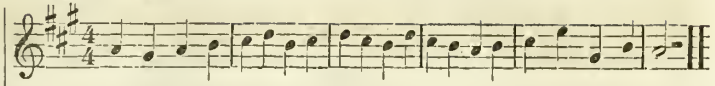
No. 122.



No. 123.

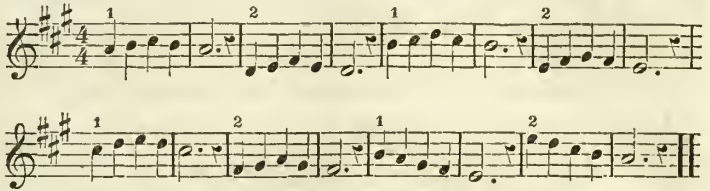


No. 124.



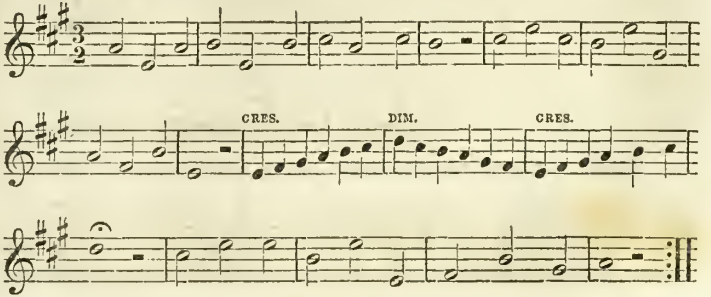
Note. Exercises 123 and 124 may be sung together.

No. 125.



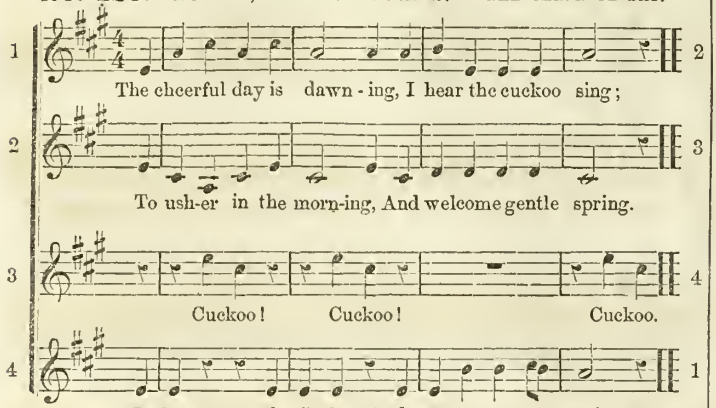
Note. This lesson may be sung by two divisions, as indicated by the figures

No. 126.

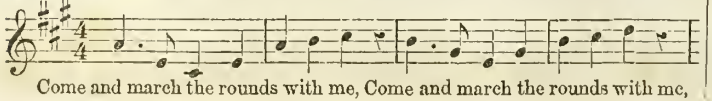


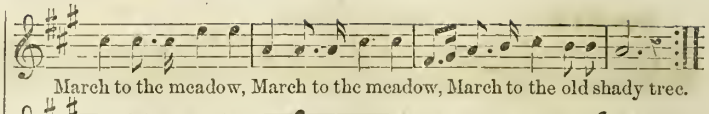
No. 127.

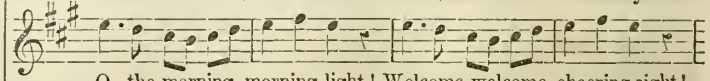
No. 128.—ROUND, IN FOUR PARTS.—"The cheerful day."

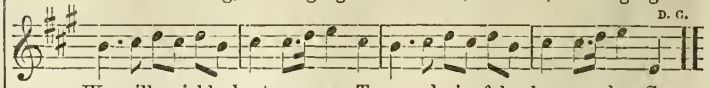


No. 129.—MARCH SONG.—"Come and march the rounds with me."

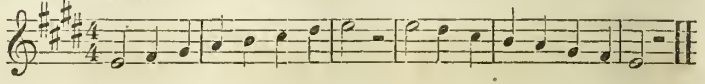




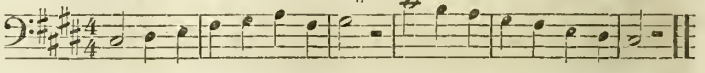




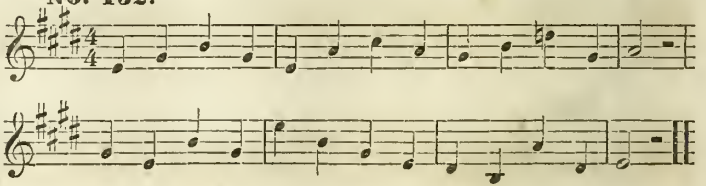
No. 130. *Scale.* E Major.



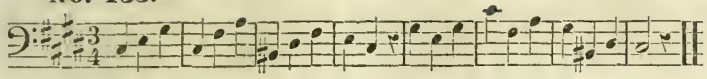
No. 131. *Scale.* C♯ Minor.



No. 132.



No. 133.



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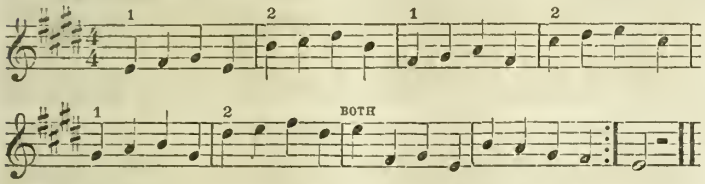

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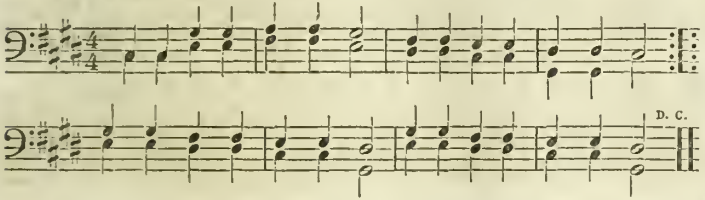
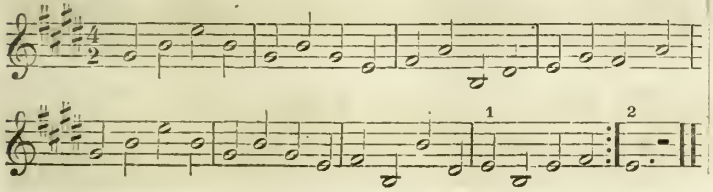
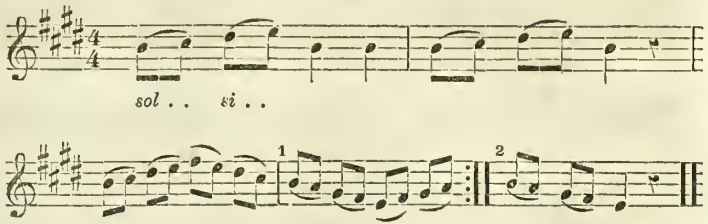


No. 136.



No. 137.



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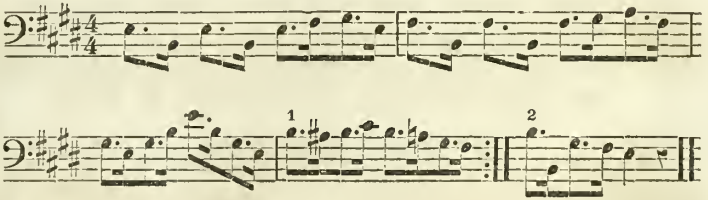
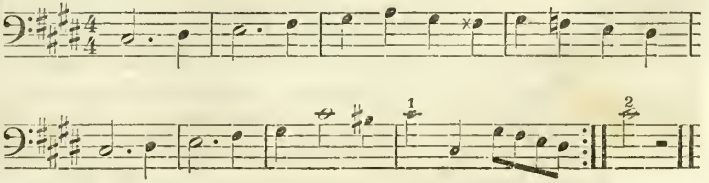
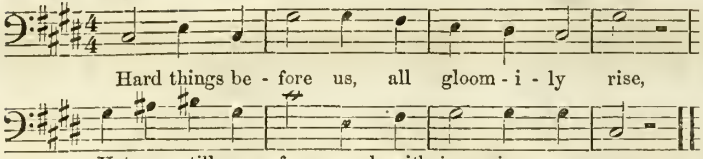


No. 139.

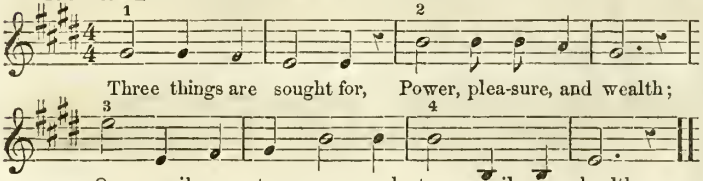


No. 140. SENTENCE.—"Hard things before us."



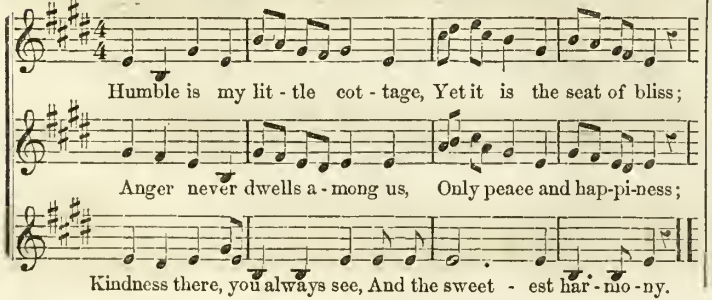
ROUND, IN FOUR PARTS.

No. 141. "Three things are sought for."

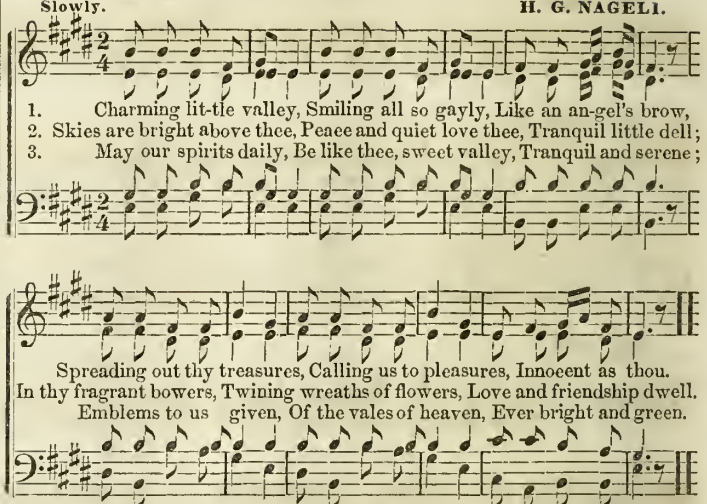


ROUND, IN THREE PARTS.

No. 142. "Humble is my little cottage."

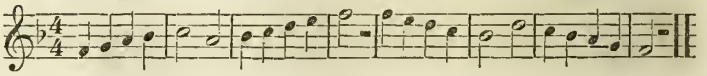


No. 143. SONG.—"Charming little valley."

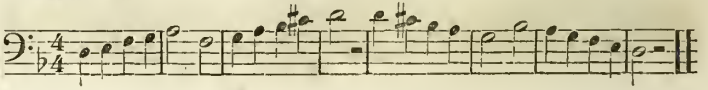


Note. This is one of Nageli's most beautiful little songs It is equally adapted to the old, as to the young; where there is a pure and gentle spirit, it can never fail to please.

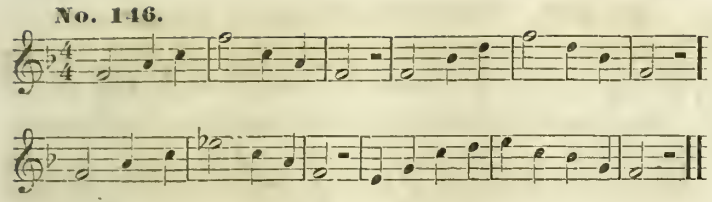
No. 144. *Scale.* F Major.



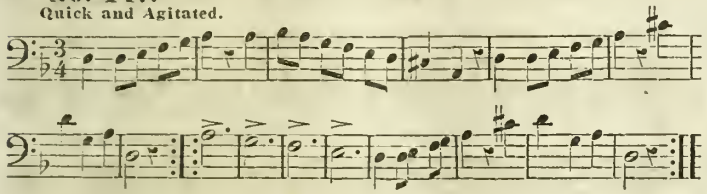
No. 145. *Scale.* D Minor.



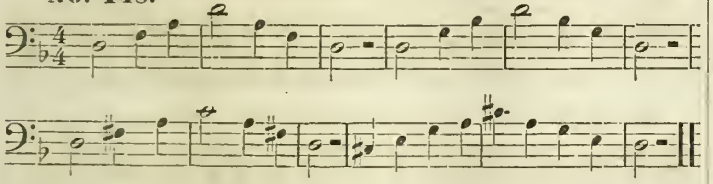
No. 146.



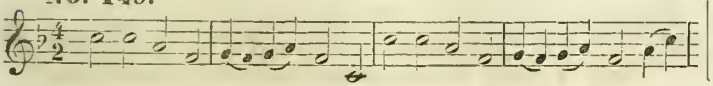
No. 147.
Quick and Agitated.

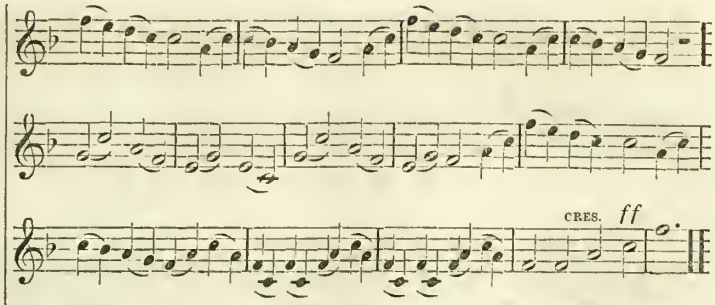


No. 148.

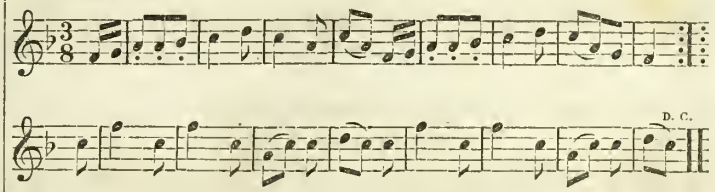


No. 149.

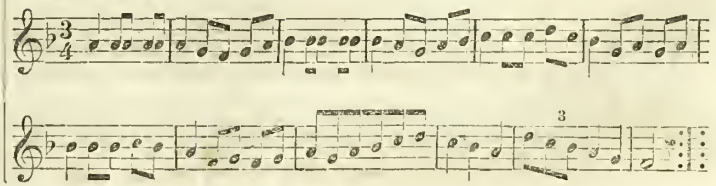


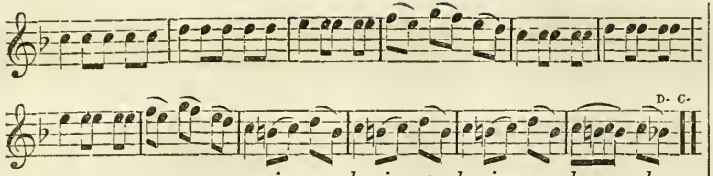


No. 150.

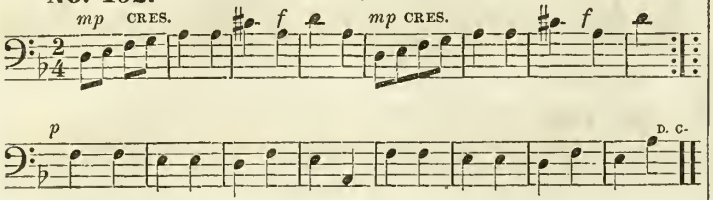


No. 151.



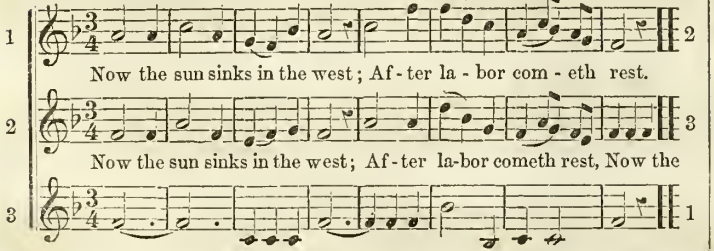


No. 152.

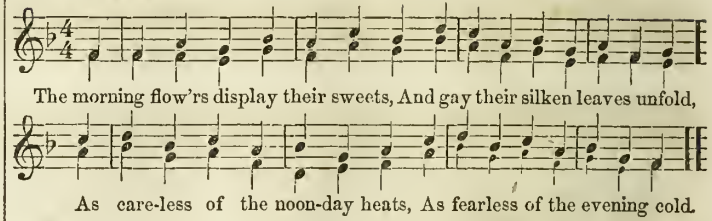


No. 153. ROUND, IN THREE PARTS.

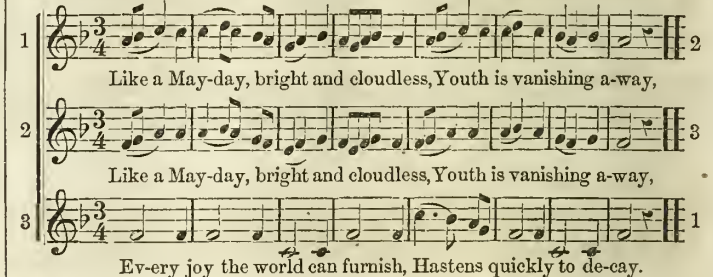
"NOW THE SUN SINKS IN THE WEST."



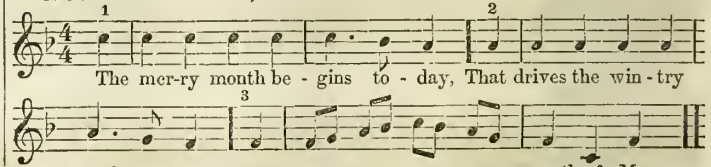
No. 154. SENTENCE.—"THE MORNING FLOWERS."



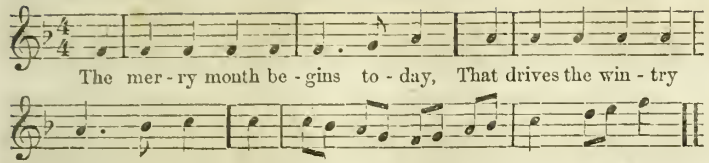
No. 155. ROUND, IN THREE PARTS.—"LIKE A MAY-DAY."



No. 156.—ROUND, IN THREE PARTS.—"THE MERRY MONTH."

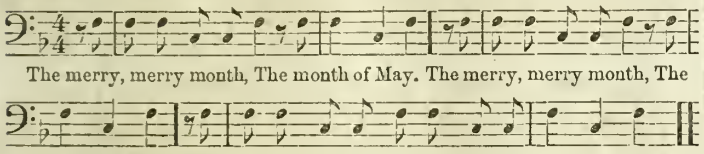


No. 157.

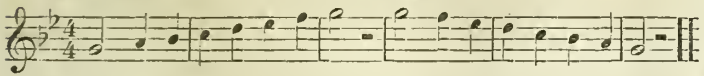


NOTE. 156 and 157 may be sung together—each in three parts, and 158 may be added as a base.

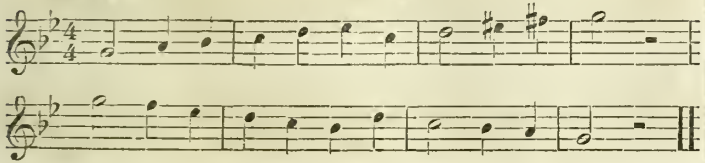
No. 158.



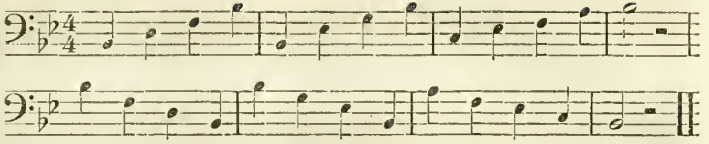
No. 159. SCALE IN B♭ MAJOR.



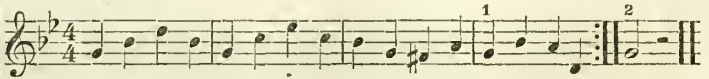
No. 160. SCALE IN G MINOR.



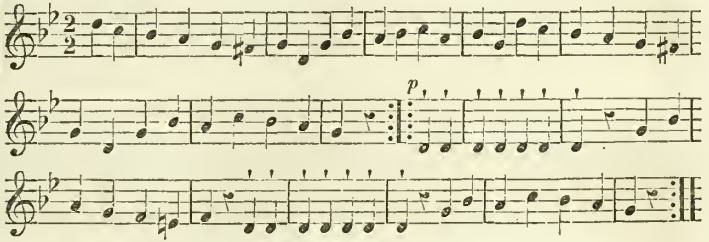
No. 161.



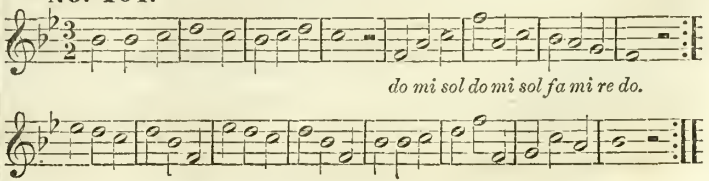
No. 162.



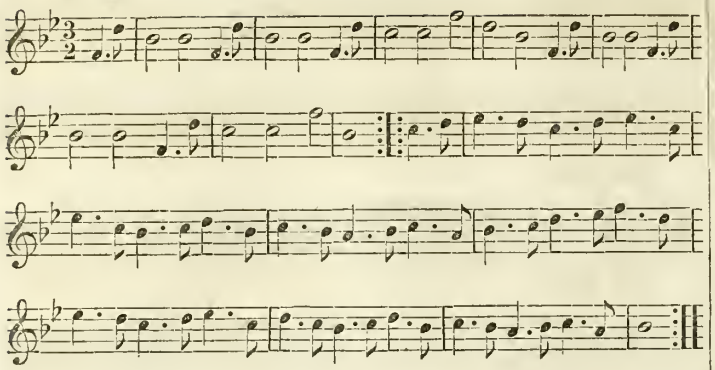
No. 163.



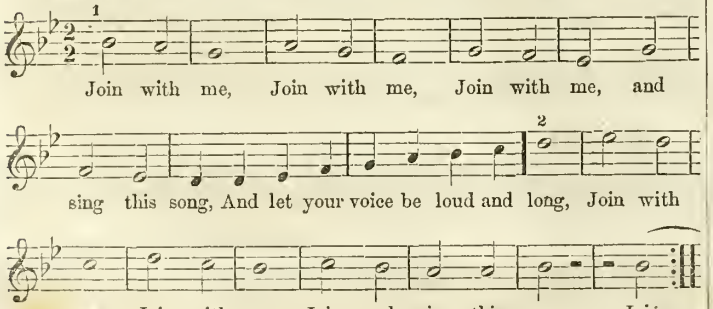
No. 164.



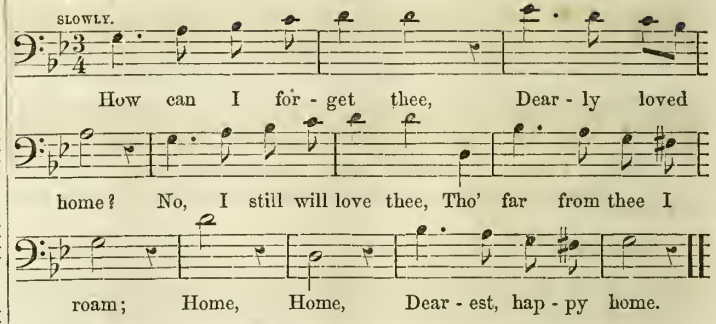
No. 165.



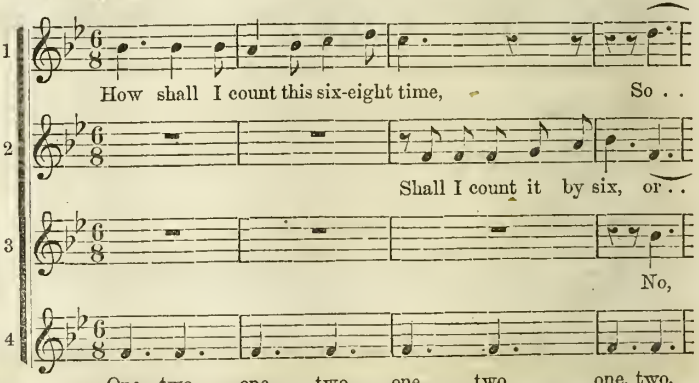
No. 166. ROUND, IN TWO PARTS.—"JOIN WITH ME, AND SING."

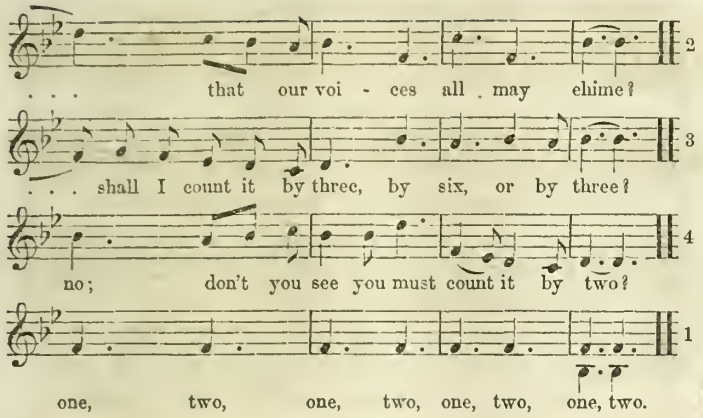


No. 167. SONG.—"HOME."

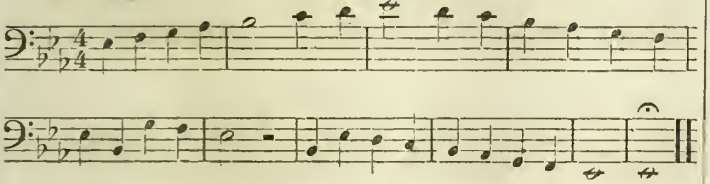


No. 168. ROUND, IN FOUR PARTS.—"HOW SHALL I COUNT."

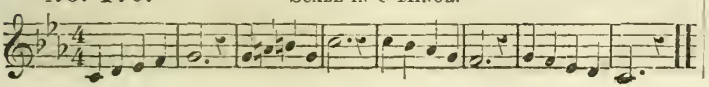




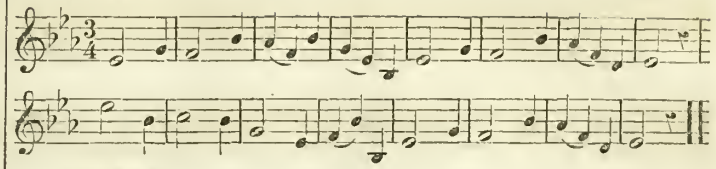
No. 169. Scale in E♭ Major.



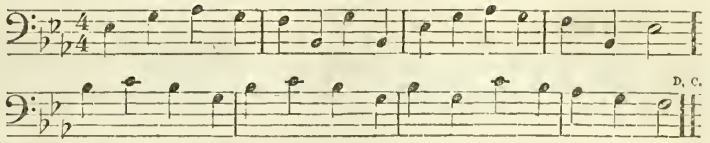
No. 170. Scale in C Minor.



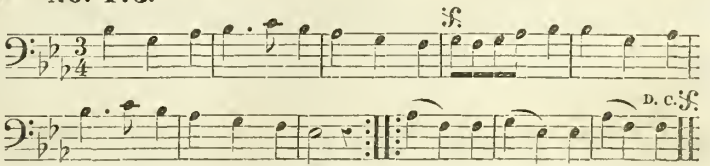
No. 171.



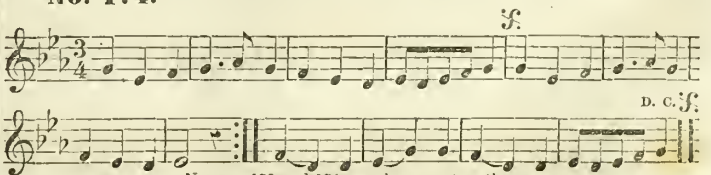
No. 172.



No. 173.

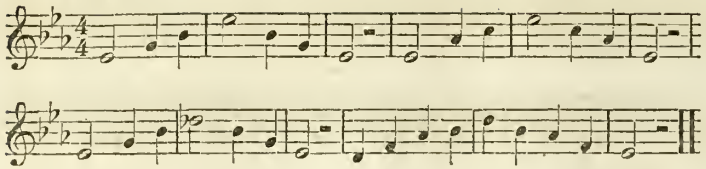


No. 174.

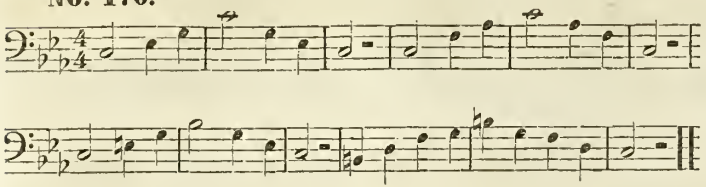


Note. 173 and 174 may be sung together.

No. 175.

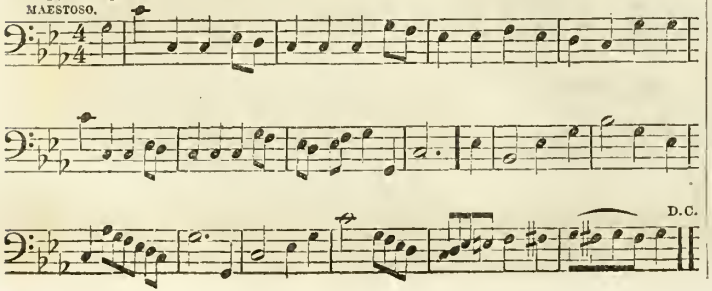


No. 176.

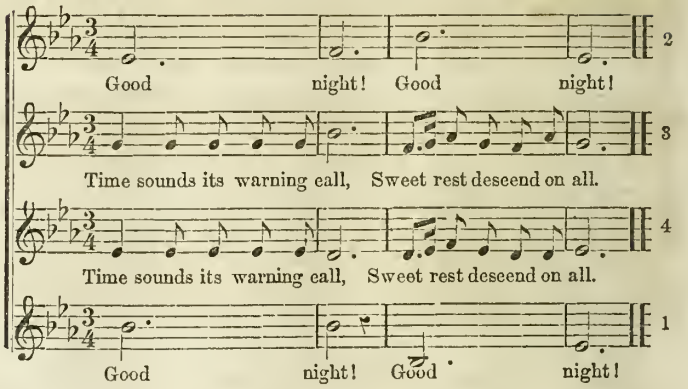


No. 177.

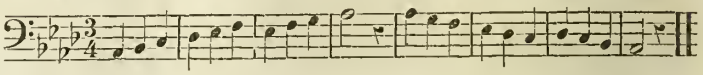
MAESTOSO.



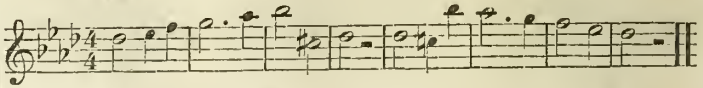
No. 178. ROUND, IN FOUR PARTS.—"Good night!"



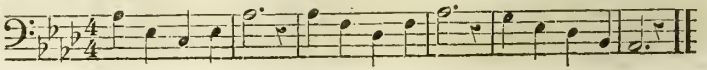
No. 179. Scale in A♭ Major.



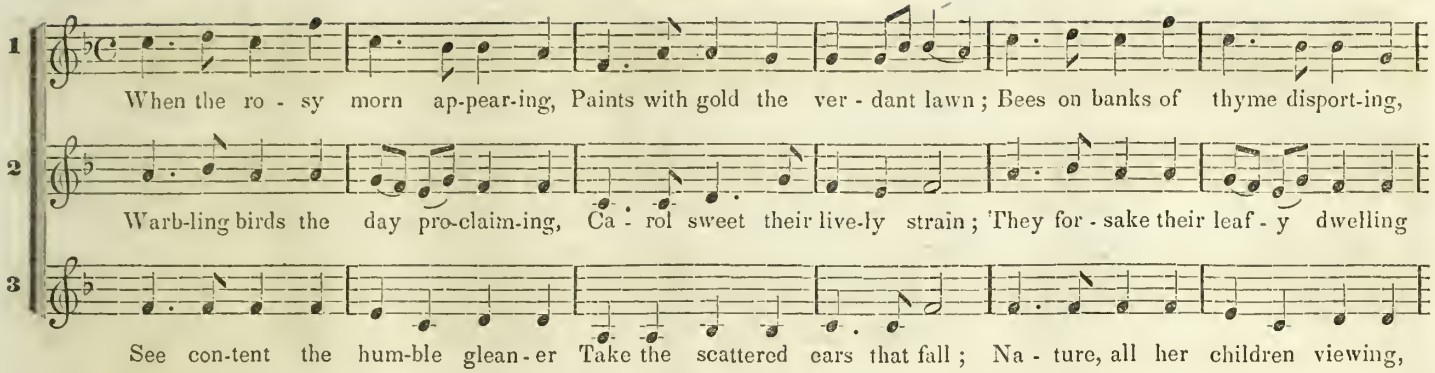
No. 180. Scale in F Minor.



No. 181.

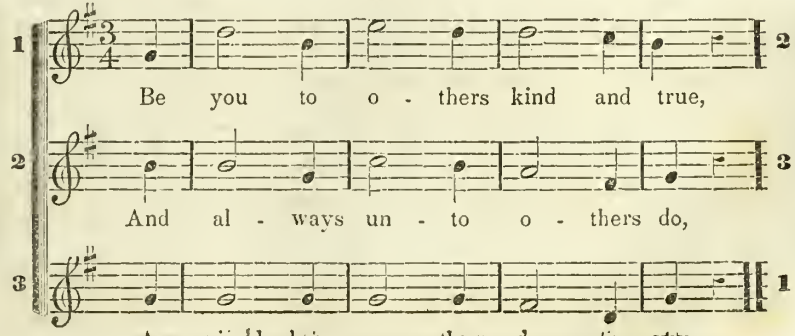


Round. No. 1.



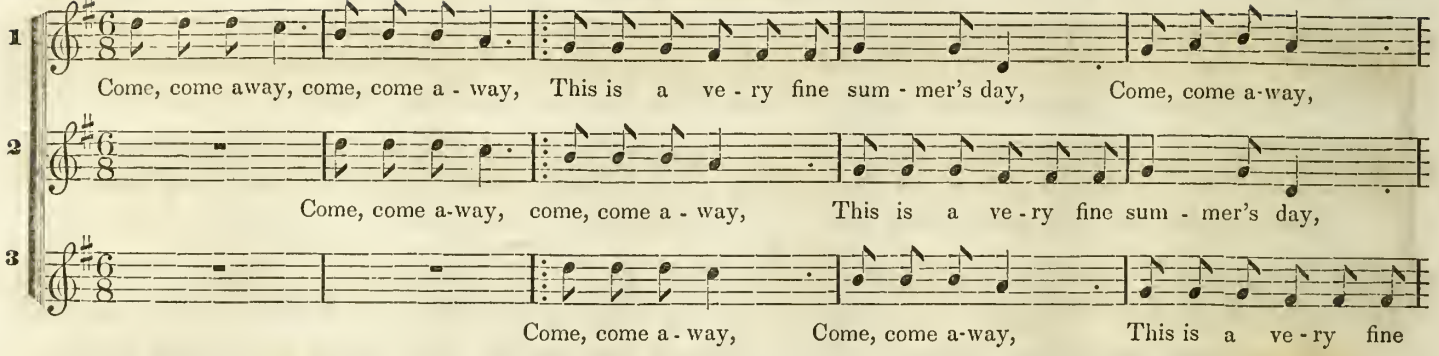
Round. No. 2.

JENKINS.

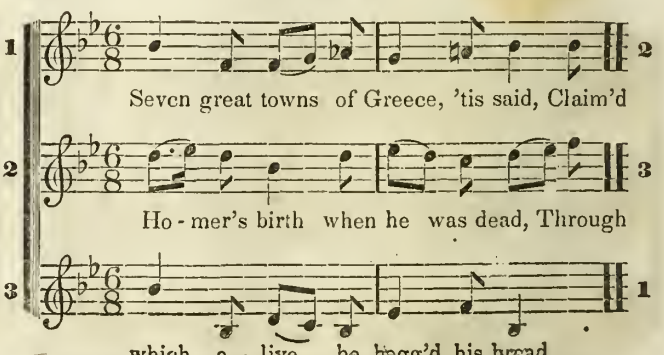


Round. No. 3.

Dr. HAYES.



Round. No. 4.



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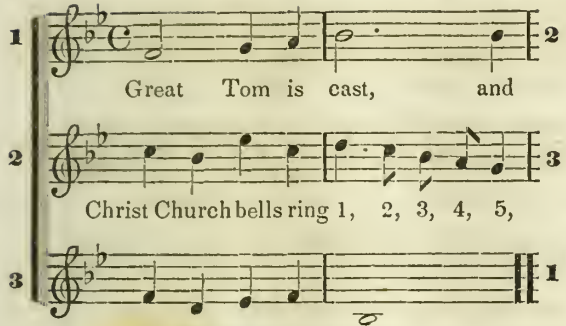
H. LAWES.



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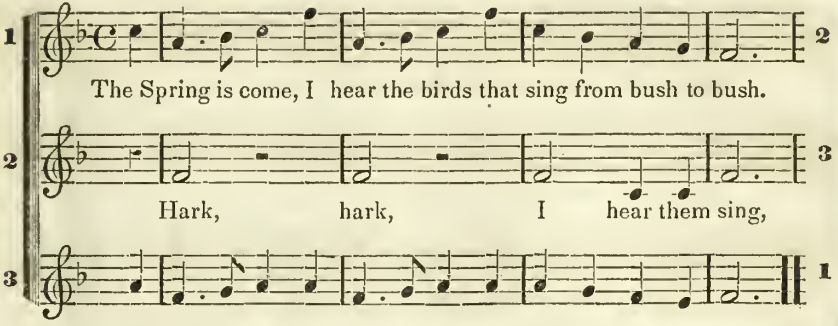
Dr. HAYES.



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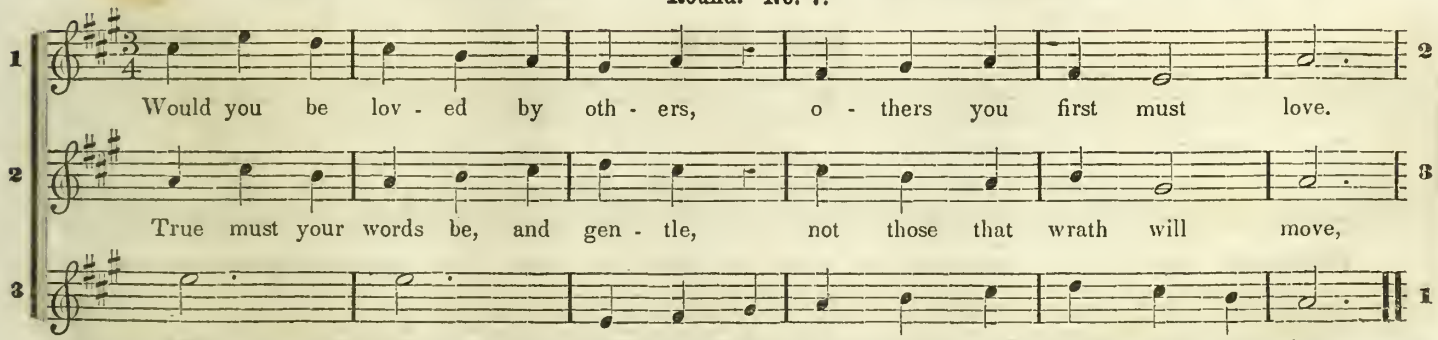

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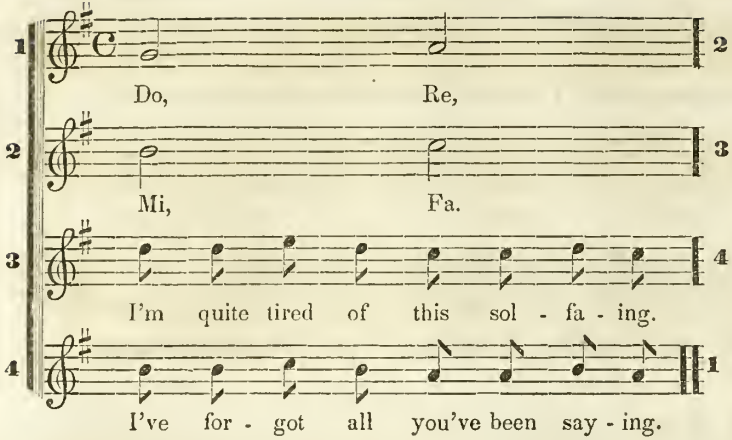

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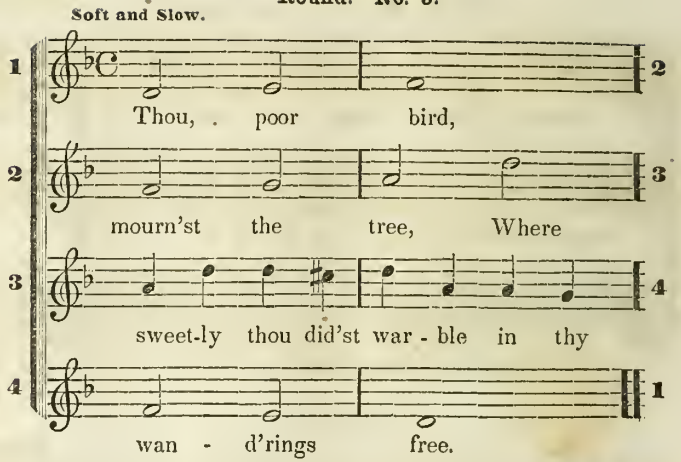

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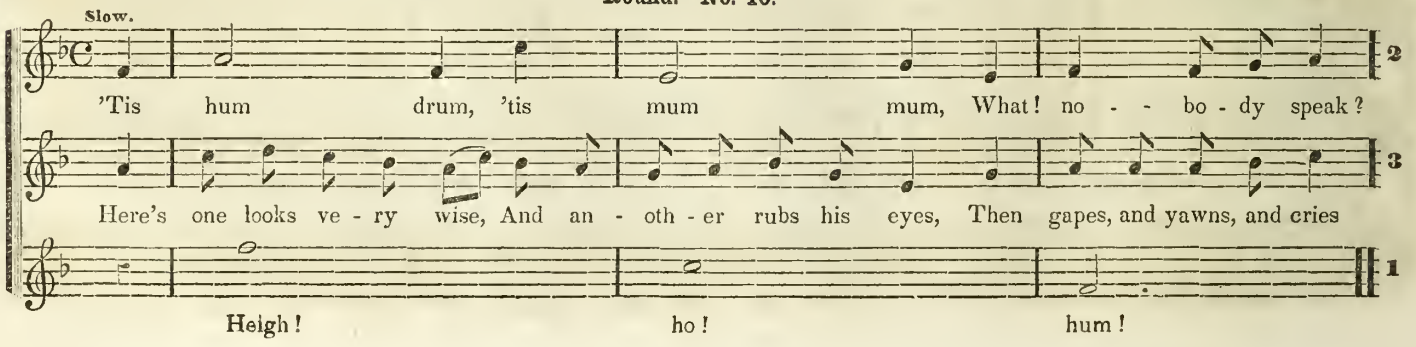
HARRINGTON.



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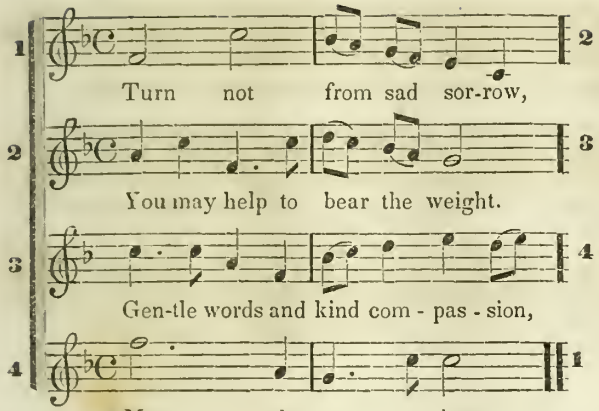

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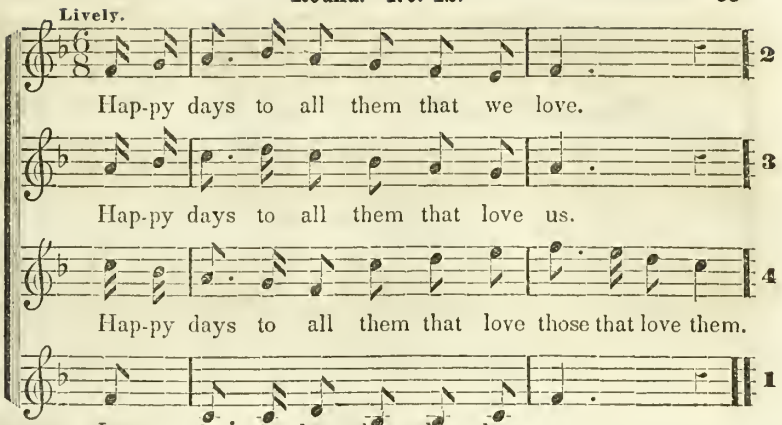

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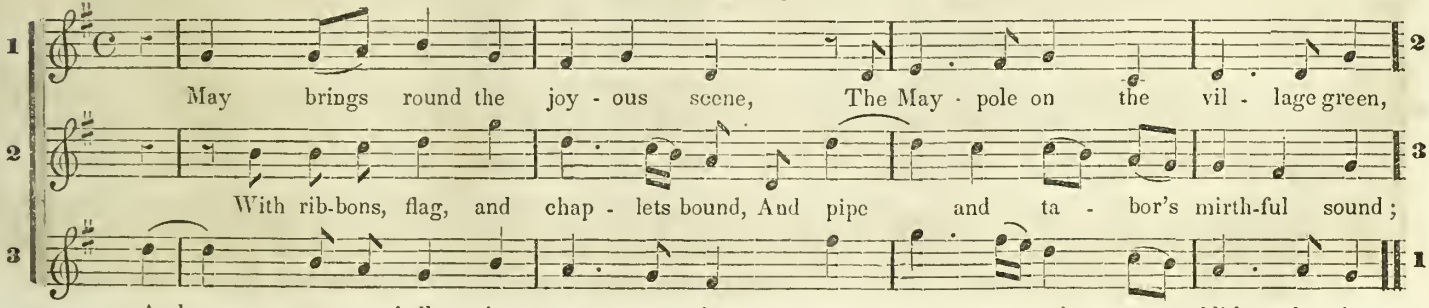
TRAVERS.



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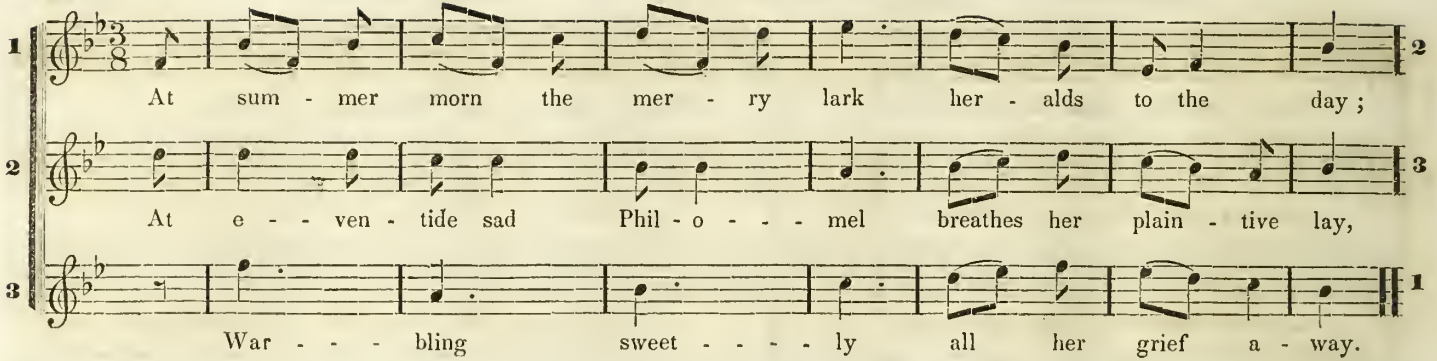

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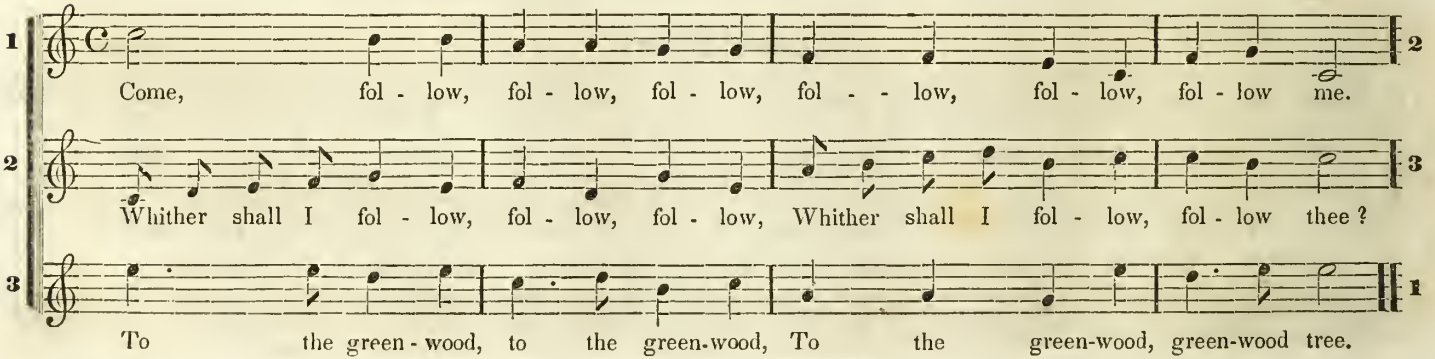

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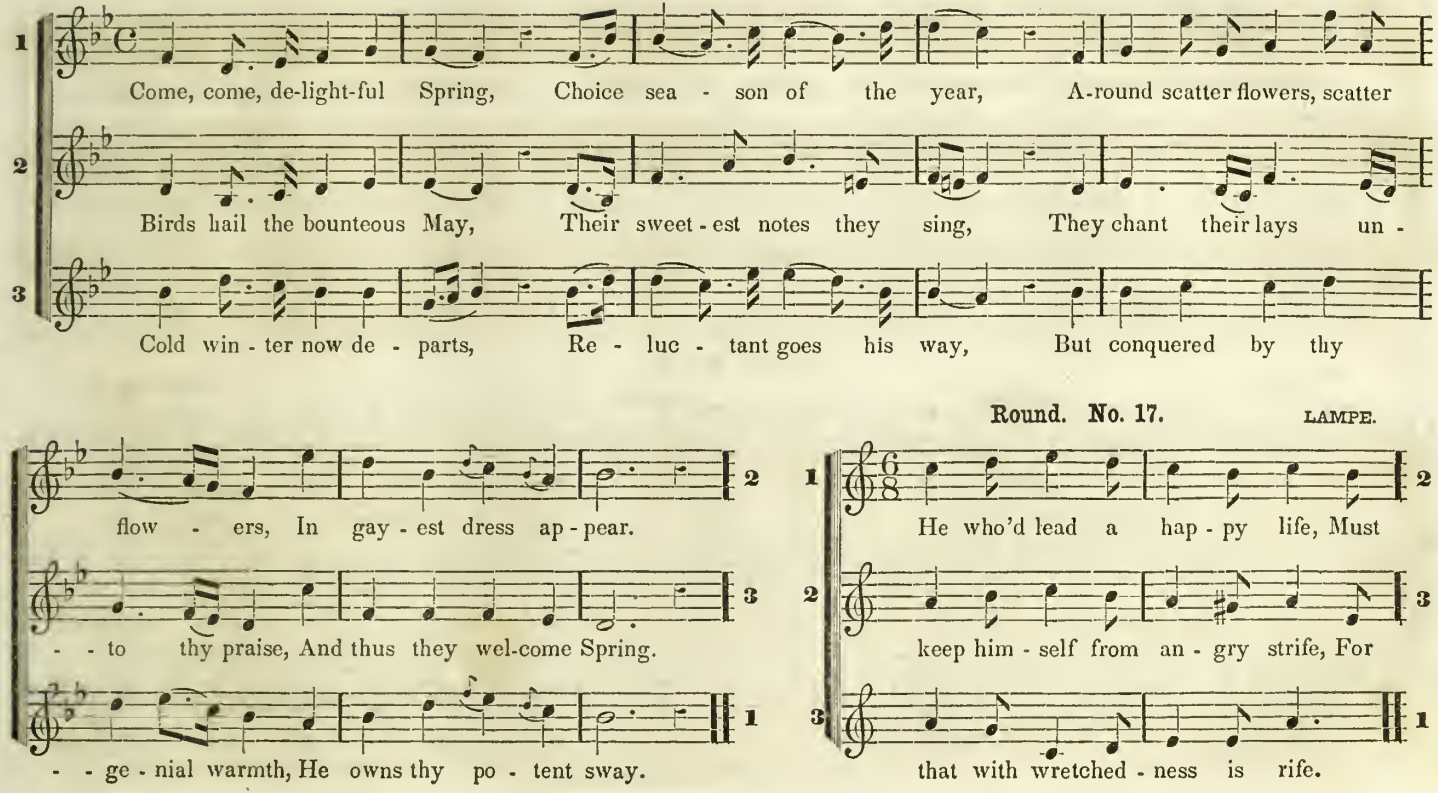
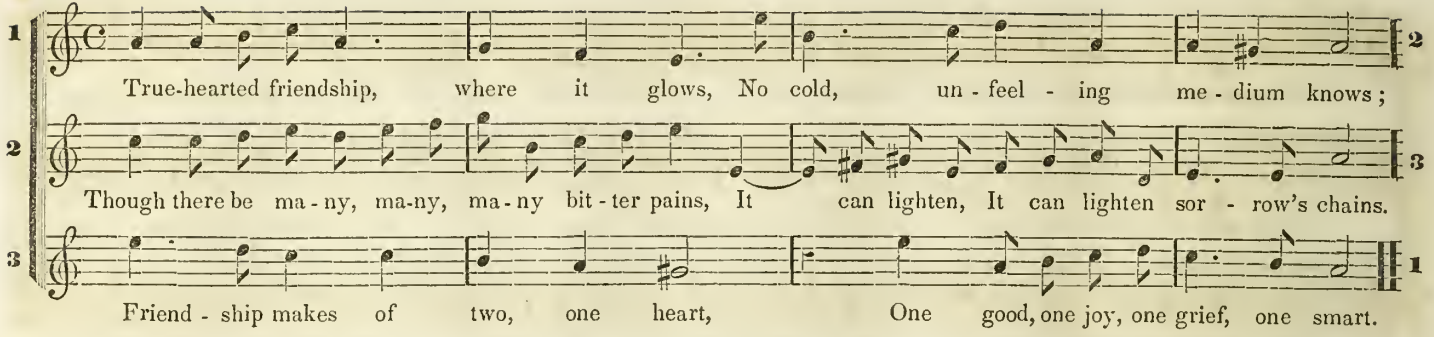


Round. No. 17.

LAMPE.

Round. No. 18.

HILTON.



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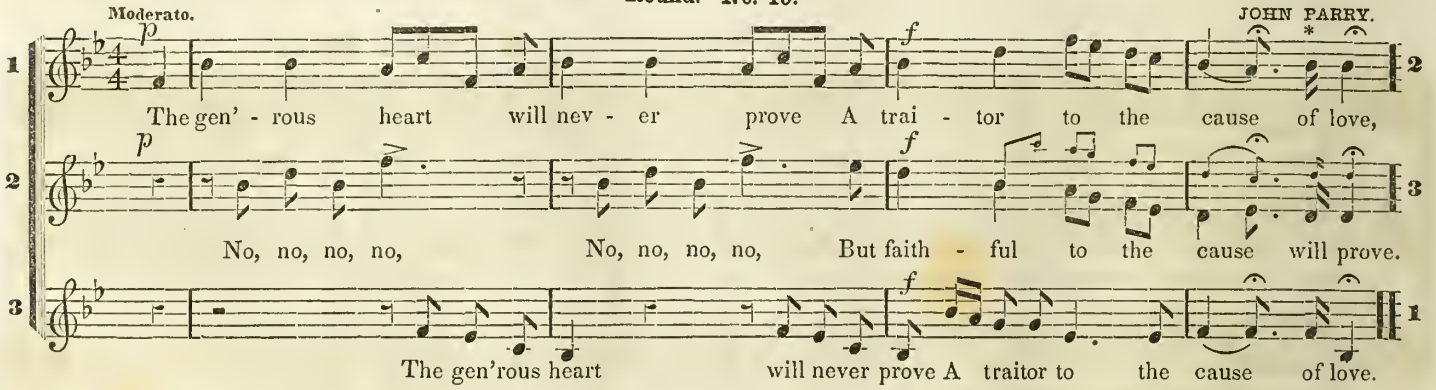
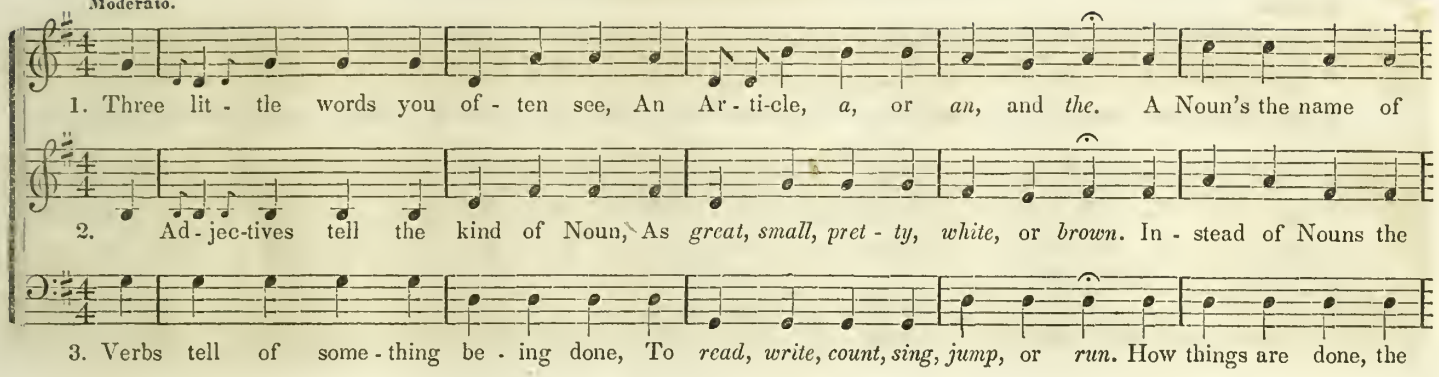
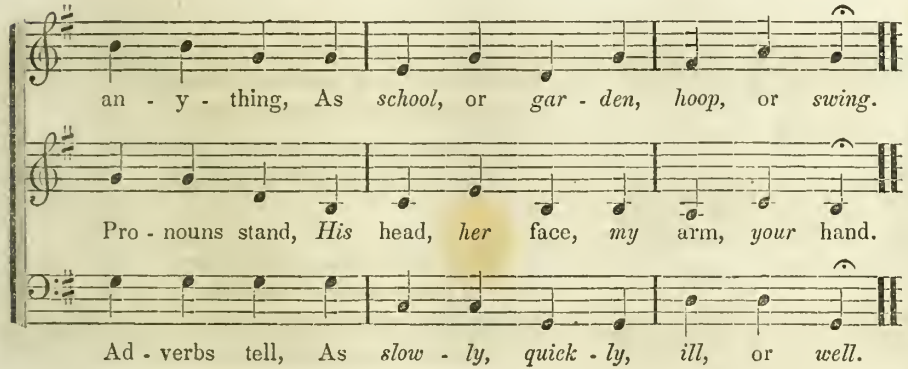


* The pause only to be used at the conclusion.

THE GRAMMAR LESSON.



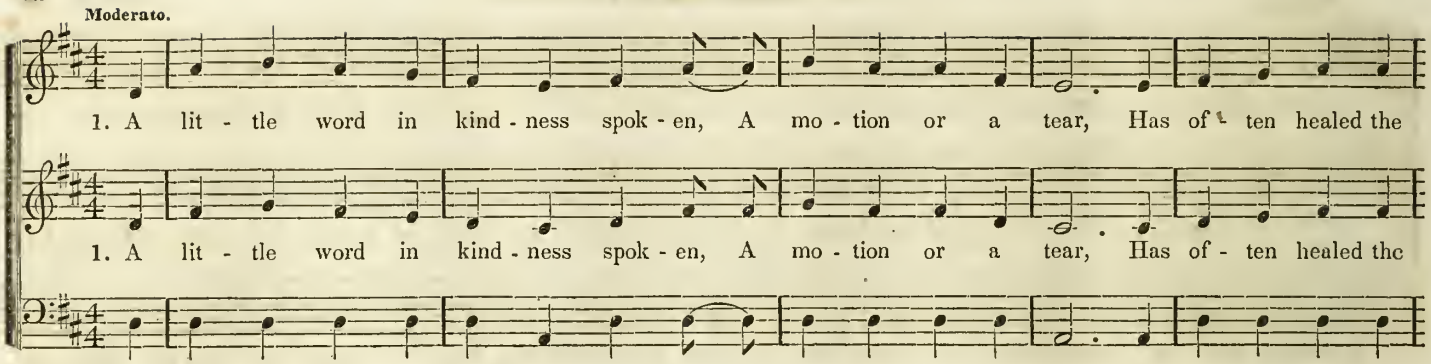


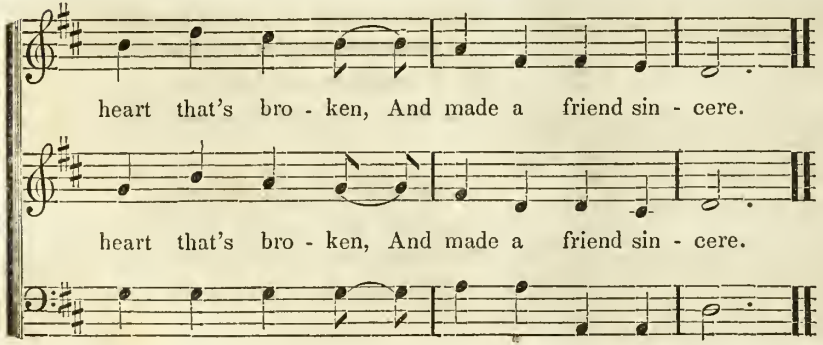
4.

Conjunctions join the words together,
As men *and* women, wind *or* weather.
The Prepositions stand before,
A Noun, as *in*, or *through* a door.

5.

The Interjection shows surprise,
As, *Oh!* how pretty! *Ah!* how wise!
The whole are called Nine Parts of Speech,
Which Reading, Writing, Speaking, teach.



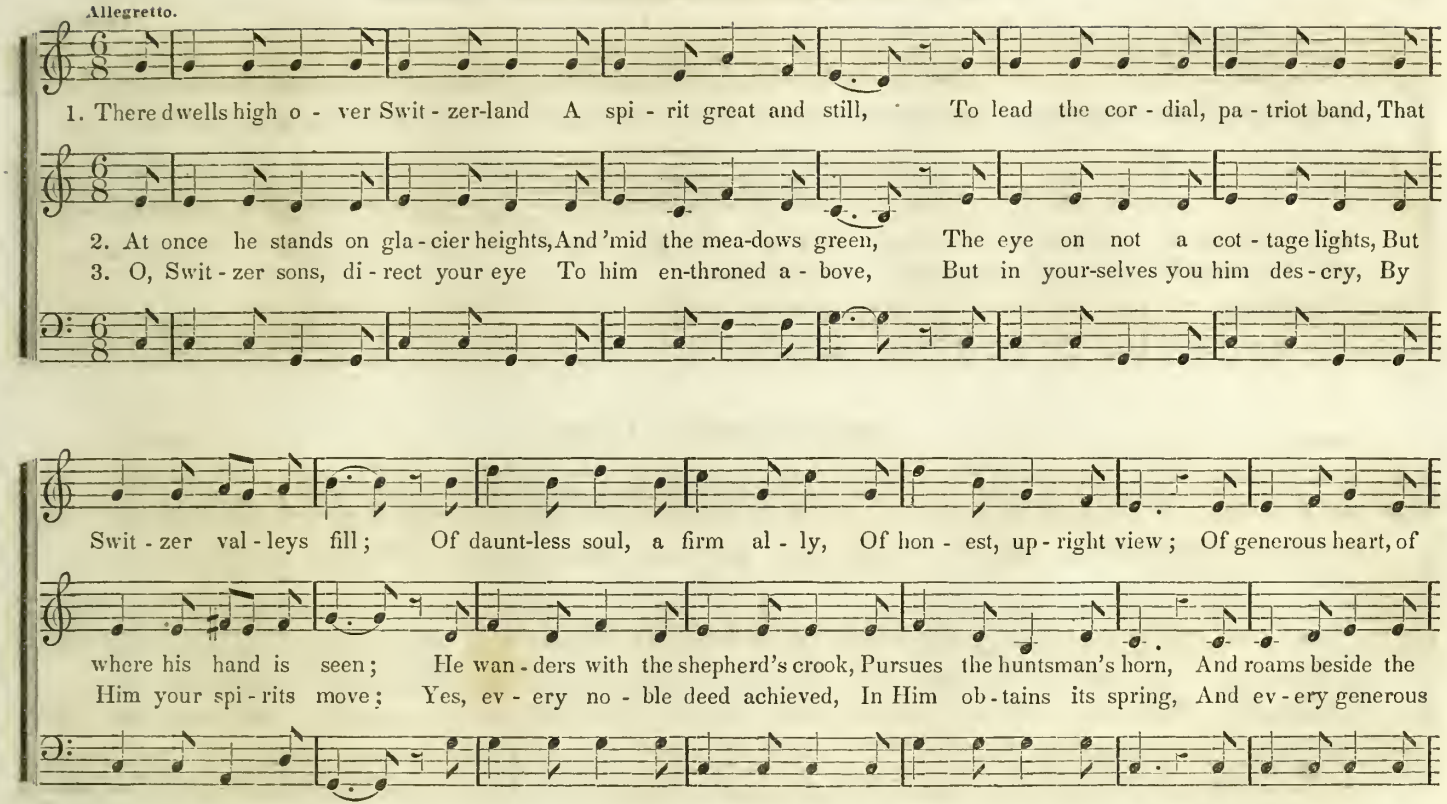


2.

A word, a look has crushed to earth,
Full many a budding flower,
Which, if a smile had owned its birth,
Had blest life's darkest hour.

4.

Then deem it not a little thing
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.


Allegretto.
1. There dwells high o - ver Swit - zer-land A spi - rit great and still, To lead the cor - dial, pa - triot band, That
2. At once he stands on gla - cier heights, And 'mid the mea-dows green, The eye on not a cot - tage lights, But
3. O, Swit - zer sons, di - rect your eye To him en-throned a - bove, But in your-selves you him des - cry, By
Swit - zer val - leys fill; Of daunt-less soul, a firm al - ly, Of hon - est, up - right view; Of generous heart, of
where his hand is seen; He wan - ders with the shepherd's crook, Pursues the huntsman's horn, And roams beside the
Him your spi - rits move; Yes, ev - ery no - ble deed achieved, In Him ob - tains its spring, And ev - ery generous

2d time *pp*

bear - ing high, And, like his peo - ple, true. La la la la la, la la la la, la la la la la, la la la la.

fish - er's hook, At eve and ear - ly morn. La la la la la, la la la la, la la la la la, la la la la.

gift re-ceived, To Him should make us sing. La la, etc.

THE RICHEST LAND.

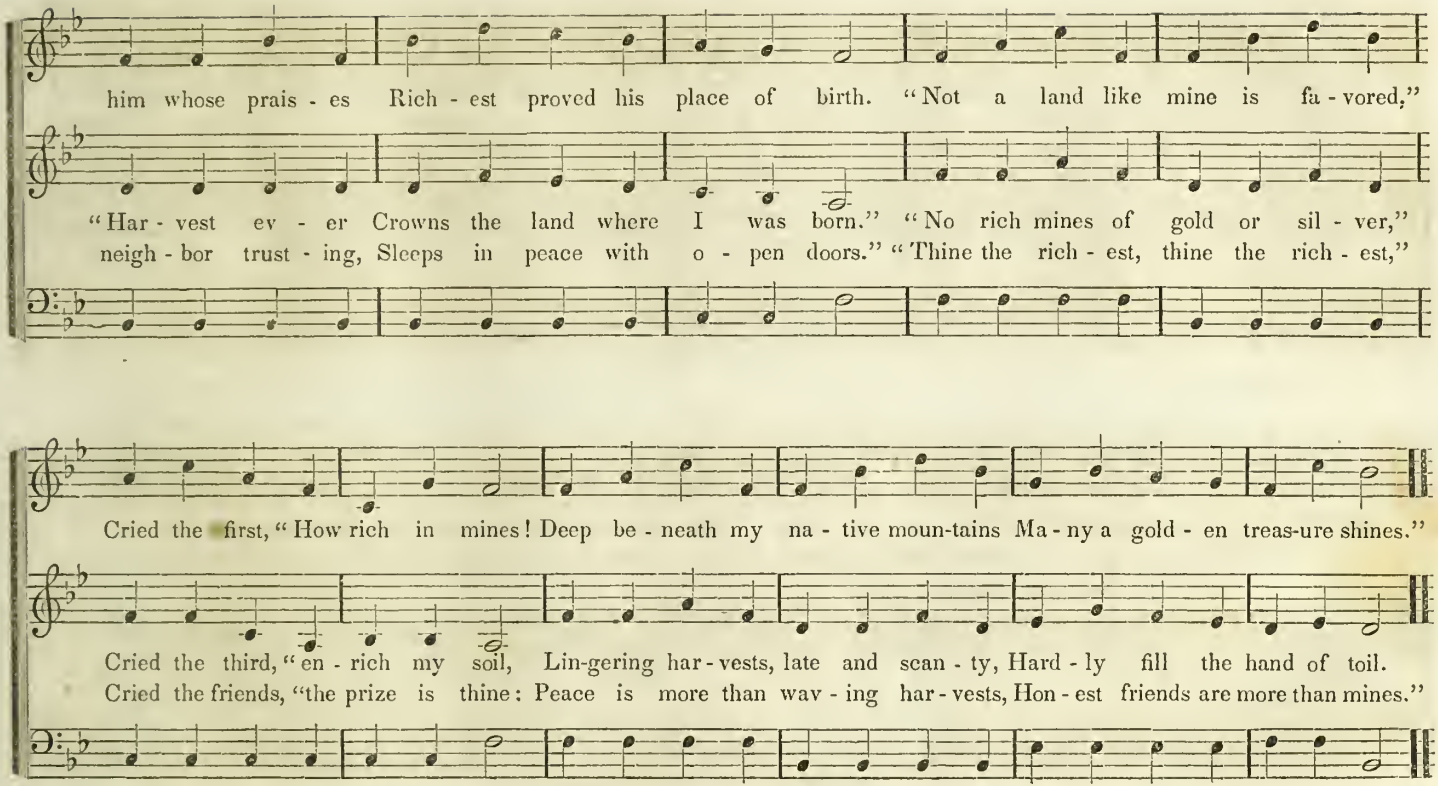
G. F. R.

Marcato.

1. Three good friends, who sat to - geth - er, Met from different parts of earth, Pledged a prize to

2. "See my na - tive hills and val - leys, Rich in gold - en, wav - ing corn," Cried the sec - ond,

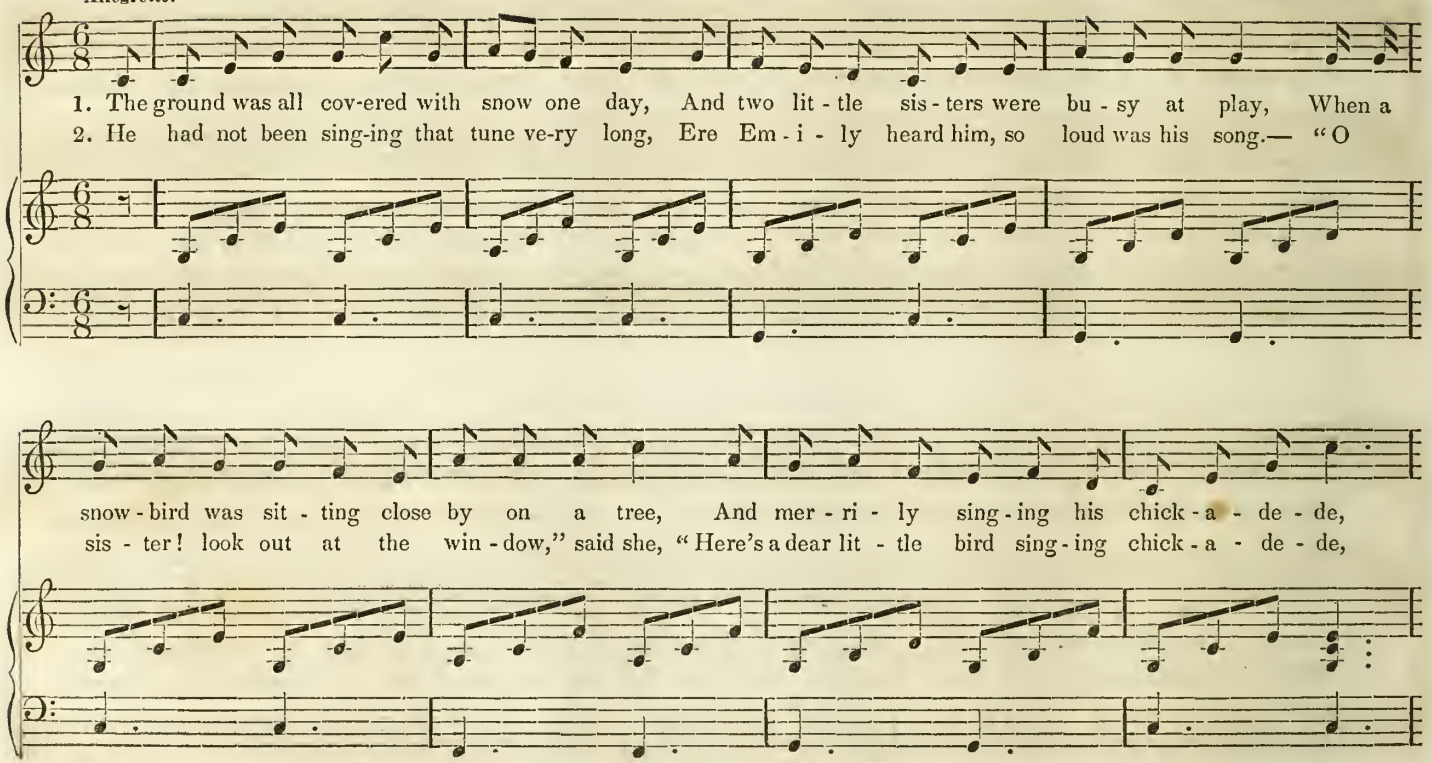
3. "Yet the days of la - bor en - ded, Rest of heart and toil is ours; Ev - ery man his


him whose prais - es Rich - est proved his place of birth. "Not a land like mine is fa - vored,"
"Har - vest ev - er Crowns the land where I was born." "No rich mines of gold or sil - ver,"
neigh - bor trust - ing, Sleeps in peace with o - pen doors." "Thine the rich - est, thine the rich - est,"
Cried the first, "How rich in mines! Deep be - neath my na - tive moun-tains Ma - ny a gold - en treas-ure shines."
Cried the third, "en - rich my soil, Lin-gering har - vests, late and scan - ty, Hard - ly fill the hand of toil.
Cried the friends, "the prize is thine: Peace is more than wav - ing har - vests, Hon - est friends are more than mines."

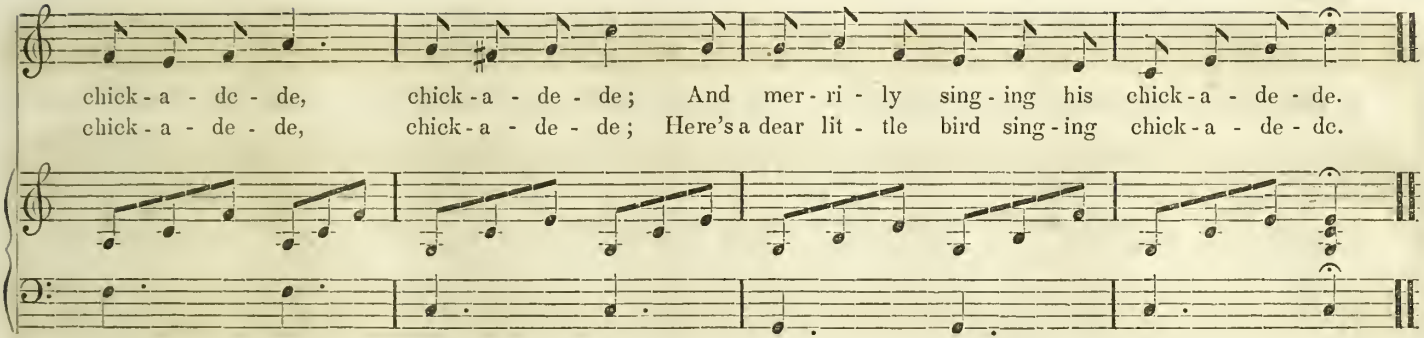
THE SNOW-BIRD.*

Arranged from VELASKOW.

Allegretto.



* By permission of GEORGE P. REED, ESQ.



3. "Poor fellow! he walks in the snow and the sleet,
And has neither stockings nor shoes on his feet;
I pity him so! how cold he must be!
And yet he keeps singing his chick-a-de-de, &c.

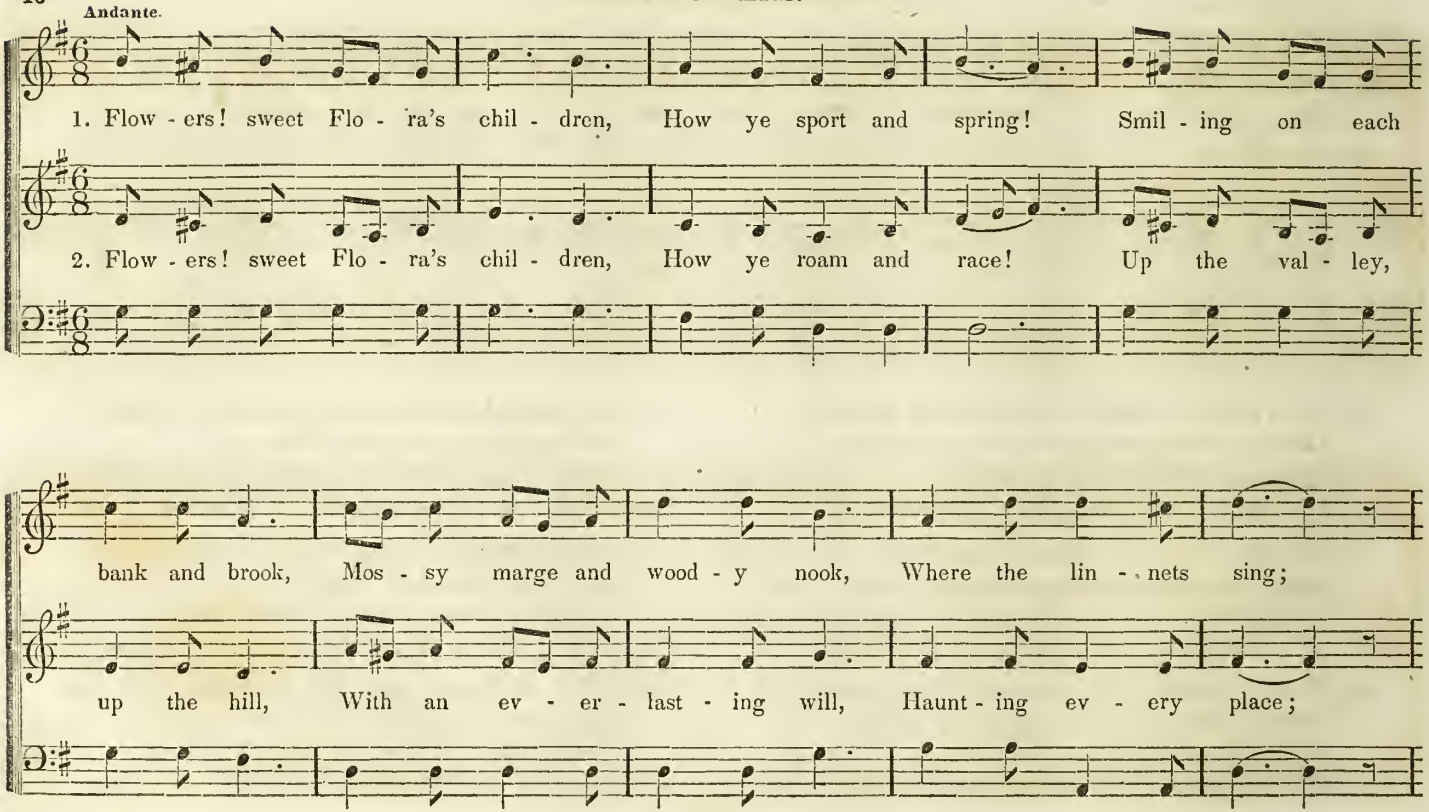
4. "If I were a bare-footed snow-bird, I know
I would not stay out in the cold and the snow;
I wonder what makes him so full of his glee,
He's all the time singing that chick-a-de-de, &c.

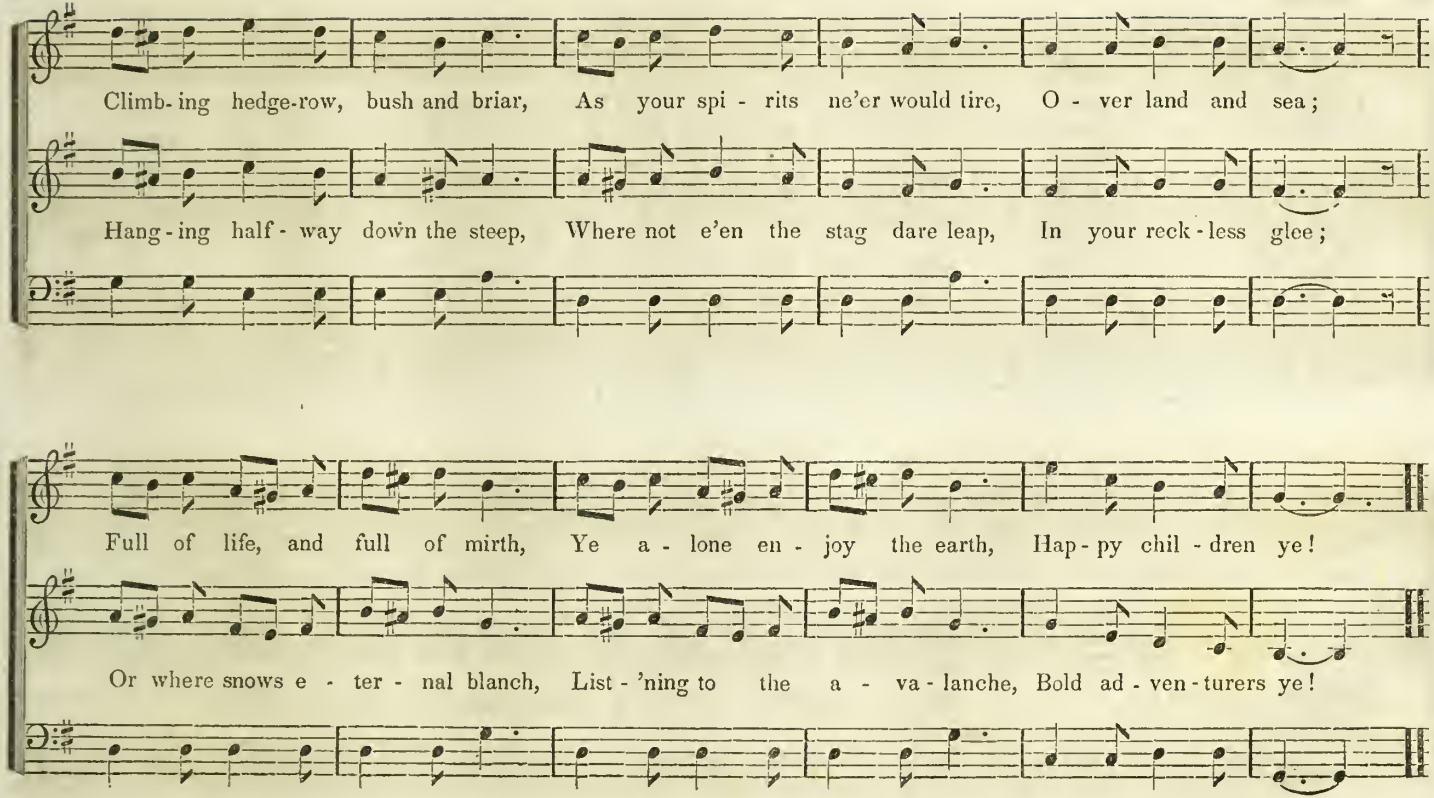
5. "O mother! do get him some stockings and shoes,
A frock, with a cloak, and a hat, if he choose;
I wish he'd come into the parlor, and see
How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-de-de," &c.

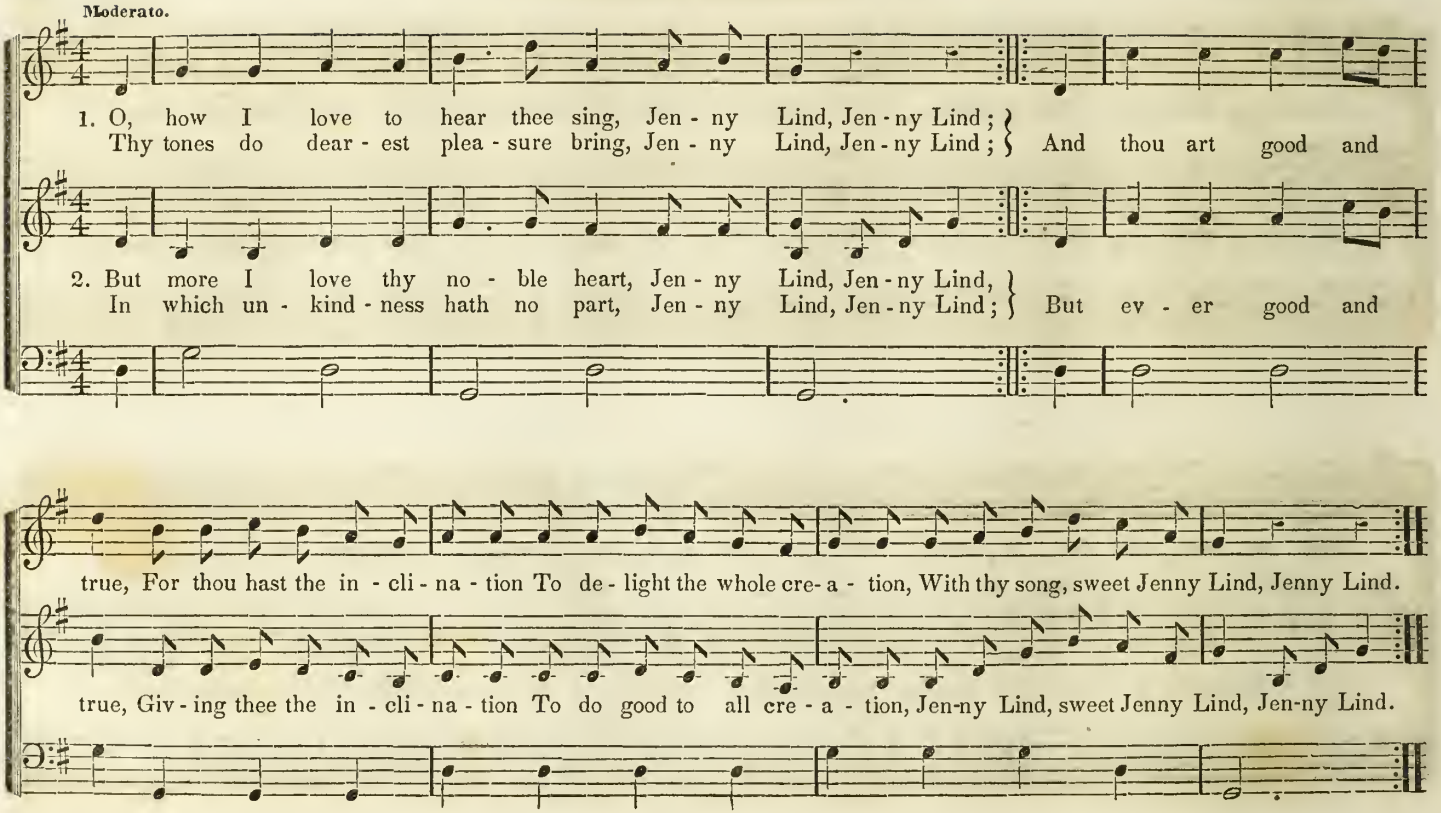
6. The bird had flown down for some pieces of bread,
And heard every word little Emily said;
"What a figure I'd make in that dress," thought he,
And he laughed, and he warbled his chick-a-de-de, &c.

7. "I am grateful," he said, "for the wish you express,
But I've no occasion for such a fine dress;
I had rather remain with my limbs all free,
Than to hobble about, singing chick-a-de-de, &c.

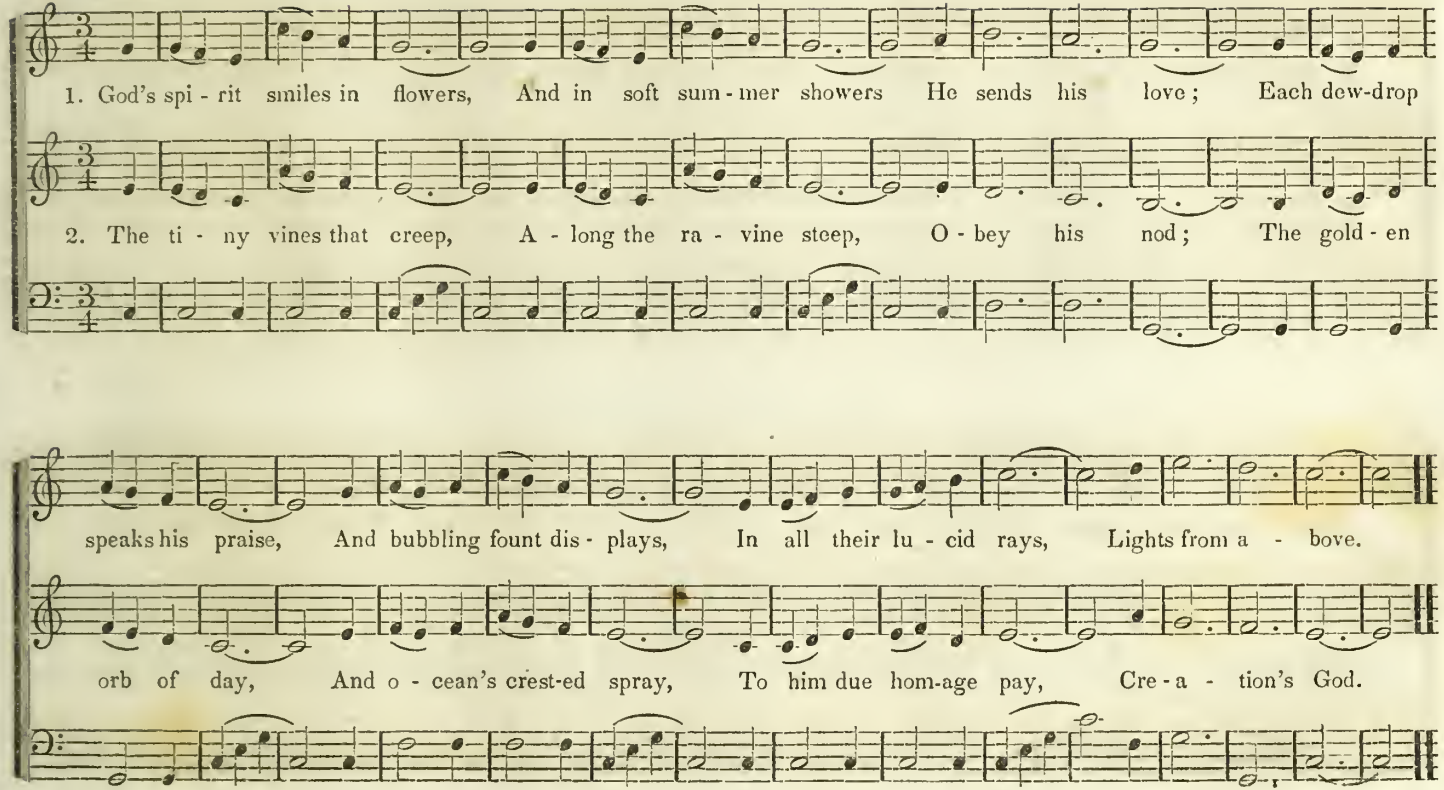
8. "There is One, my dear child, tho' I cannot tell who,
Has clothed me already, and warm enough too.
Good morning! O, who are so happy as we!"
And away he went, singing his chick-a-de-de, &c.

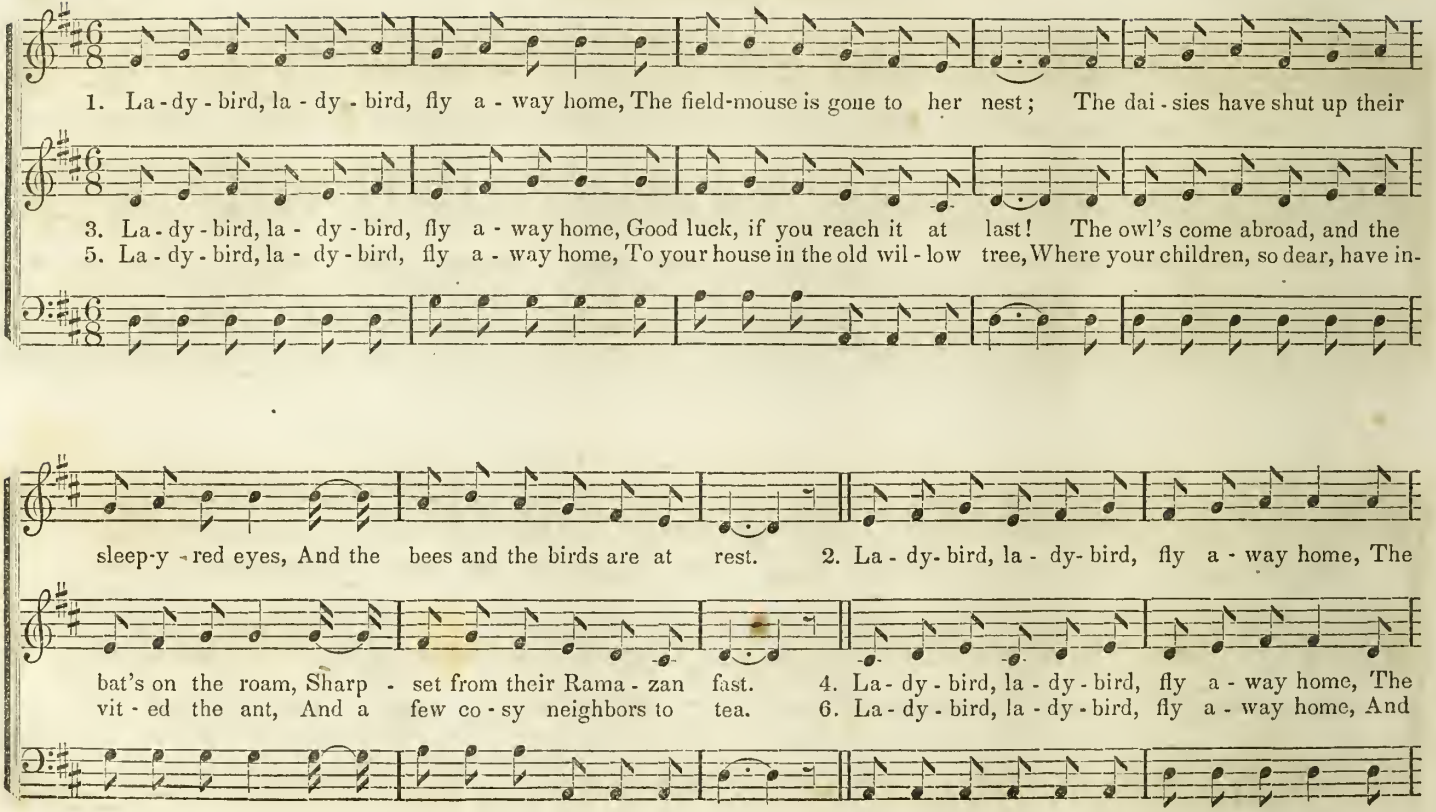

Andante.
1. Flow - ers! sweet Flo - ra's chil - dren, How ye sport and spring! Smil - ing on each
2. Flow - ers! sweet Flo - ra's chil - dren, How ye roam and race! Up the val - ley,
bank and brook, Mos - sy marge and wood - y nook, Where the lin - nets sing;
up the hill, With an ev - er - last - ing will, Haunt - ing ev - ery place;

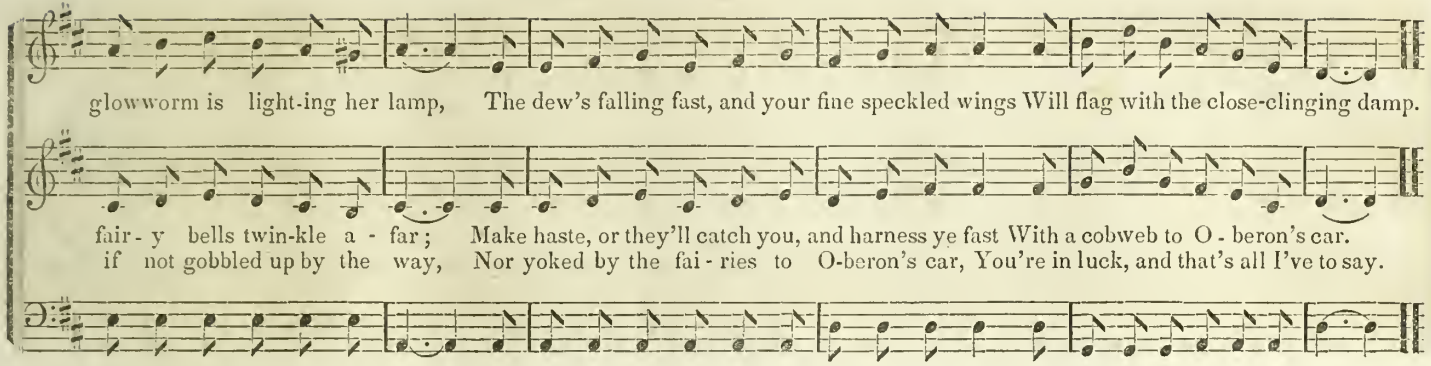

Climb-ing hedge-row, bush and briar, As your spi - rits ne'er would tire, O - ver land and sea;
Hang-ing half - way down the steep, Where not e'en the stag dare leap, In your reck - less glee;
Full of life, and full of mirth, Ye a - lone en - joy the earth, Hap - py chil - dren ye!
Or where snows e - ter - nal blanch, List - 'ning to the a - va - lanche, Bold ad - ven - turers ye!


Moderato.
1. O, how I love to hear thee sing, Jen - ny Lind, Jen - ny Lind;
Thy tones do dear - est plea - sure bring, Jen - ny Lind, Jen - ny Lind;
And thou art good and
2. But more I love thy no - ble heart, Jen - ny Lind, Jen - ny Lind,
In which un - kind - ness hath no part, Jen - ny Lind, Jen - ny Lind;
But ev - er good and
true, For thou hast the in - cli - na - tion To de - light the whole cre - a - tion, With thy song, sweet Jenny Lind, Jenny Lind.
true, Giv - ing thee the in - cli - na - tion To do good to all cre - a - tion, Jen-ny Lind, sweet Jenny Lind, Jen-ny Lind.

Andante.

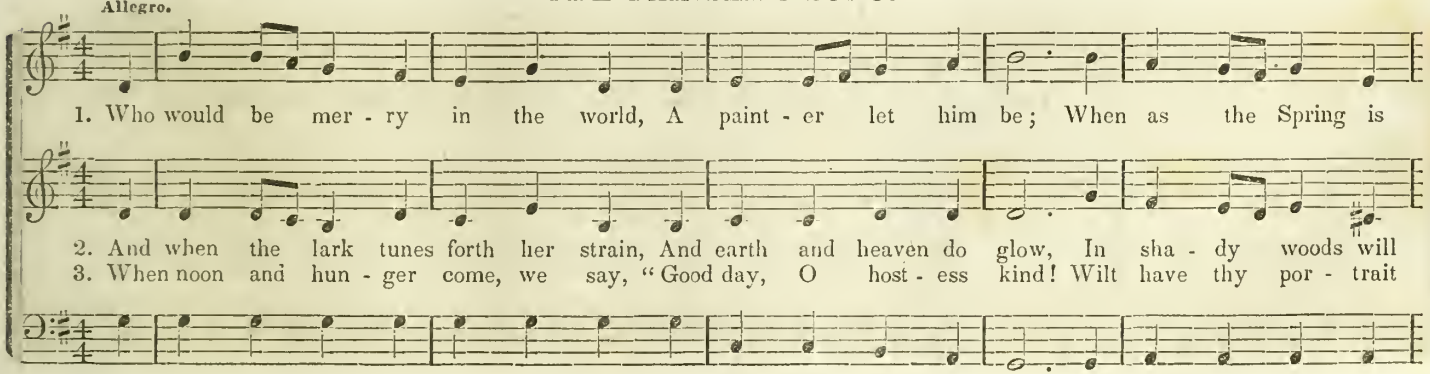

1. God's spi - rit smiles in flowers, And in soft sum - mer showers He sends his love; Each dew-drop
2. The ti - ny vines that creep, A - long the ra - vine steep, O - bey his nod; The gold - en
speaks his praise, And bubbling fount dis - plays, In all their lu - cid rays, Lights from a - bove.
orb of day, And o - cean's crest-ed spray, To him due hom-age pay, Cre - a - tion's God.

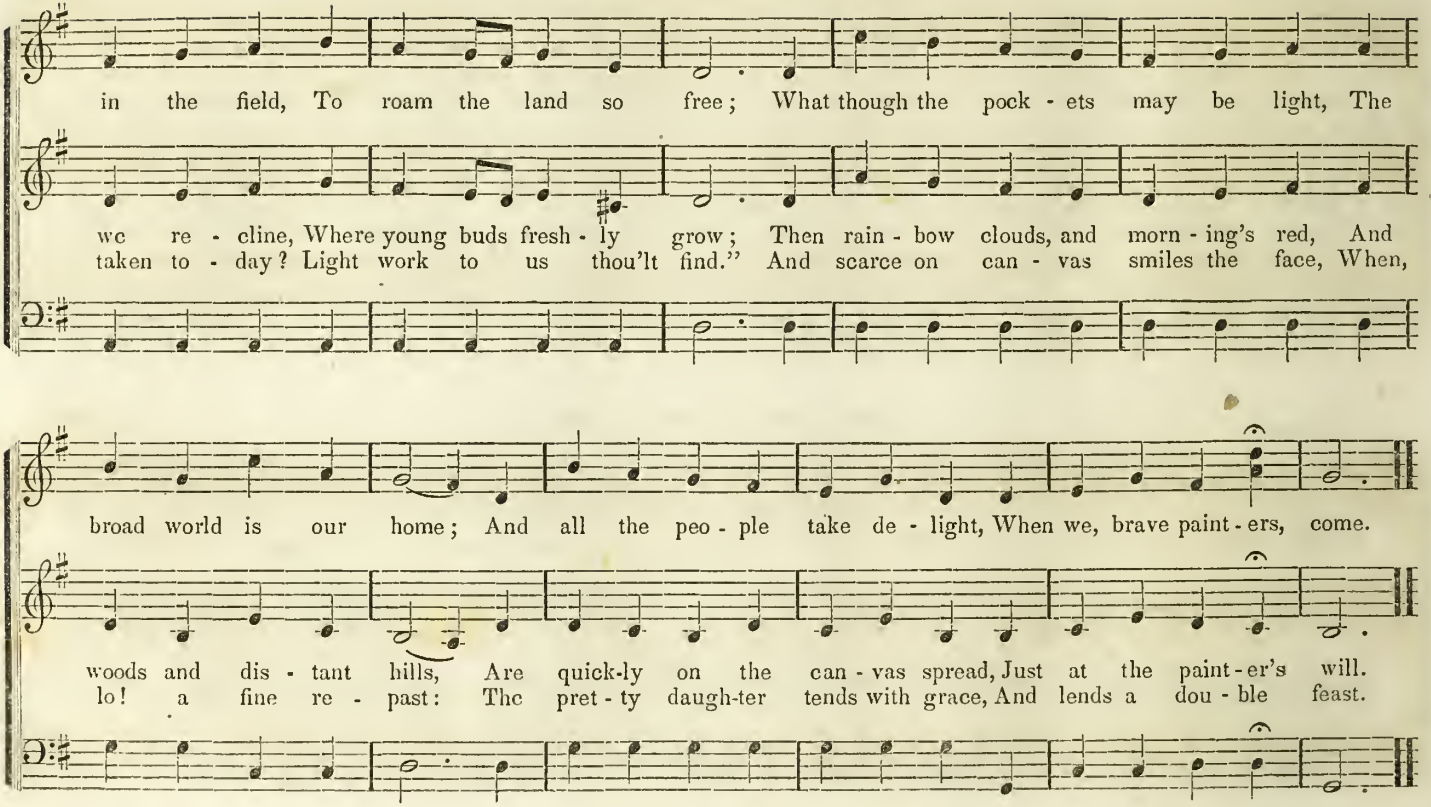

1. La - dy - bird, la - dy - bird, fly a - way home, The field-mouse is gone to her nest; The dai - sies have shut up their
3. La - dy - bird, la - dy - bird, fly a - way home, Good luck, if you reach it at last! The owl's come abroad, and the
5. La - dy - bird, la - dy - bird, fly a - way home, To your house in the old wil - low tree, Where your children, so dear, have in-
sleep-y - red eyes, And the bees and the birds are at rest.
2. La - dy - bird, la - dy - bird, fly a - way home, The
bat's on the roam, Sharp - set from their Rama - zan fast.
4. La - dy - bird, la - dy - bird, fly a - way home, The
vit - ed the ant, And a few co - sy neighbors to tea.
6. La - dy - bird, la - dy - bird, fly a - way home, And

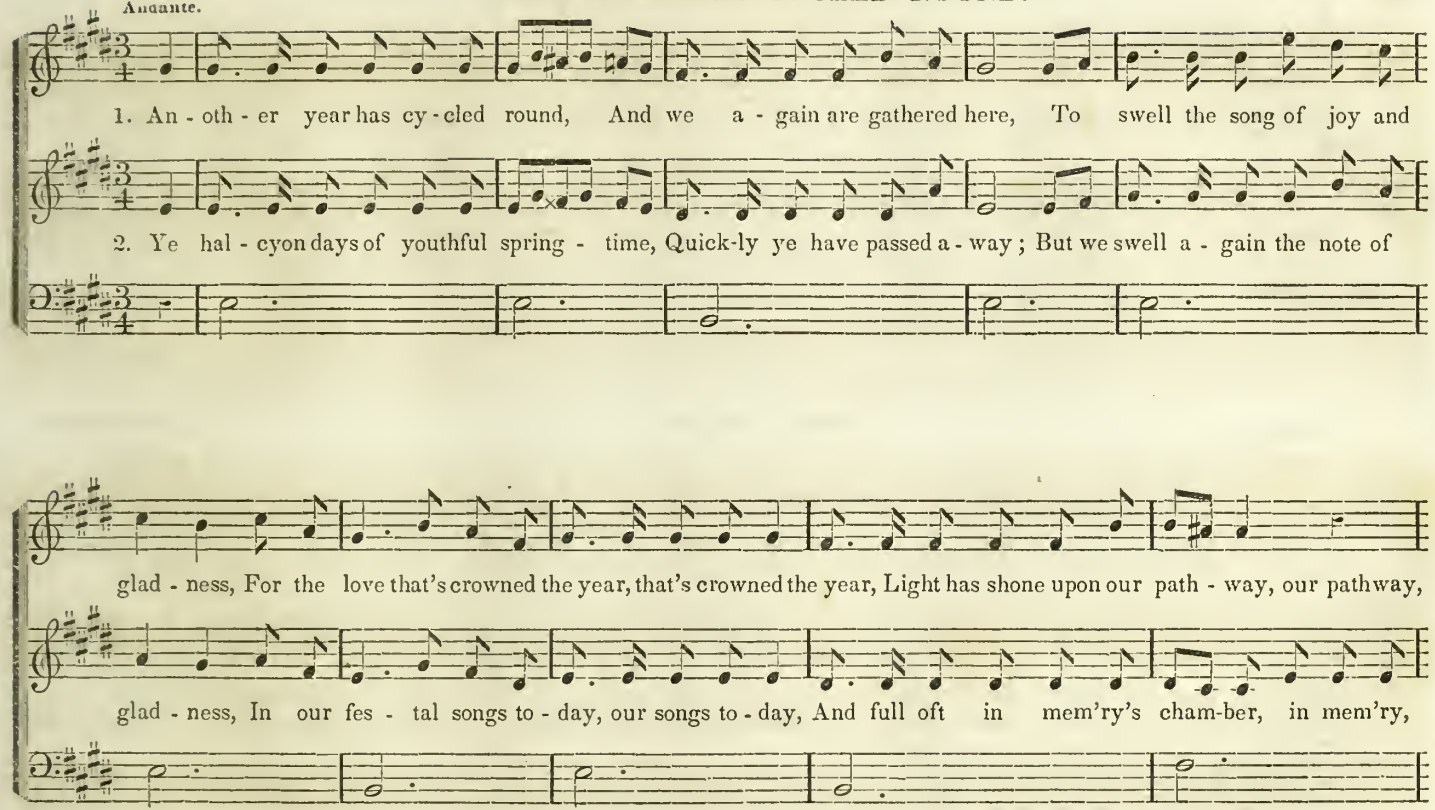


THE PAINTER'S SONG.

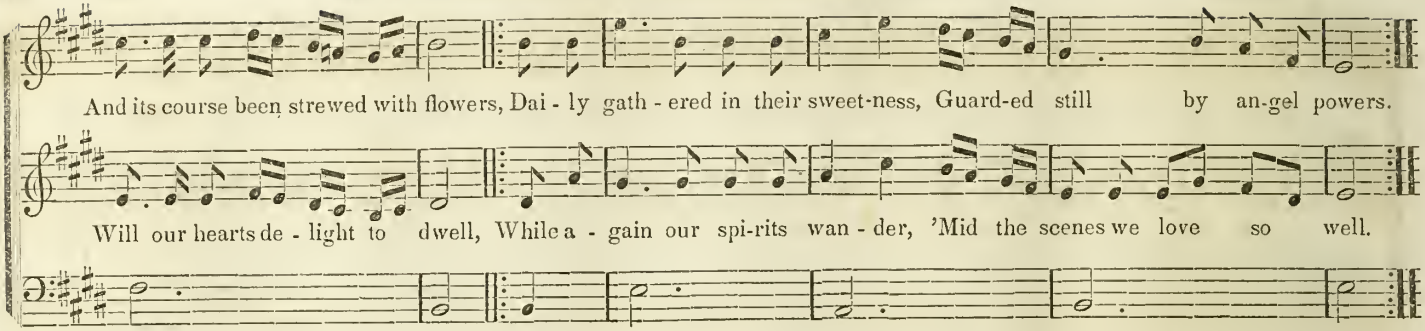
G. F. R.




in the field, To roam the land so free; What though the pock - ets may be light, The
we re - cline, Where young buds fresh - ly grow; Then rain - bow clouds, and morn - ing's red, And
taken to - day? Light work to us thou'lt find." And scarce on can - vas smiles the face, When,
broad world is our home; And all the peo - ple take de - light, When we, brave paint - ers, come.
woods and dis - tant hills, Are quick-ly on the can - vas spread, Just at the paint - er's will.
lo! a fine re - past: The pret - ty daugh-ter tends with grace, And lends a dou - ble feast.

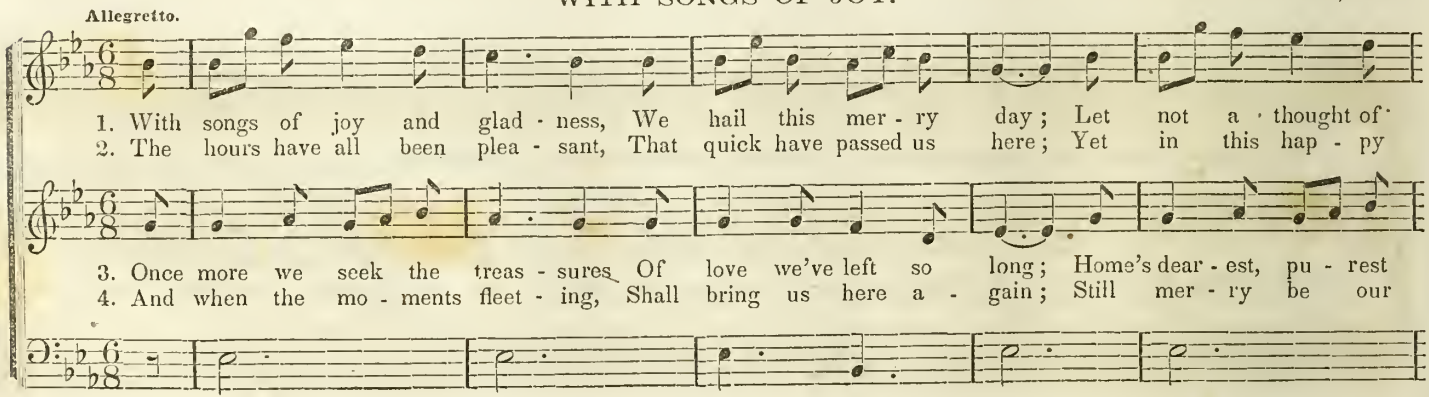

Andante.
1. An - oth - er year has cy - cled round, And we a - gain are gathered here, To swell the song of joy and
2. Ye hal - cyon days of youthful spring - time, Quick-ly ye have passed a - way; But we swell a - gain the note of
glad - ness, For the love that's crowned the year, that's crowned the year, Light has shone upon our path - way, our pathway,
glad - ness, In our fes - tal songs to - day, our songs to - day, And full oft in mem'ry's cham-ber, in mem'ry,

ANOTHER YEAR HAS CYCLED ROUND. (Concluded.)

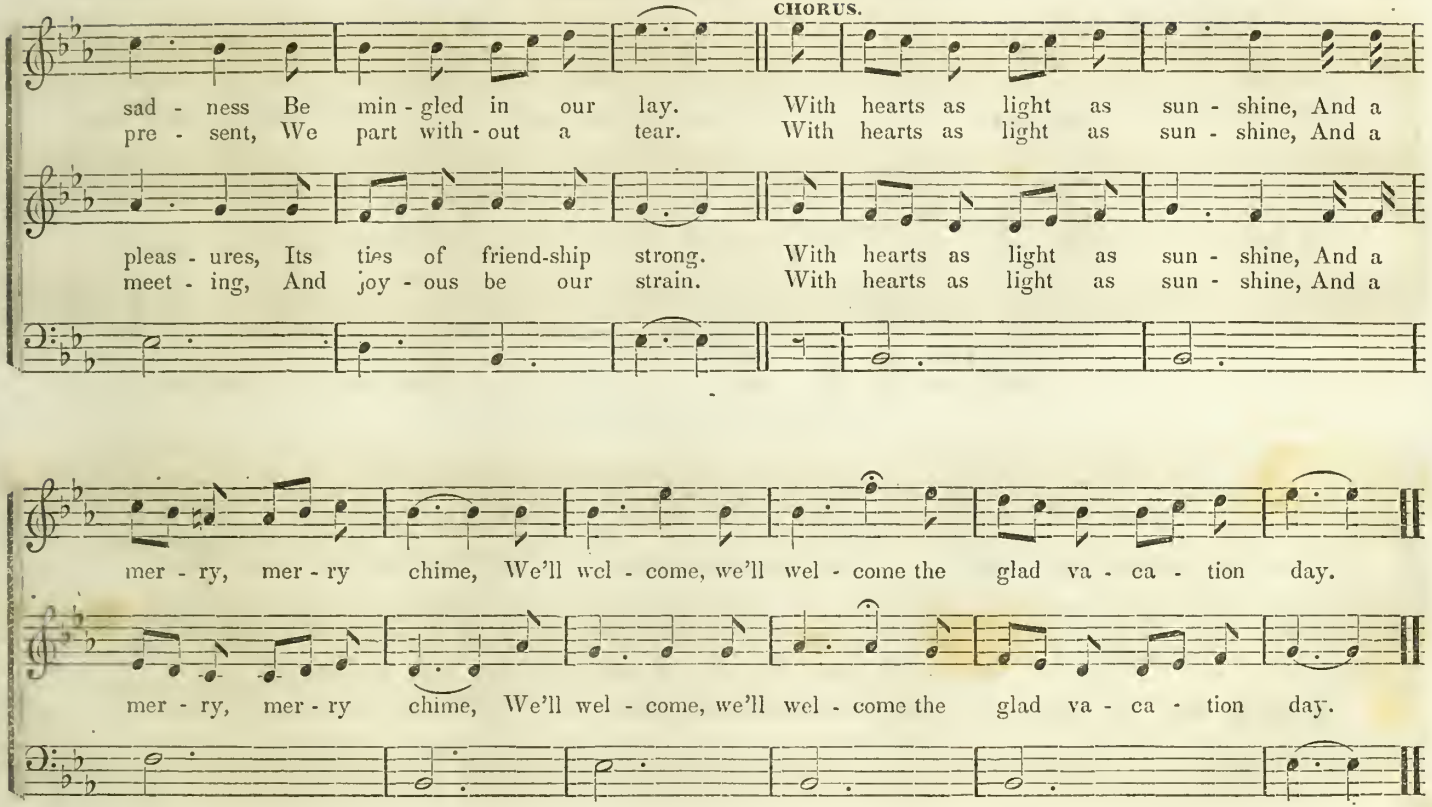


WITH SONGS OF JOY.

B. R. DOWNES, Jun.



CHORUS.


sad - ness Be min - gled in our lay. With hearts as light as sun - shine, And a
pre - sent, We part with - out a tear. With hearts as light as sun - shine, And a
pleas - ures, Its ties of friend-ship strong. With hearts as light as sun - shine, And a
meet - ing, And joy - ous be our strain. With hearts as light as sun - shine, And a
mer - ry, mer - ry chime, We'll wel - come, we'll wel - come the glad va - ca - tion day.
mer - ry, mer - ry chime, We'll wel - come, we'll wel - come the glad va - ca - tion day.

NIGHT HYMN AT SEA.

G. F. R.

Andante.

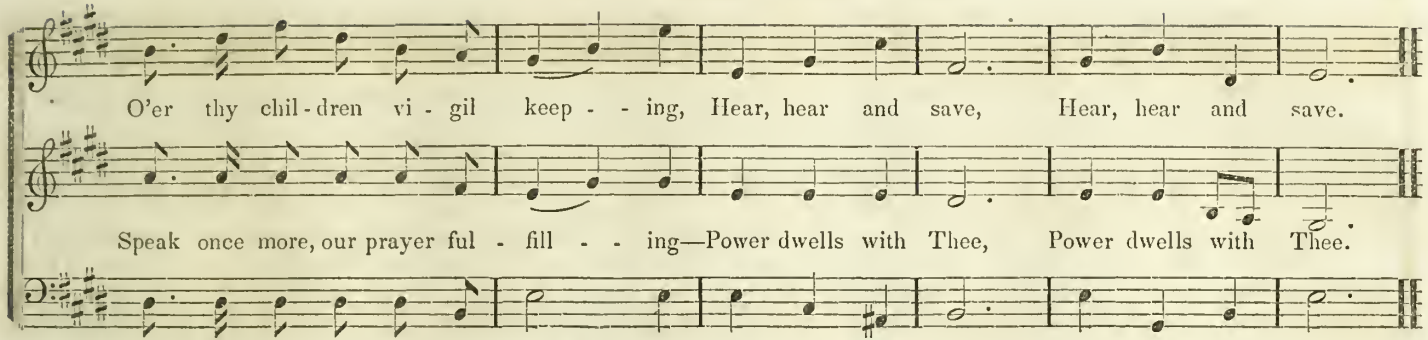
1. Night sinks on the wave, Hol - low winds are sigh - ing, Sea - birds to their cave

2. Stars look o'er the sea, Few, and sad, and shrouded; Faith our light must be,

Night sinks on the wave, ... Sea - birds to their cave
Stars look o'er the sea, ... Faith our light must be,

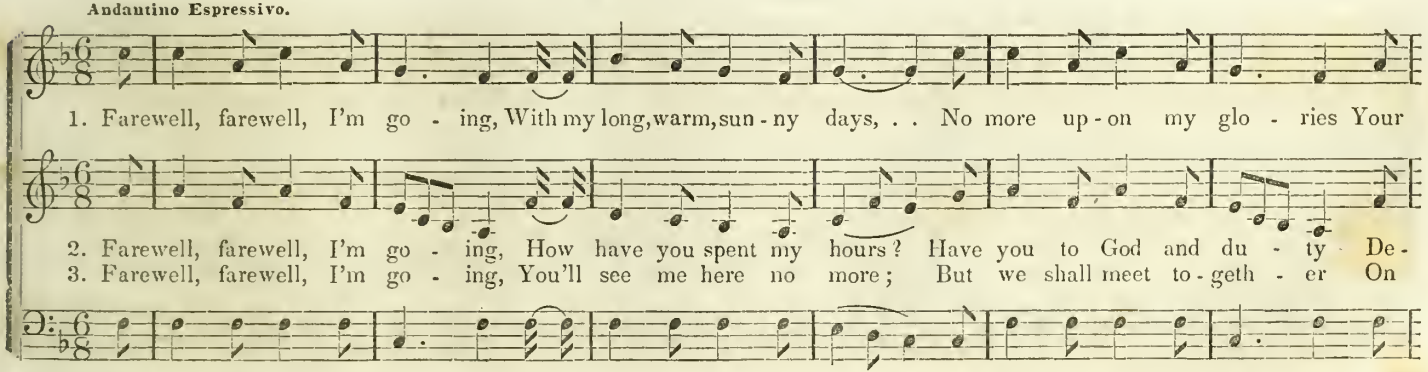
Thro' the gloom are fly - ing; O, should storms come sweep - - ing, Thou, in Heav'n un - sleep - - ing,

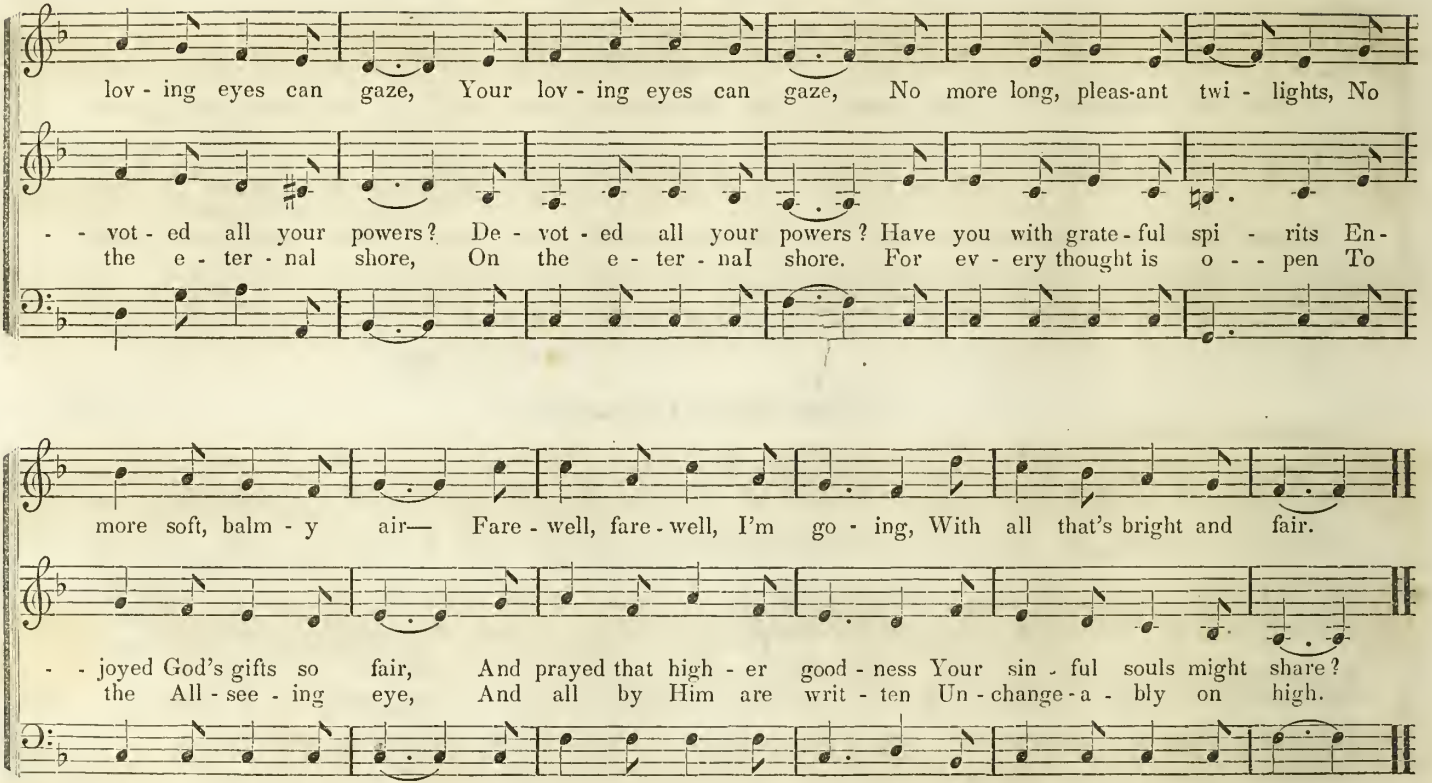
When all else is cloud - ed, Thou, whose voice came thrill - - ing, Wind and bil - low still - - - ing,



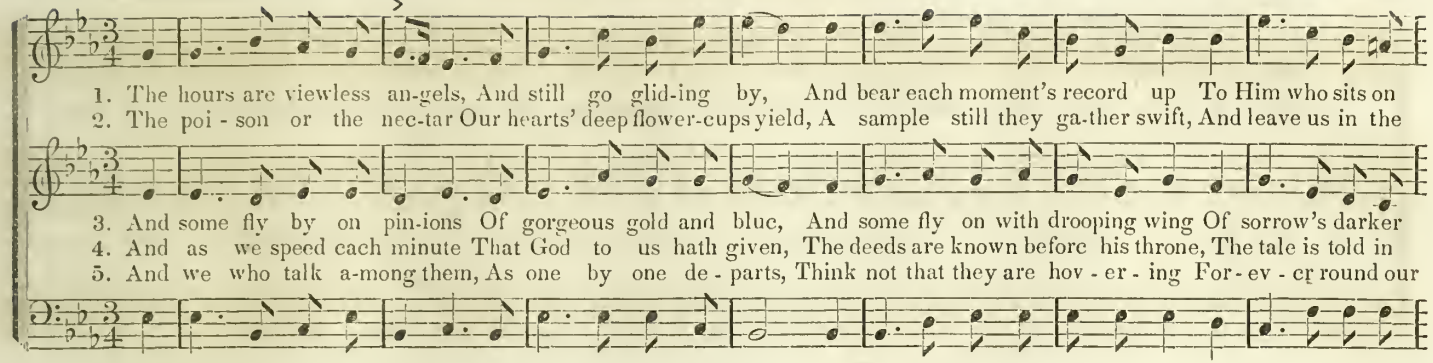
SUMMER'S FAREWELL.

G. F. R.

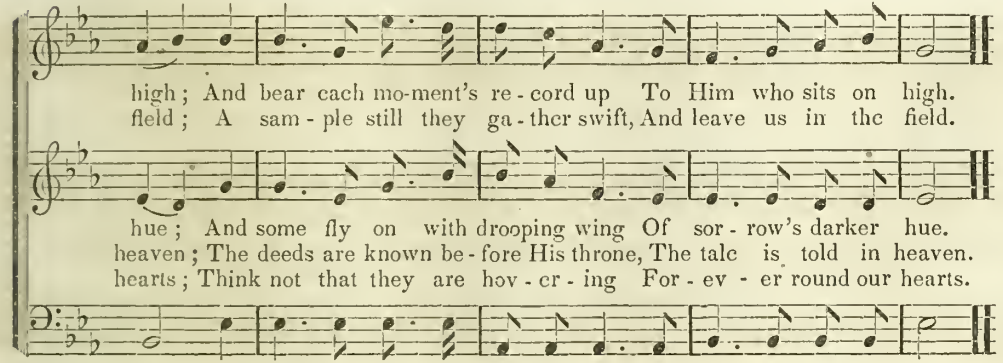



lov - ing eyes can gaze, Your lov - ing eyes can gaze, No more long, pleas-ant twi - lights, No
- - vot - ed all your powers? De - vot - ed all your powers? Have you with grate - ful spi - rits En-
the e - ter - nal shore, On the e - ter - nal shore. For ev - ery thought is o - - pen To
more soft, balm - y air— Fare - well, fare - well, I'm go - ing, With all that's bright and fair.
- - joyed God's gifts so fair, And prayed that high - er good - ness Your sin - ful souls might share?
the All - see - ing eye, And all by Him are writ - ten Un - change - a - bly on high.

With Feeling.



Ritard.



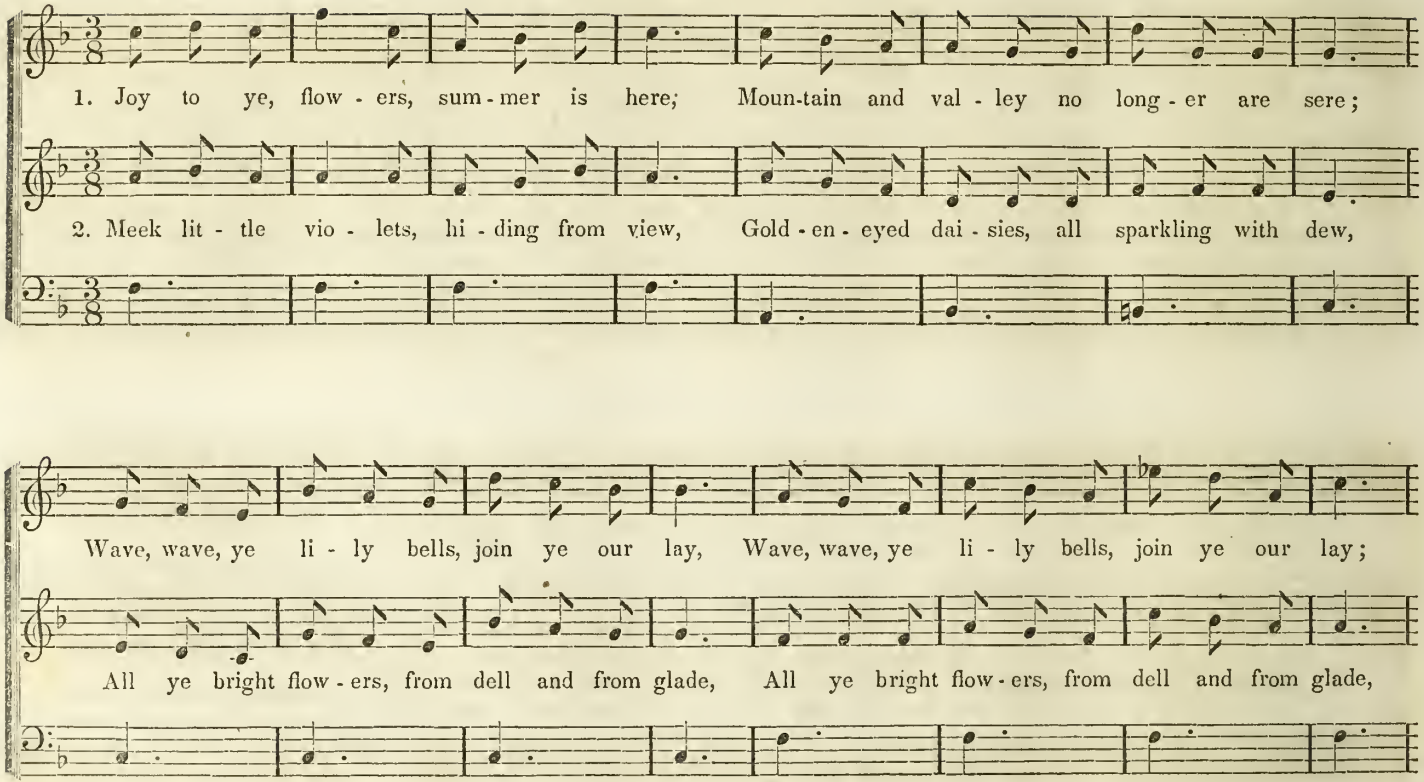
6. Like summer bees that hover
Around the idle flowers,
They gather every act and thought—
These viewless angel hours.

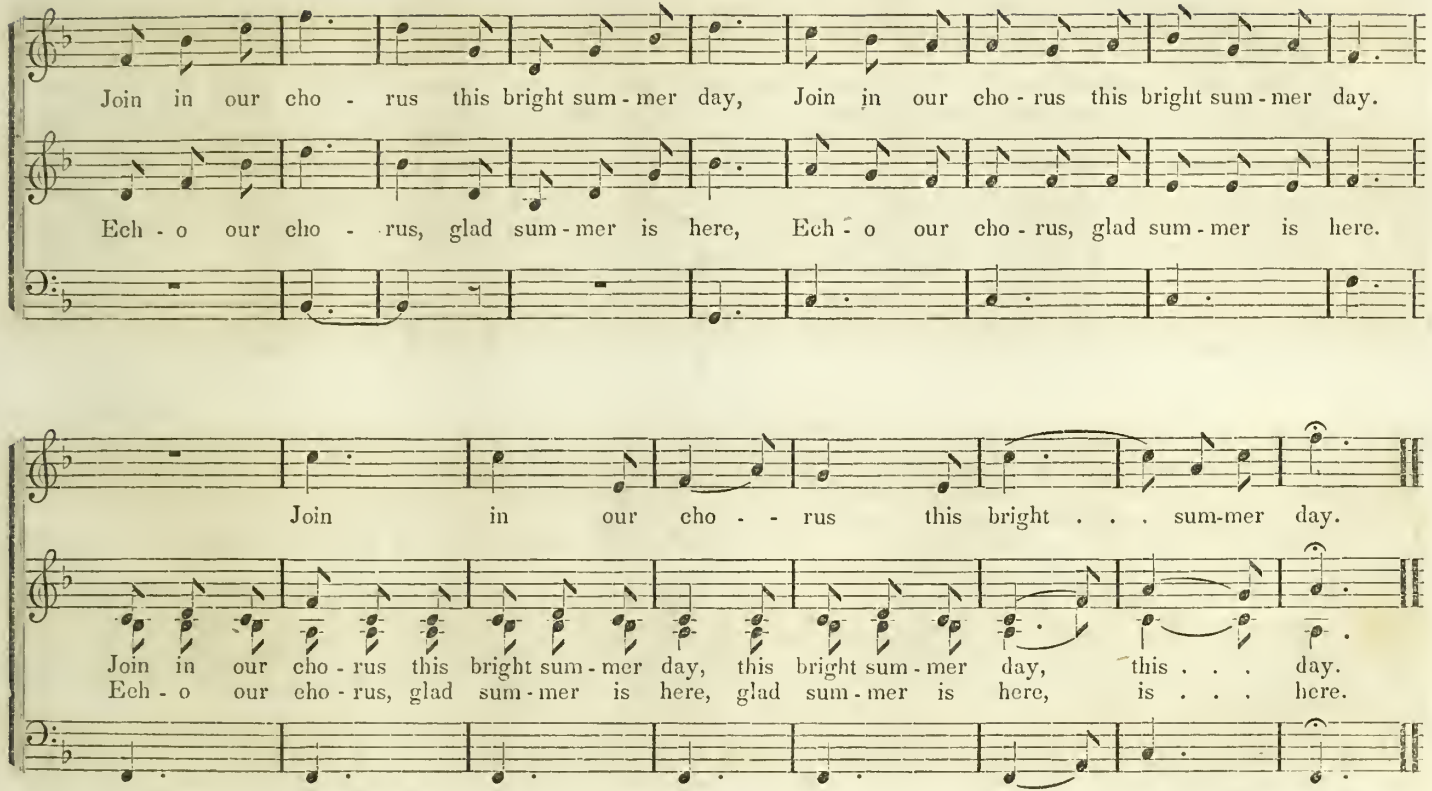
7. And still they steal the record,
And bear it far away;
This mission flight, by day or night,
No magic power can stay.

8. So teach me, Heavenly Father,
To spend each flying hour,
That, as they go, they may not show
My heart a poison flower.

JOY TO YE, FLOWERS.

Arranged from MENDELSSOHN.




Join in our cho - rus this bright sum - mer day, Join in our cho - rus this bright sum - mer day.
Ech - o our cho - rus, glad sum - mer is here, Ech - o our cho - rus, glad sum - mer is here.
Join in our cho - - rus this bright . . . sum-mer day.
Join in our cho - rus this bright sum - mer day, this bright sum - mer day, this . . . day.
Ech - o our cho - rus, glad sum - mer is here, glad sum - mer is here, is . . . here.

IN OUR MERRY SCHOOL DAYS.

Words and Music by H. A. POND.

Spiritoso.

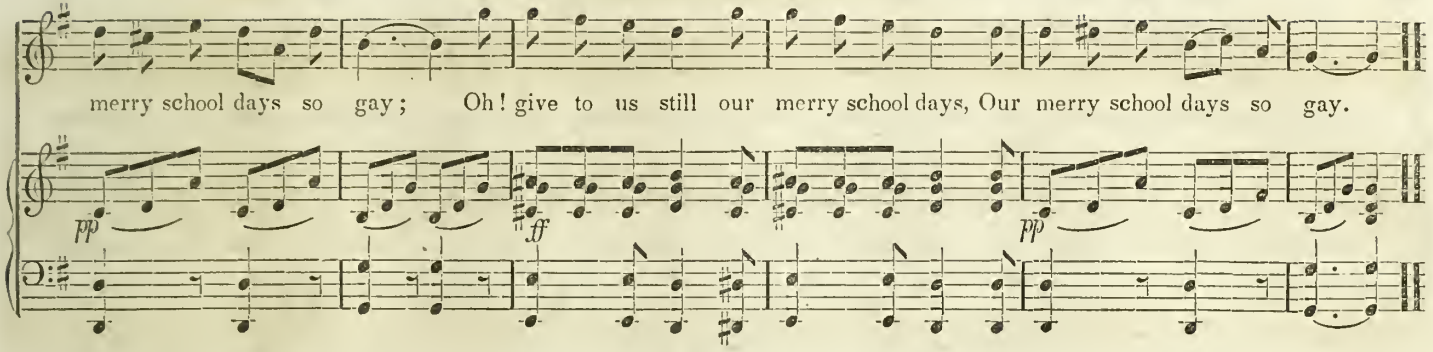
1. In our mer - ry school, we're all so gay, From morn till set of sun; We study our books and
   What though it storms, and the blast doth blow, And the pattering rain doth fall; Little reck we, for our
2. If we live to old age, we'll surely look back, To scan the course we've run; And happy we'll be, if
   For many a heart has sighed in vain, To re - call time idled a - way; Then we'll stu-dy with zeal, and

1st. 2d.

then we play, Nor heed how time flies on:
mirth will flow, As call re - echoes each
nought did lack, To make our work well done:
ne'er complain, To improve while yet we

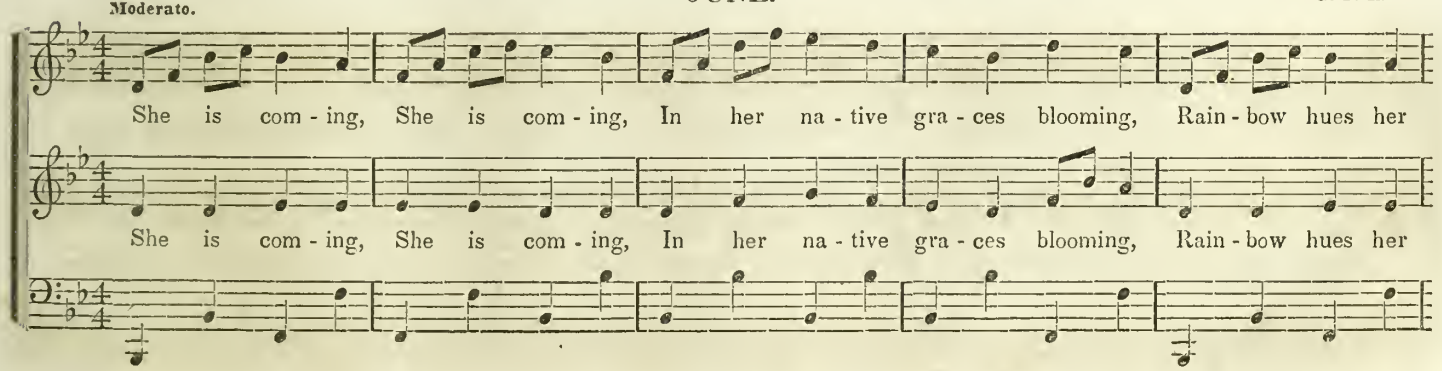
call. Then give to us still our merry school days, Our
may. Then give to us still our merry school days, &c.

ff


merry school days so gay; Oh! give to us still our merry school days, Our merry school days so gay.
pp
ff
pp

JUNE.

G. F. R.


Moderato.
She is com - ing, She is com - ing, In her na - tive gra - ces blooming, Rain - bow hues her
She is com - ing, She is com - ing, In her na - tive gra - ces blooming, Rain - bow hues her

Fine.

tem - ples wreathing, A - rab o - dors o'er her breathing. She is coming, She is coming,

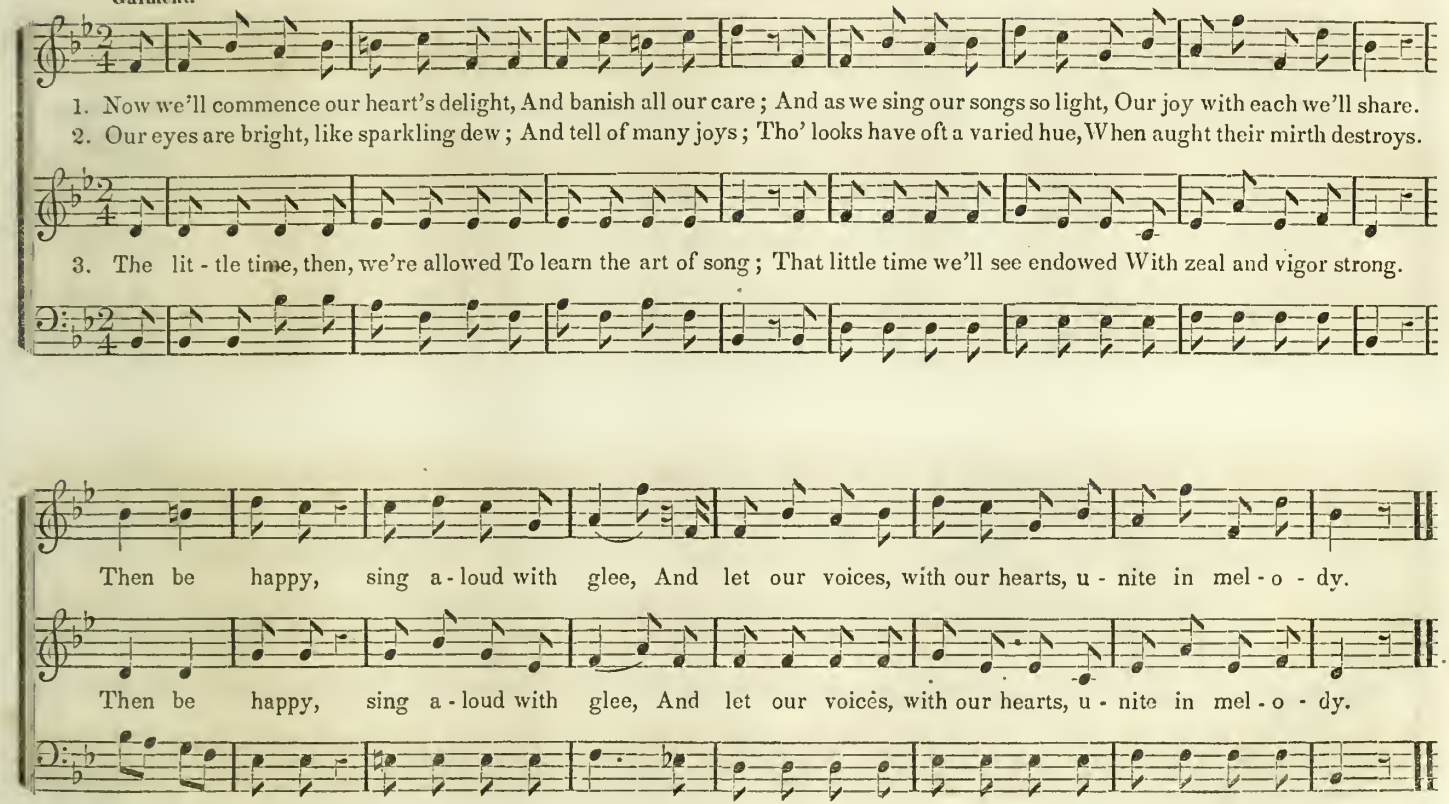
skies have brought her; Hail to sum - mer's fair - est daughter. She is coming, She is coming,

D. C.

Earth, and air, and sea perfuming, Flow'rets spring beneath her fingers, All is verdure where she lingers.

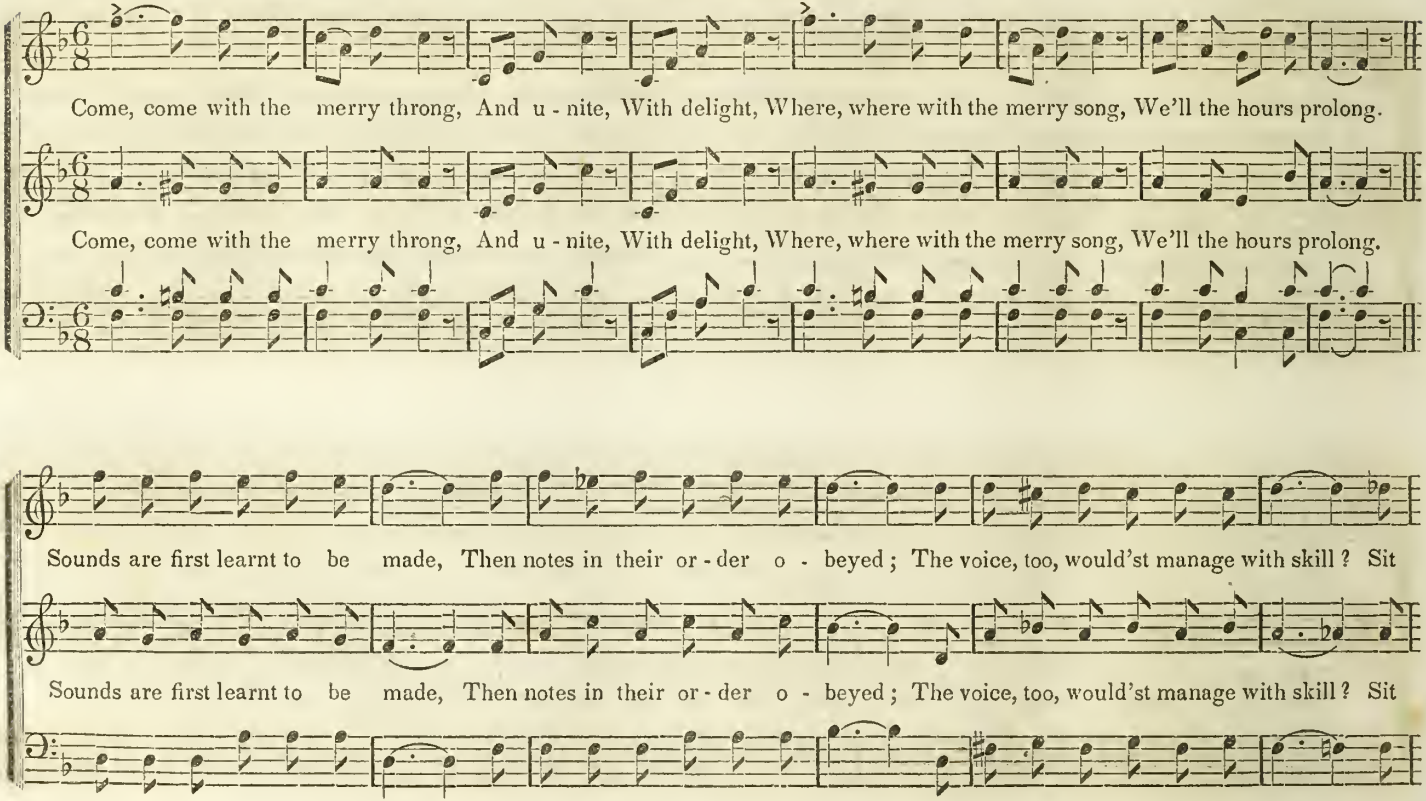
Earth, and air, and sea perfuming, Flow'rets spring beneath her fingers, All is verdure where she lingers.

Gaiment.

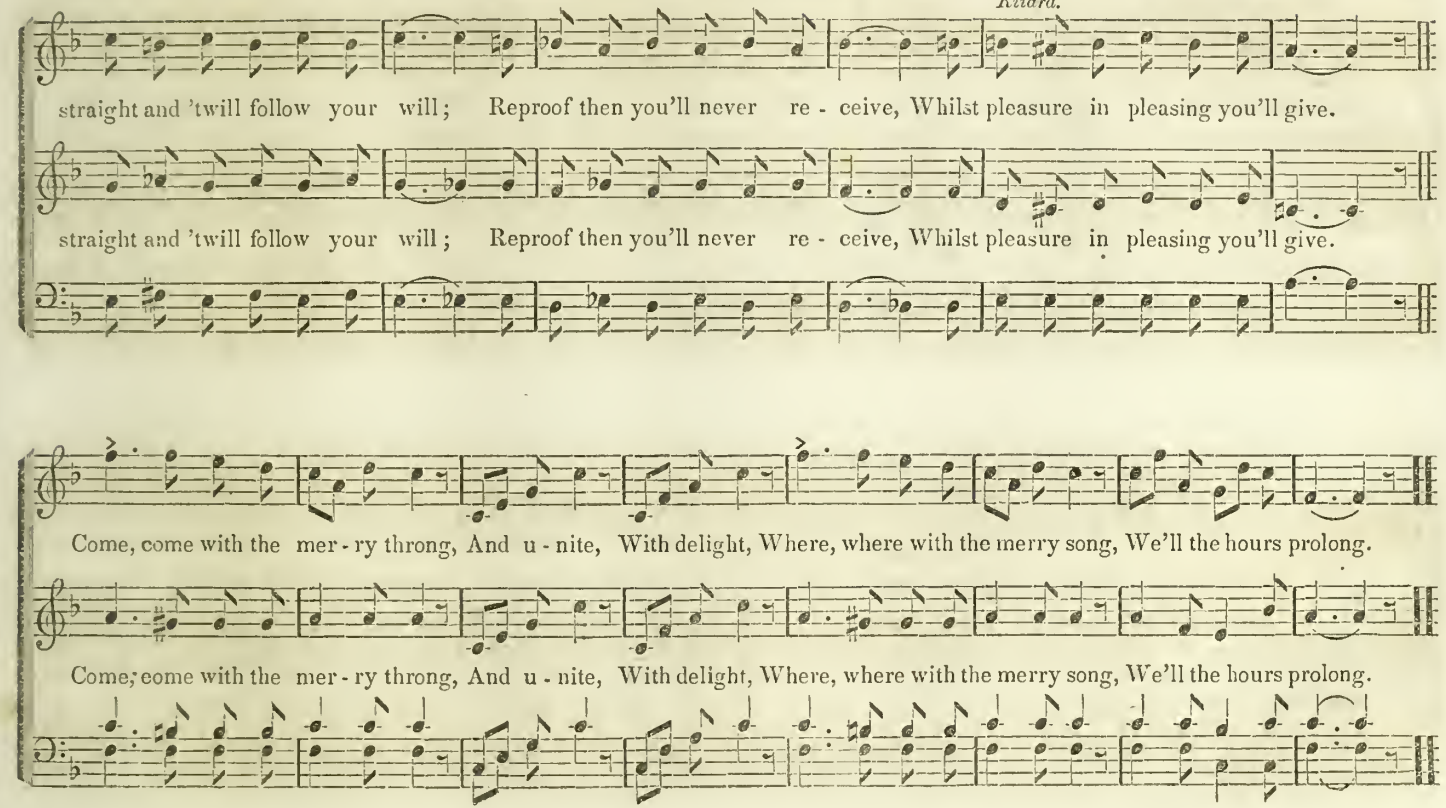

1. Now we'll commence our heart's delight, And banish all our care ; And as we sing our songs so light, Our joy with each we'll share.
2. Our eyes are bright, like sparkling dew ; And tell of many joys ; Tho' looks have oft a varied hue, When aught their mirth destroys.
3. The lit - tle time, then, we're allowed To learn the art of song ; That little time we'll see endowed With zeal and vigor strong.
Then be happy, sing a - loud with glee, And let our voices, with our hearts, u - nite in mel - o - dy.
Then be happy, sing a - loud with glee, And let our voices, with our hearts, u - nite in mel - o - dy.

COME WITH THE MERRY THRONG.

Words and Music by H. AUG. POND.



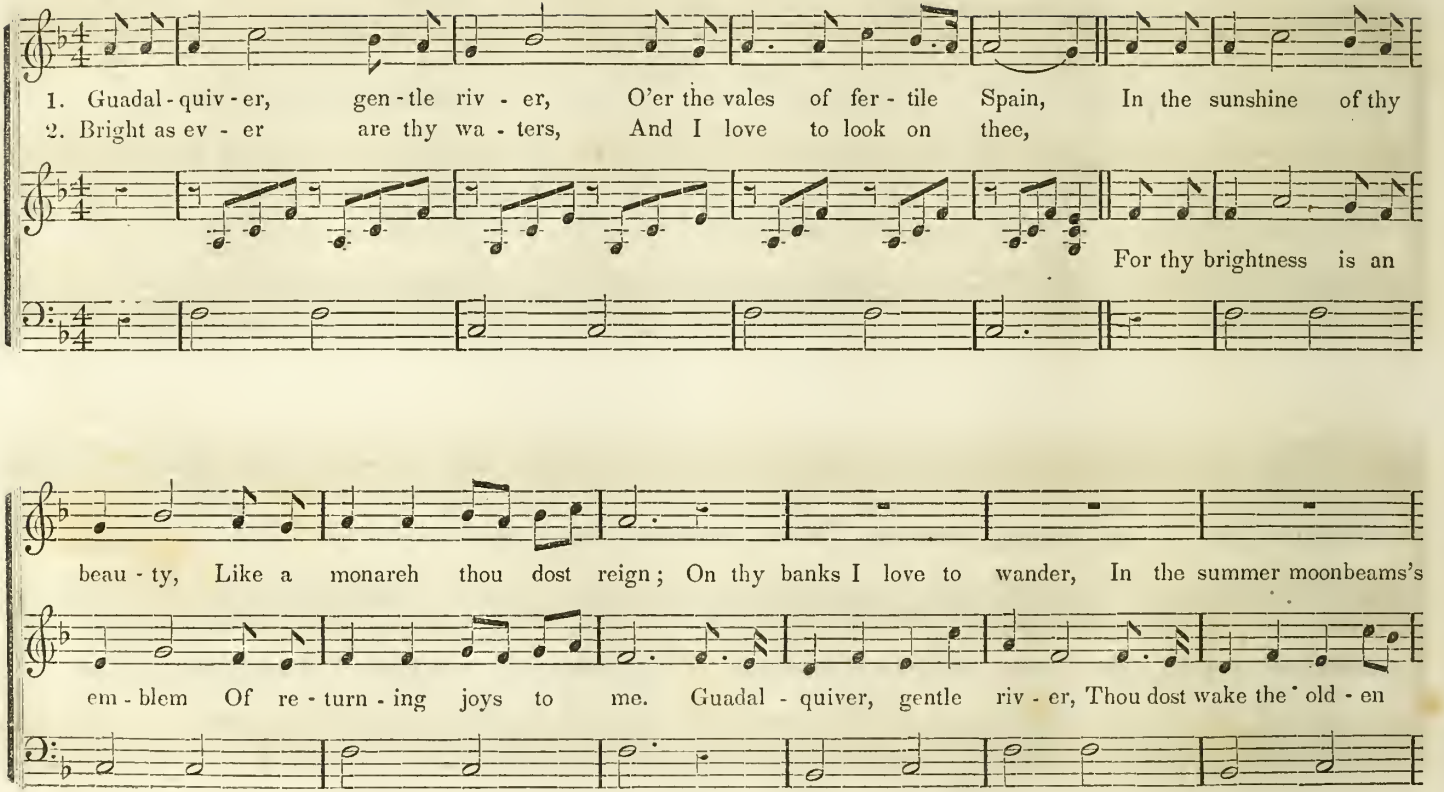
Riiard.

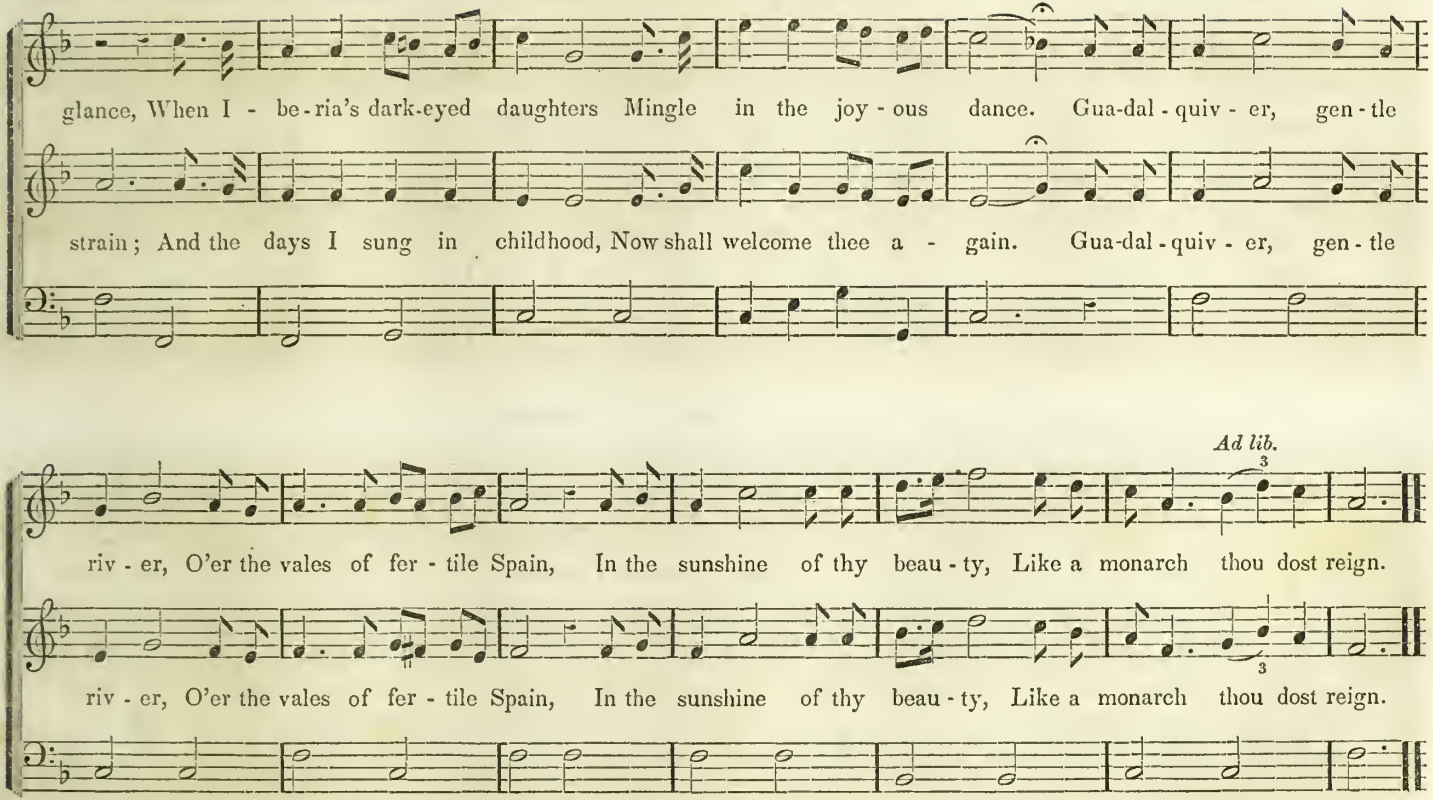

straight and 'twill follow your will; Reproof then you'll never re - ceive, Whilst pleasure in pleasing you'll give.
straight and 'twill follow your will; Reproof then you'll never re - ceive, Whilst pleasure in pleasing you'll give.
Come, come with the mer - ry throng, And u - nite, With delight, Where, where with the merry song, We'll the hours prolong.
Come, come with the mer - ry throng, And u - nite, With delight, Where, where with the merry song, We'll the hours prolong.

GUADALQUIVER.

Arranged from NELSON.

Allegretto Grazioso.

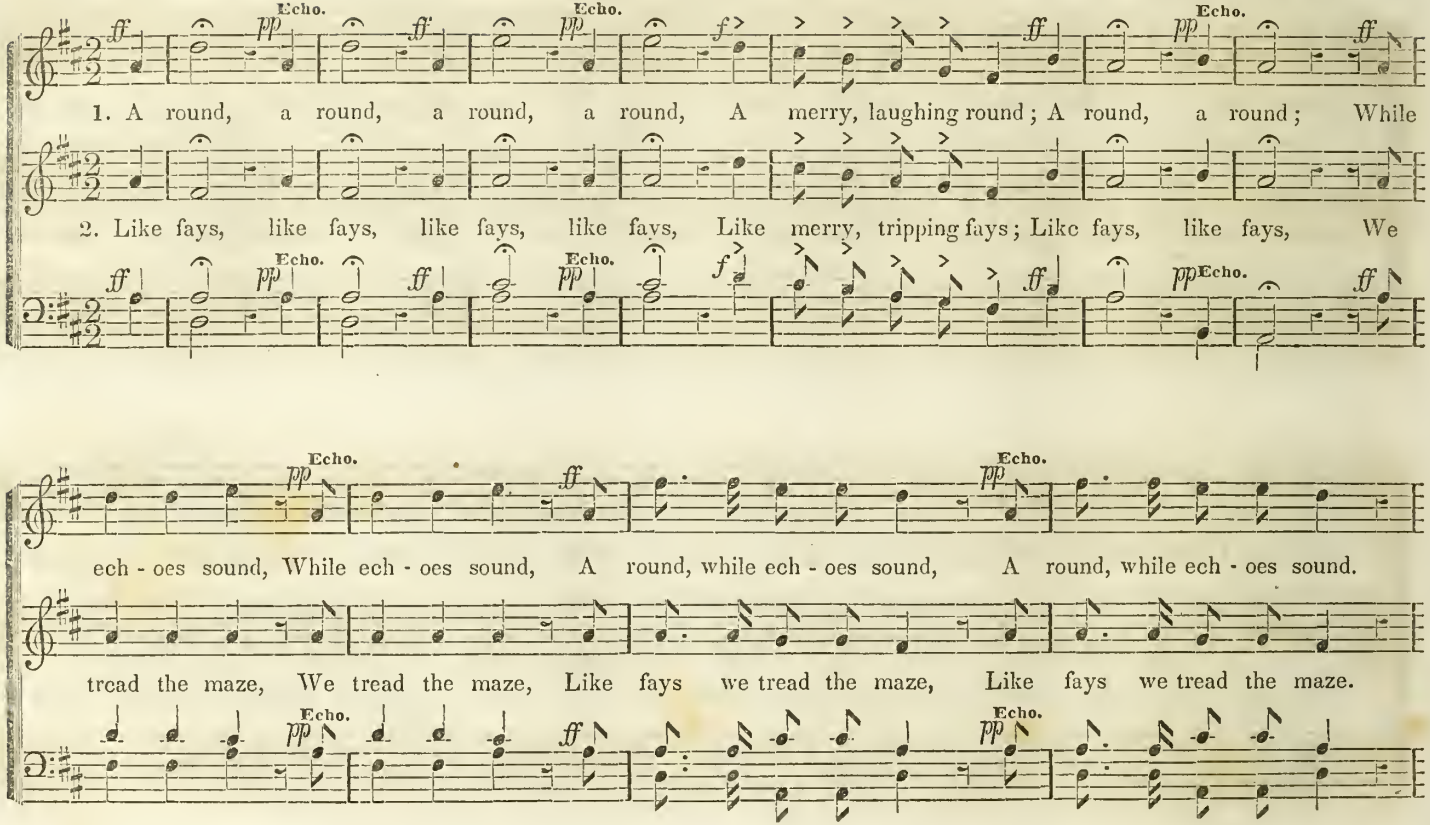


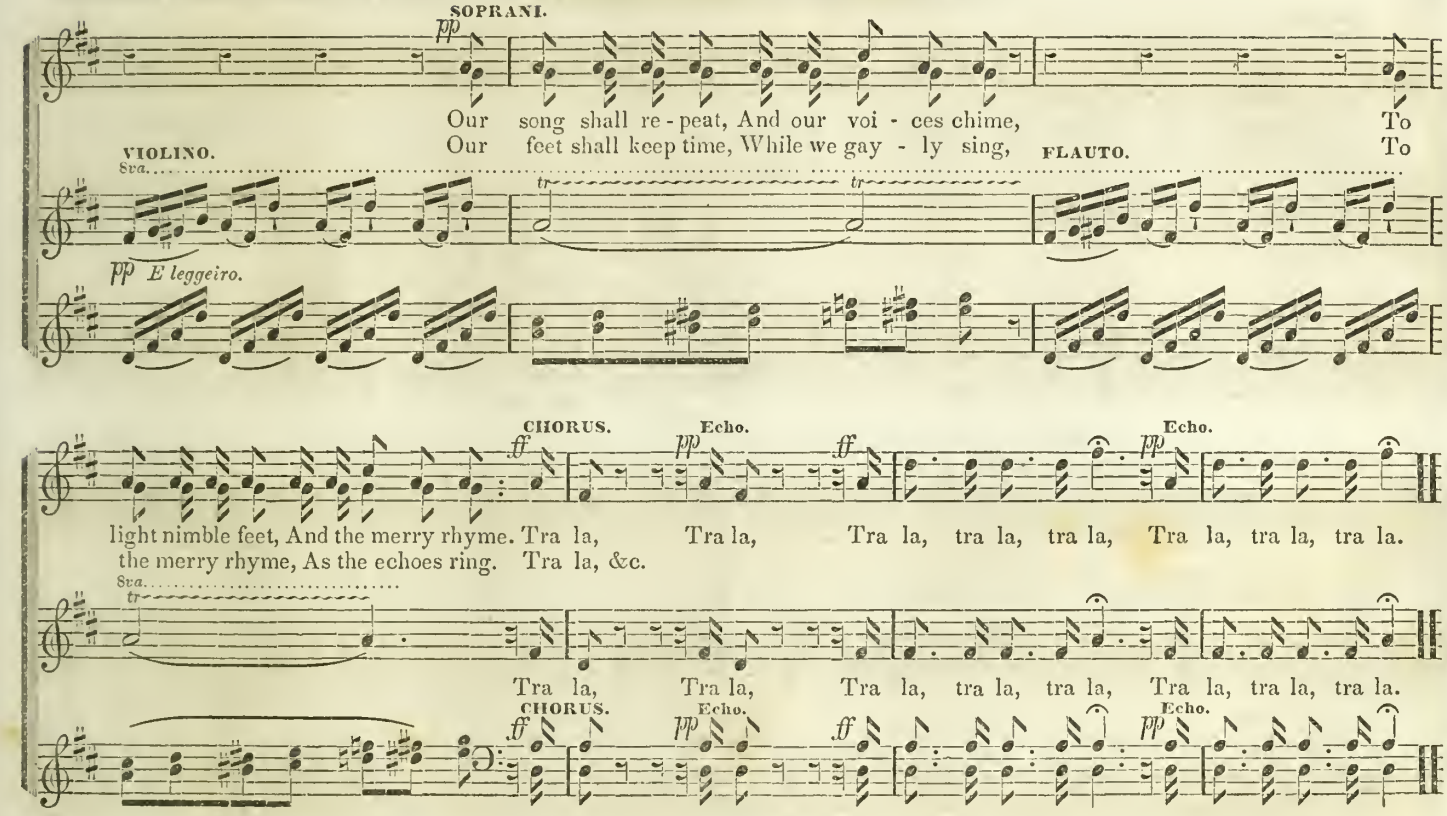

glance, When I - be-ria's dark-eyed daughters Mingle in the joy - ous dance. Gua-dal - quiv - er, gen - tle
strain; And the days I sung in childhood, Now shall welcome thee a - gain. Gua-dal - quiv - er, gen - tle
Ad lib.
riv - er, O'er the vales of fer - tile Spain, In the sunshine of thy beau - ty, Like a monarch thou dost reign.
riv - er, O'er the vales of fer - tile Spain, In the sunshine of thy beau - ty, Like a monarch thou dost reign.

From Von WEBER.

THE GIPSEY'S ECHO SONG.

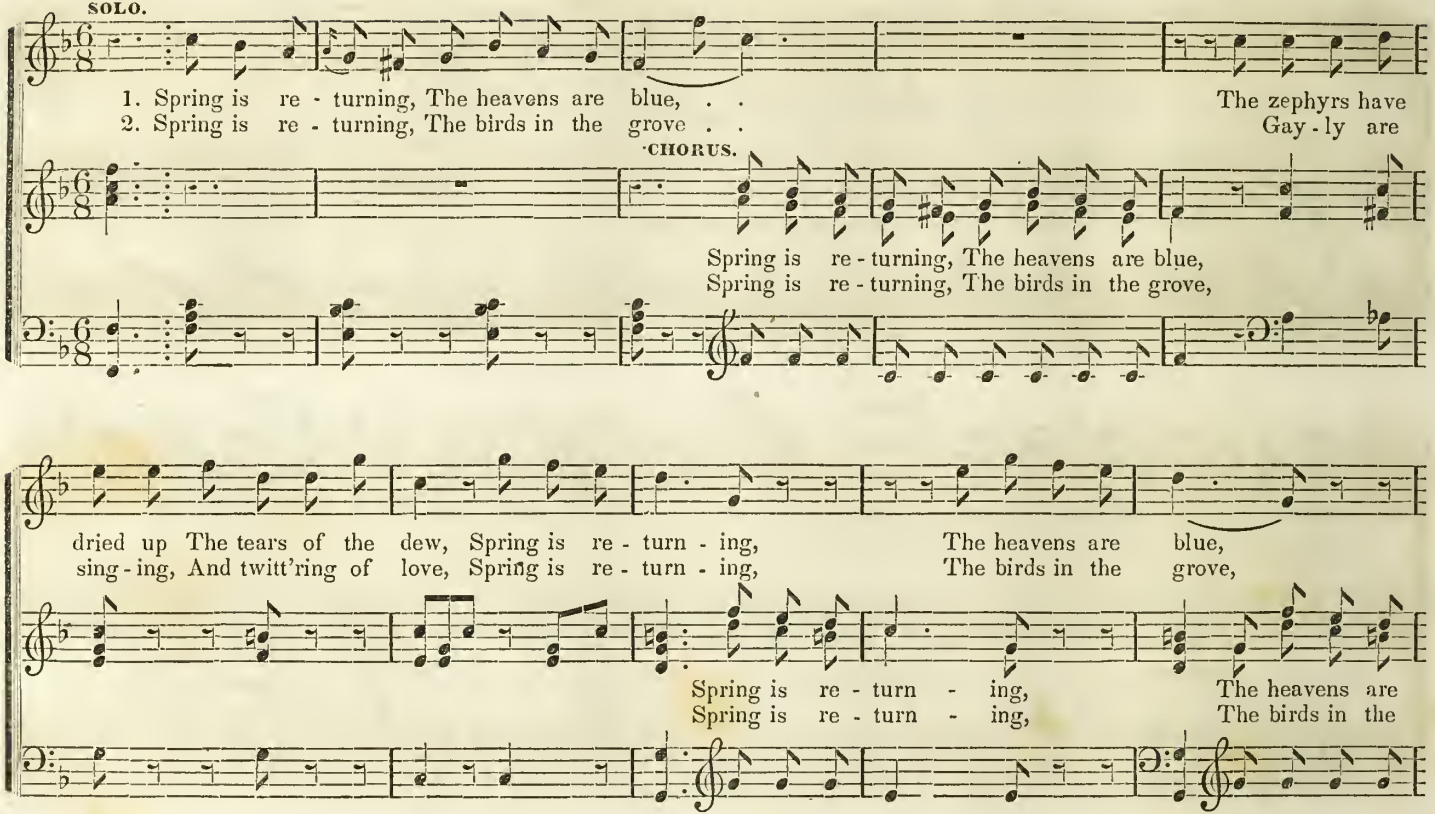
Words and Music arranged by H. A. POND.

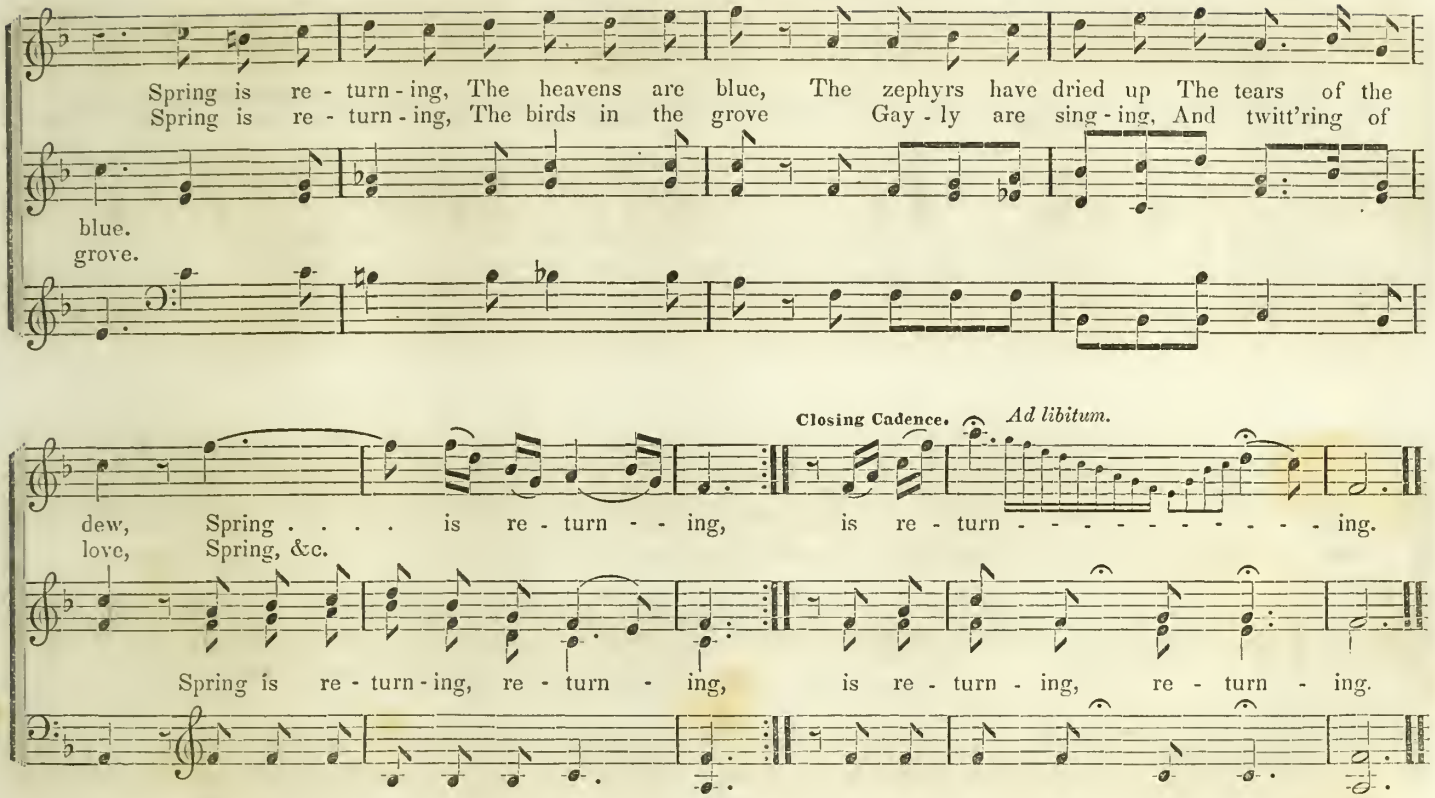



SOPRANI.
pp
Our song shall re - peat, And our voi - ces chime, To
Our feet shall keep time, While we gay - ly sing, To
VIOLINO.
8va.
FLAUTO.
tr
tr
pp E leggeiro.
CHORUS.
ff
Echo.
pp
ff
Echo.
pp
light nimble feet, And the merry rhyme. Tra la, Tra la, Tra la, tra la, tra la, Tra la, tra la, tra la.
the merry rhyme, As the echoes ring. Tra la, &c.
8va.
tr
Tra la, Tra la, Tra la, tra la, tra la, Tra la, tra la, tra la.
CHORUS.
ff
Echo.
pp
ff
Echo.
pp

SPRING IS RETURNING.

Arranged from MENDELSSOHN, by G. F. R.



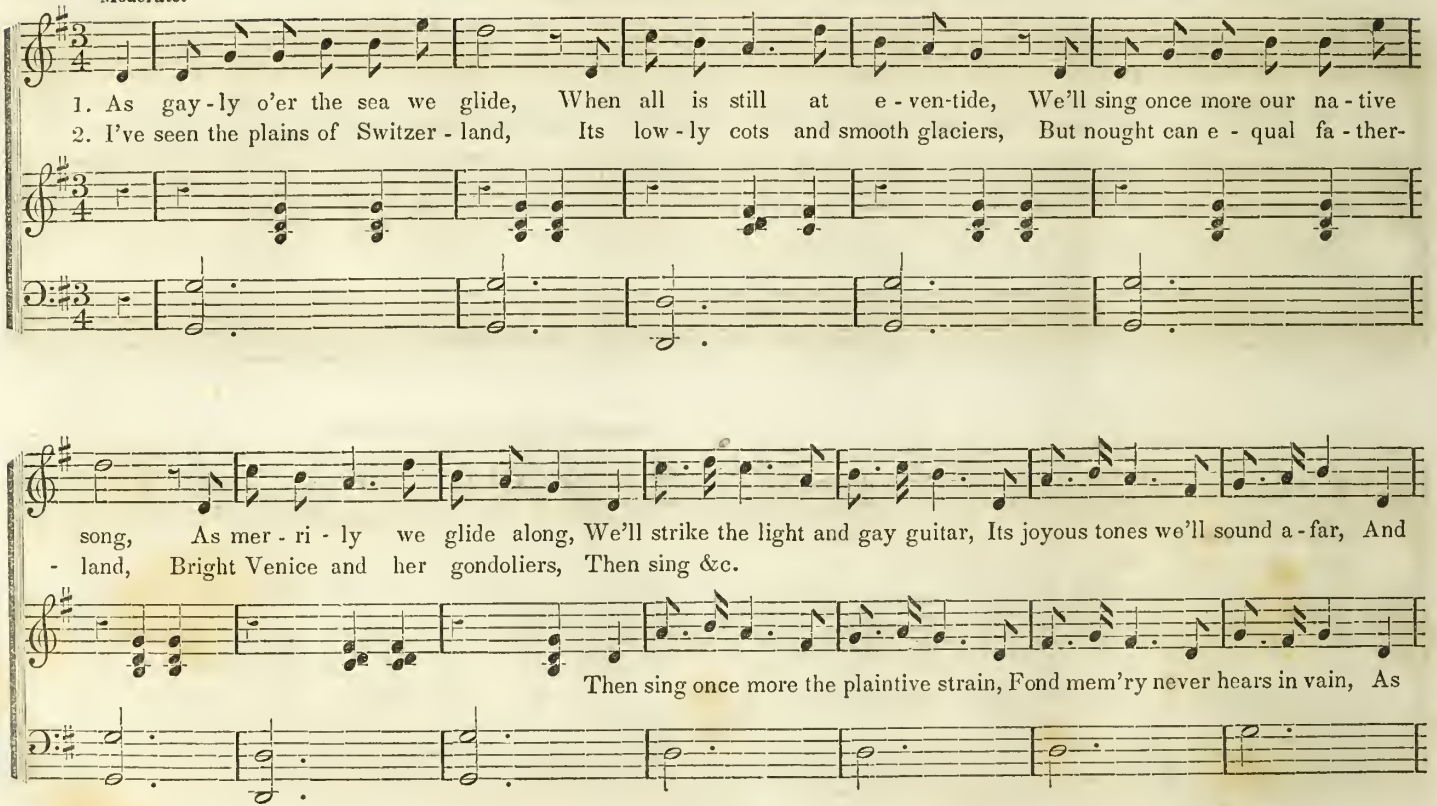


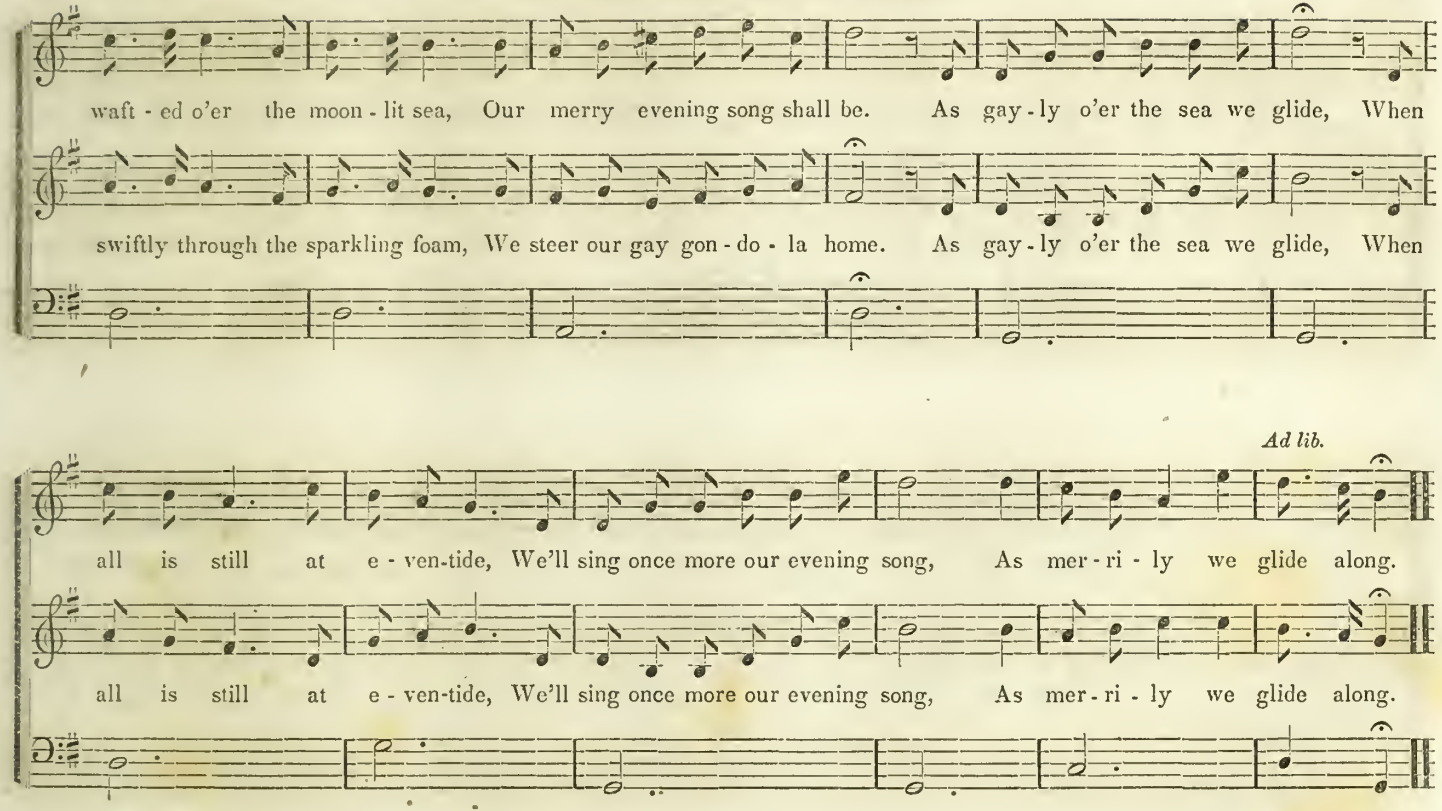
3d verse.—Spring is returning, The bud's on the tree, And sweet scented violets I'll gather for thee.

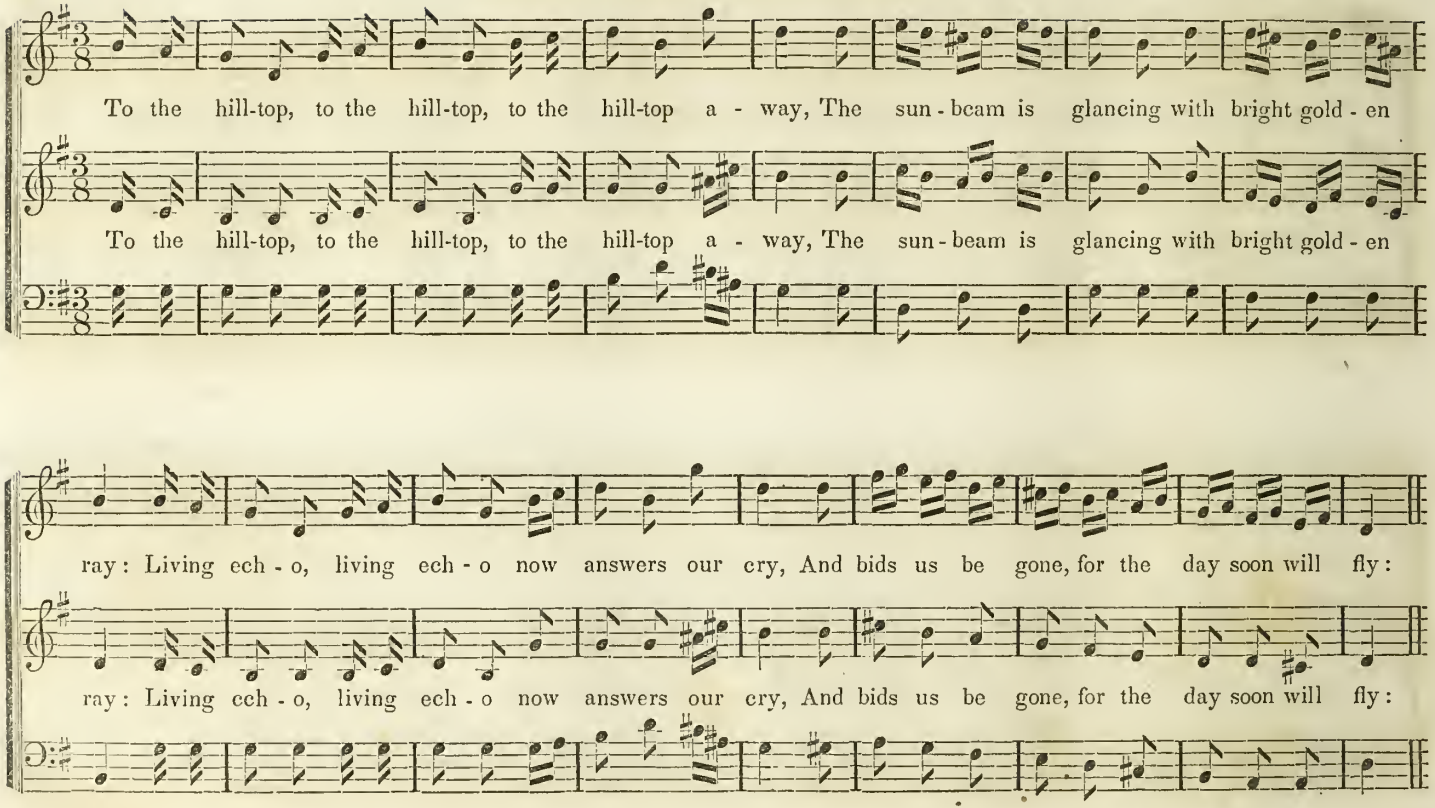
AS GAYLY O'ER THE SEA WE GLIDE.

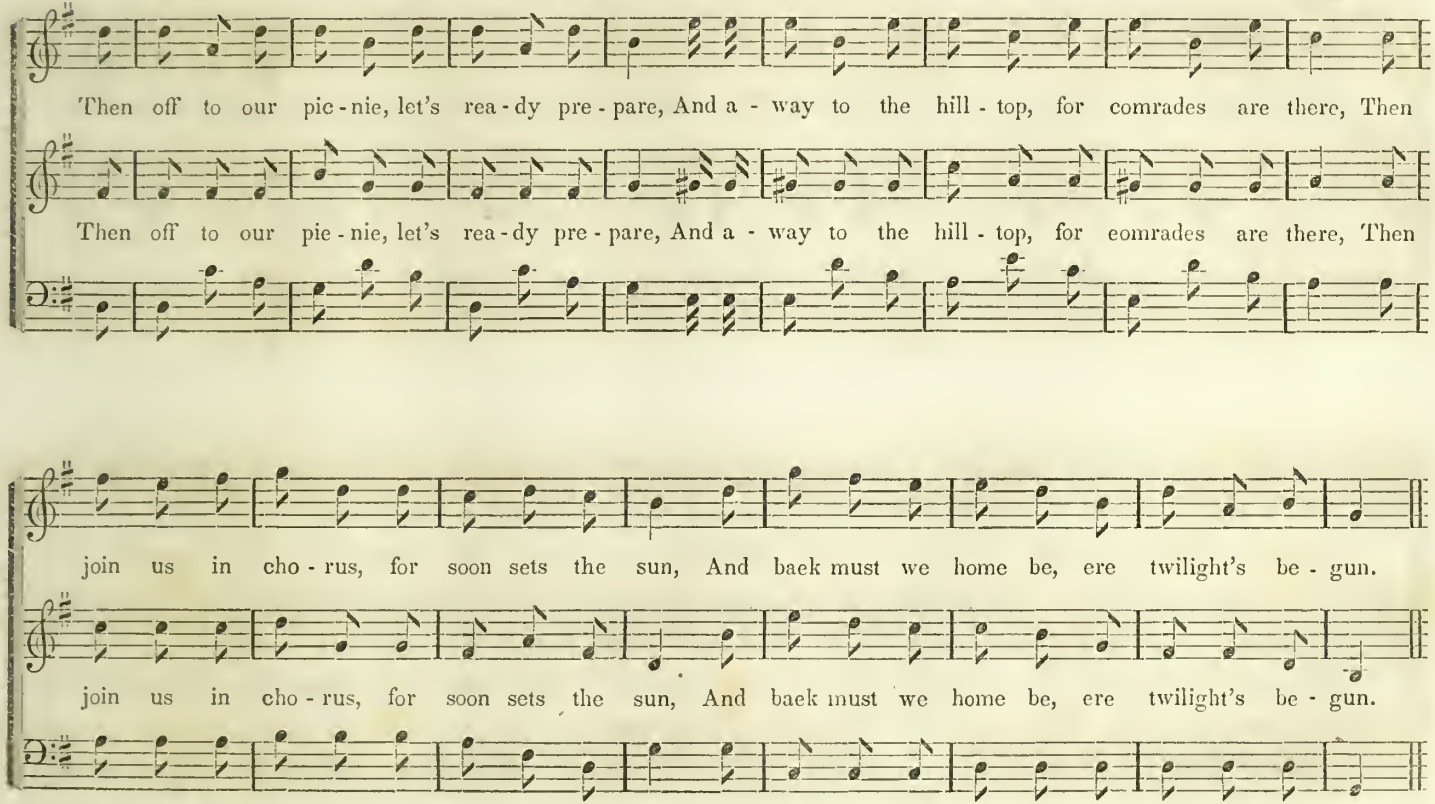
Arranged from BLOCKLEY.

Moderato.



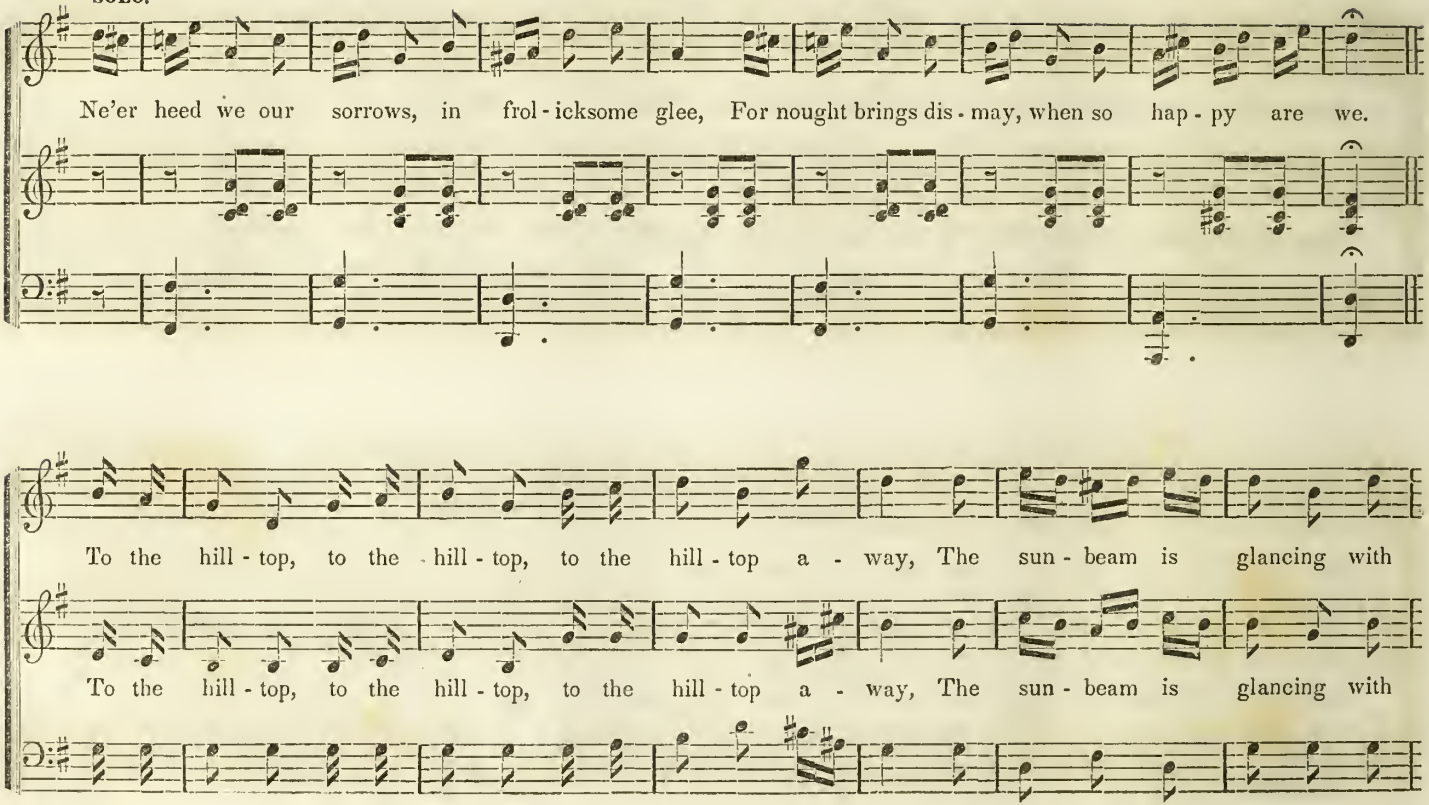

waft - ed o'er the moon - lit sea, Our merry evening song shall be. As gay - ly o'er the sea we glide, When
swiftly through the sparkling foam, We steer our gay gon - do - la home. As gay - ly o'er the sea we glide, When
Ad lib.
all is still at e - ven-tide, We'll sing once more our evening song, As mer - ri - ly we glide along.
all is still at e - ven-tide, We'll sing once more our evening song, As mer - ri - ly we glide along.

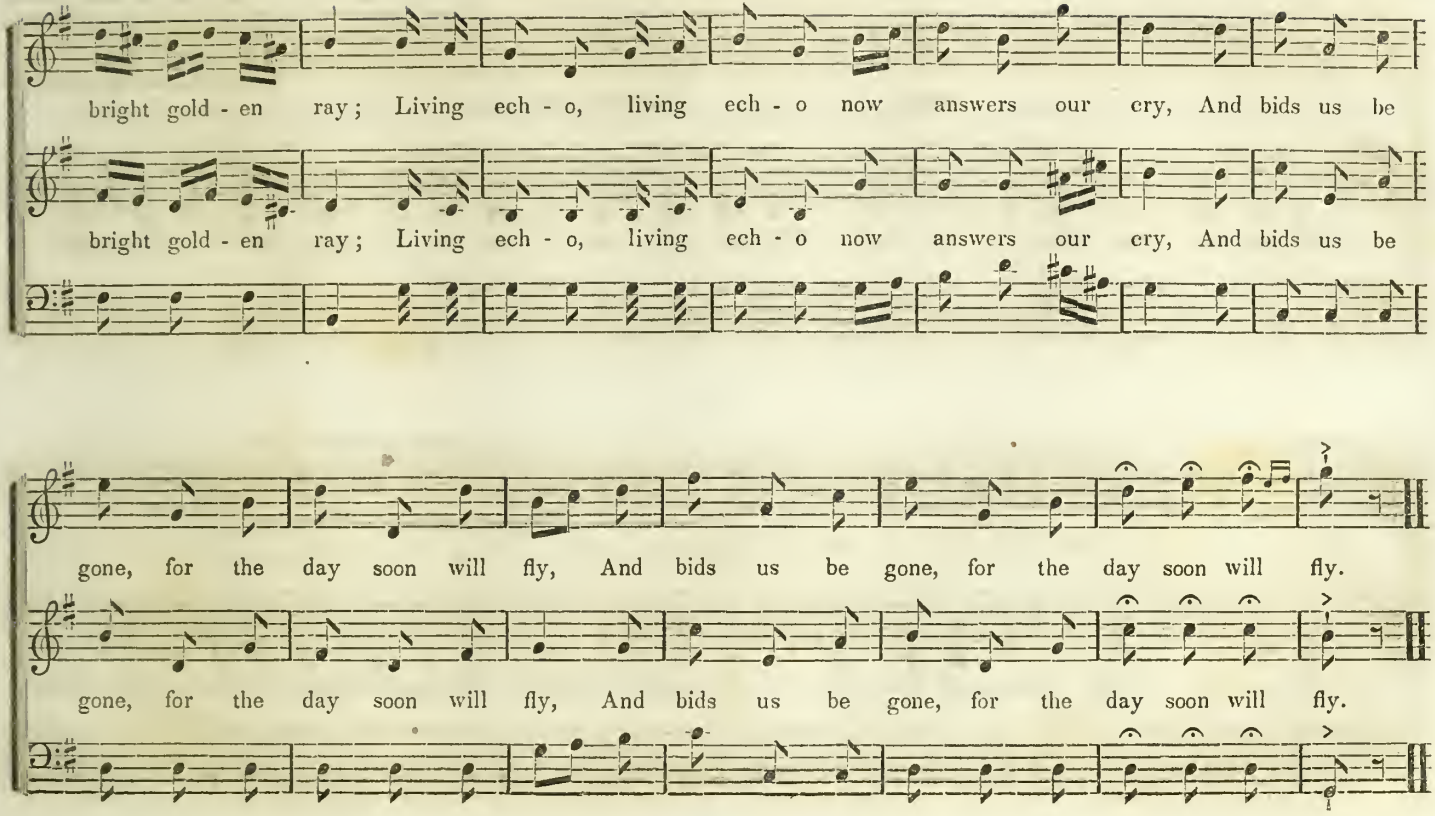

To the hill-top, to the hill-top, to the hill-top a - way, The sun - beam is glancing with bright gold - en
To the hill-top, to the hill-top, to the hill-top a - way, The sun - beam is glancing with bright gold - en
ray: Living ech - o, living ech - o now answers our cry, And bids us be gone, for the day soon will fly:
ray: Living ech - o, living ech - o now answers our cry, And bids us be gone, for the day soon will fly:


Then off to our pic-nie, let's rea-dy pre-pare, And a-way to the hill-top, for comrades are there, Then
Then off to our pie-nie, let's rea-dy pre-pare, And a-way to the hill-top, for comrades are there, Then
join us in cho-rus, for soon sets the sun, And back must we home be, ere twilight's be-gun.
join us in cho-rus, for soon sets the sun, And back must we home be, ere twilight's be-gun.

TO THE HILL-TOP. (Continued.)

SOLO.

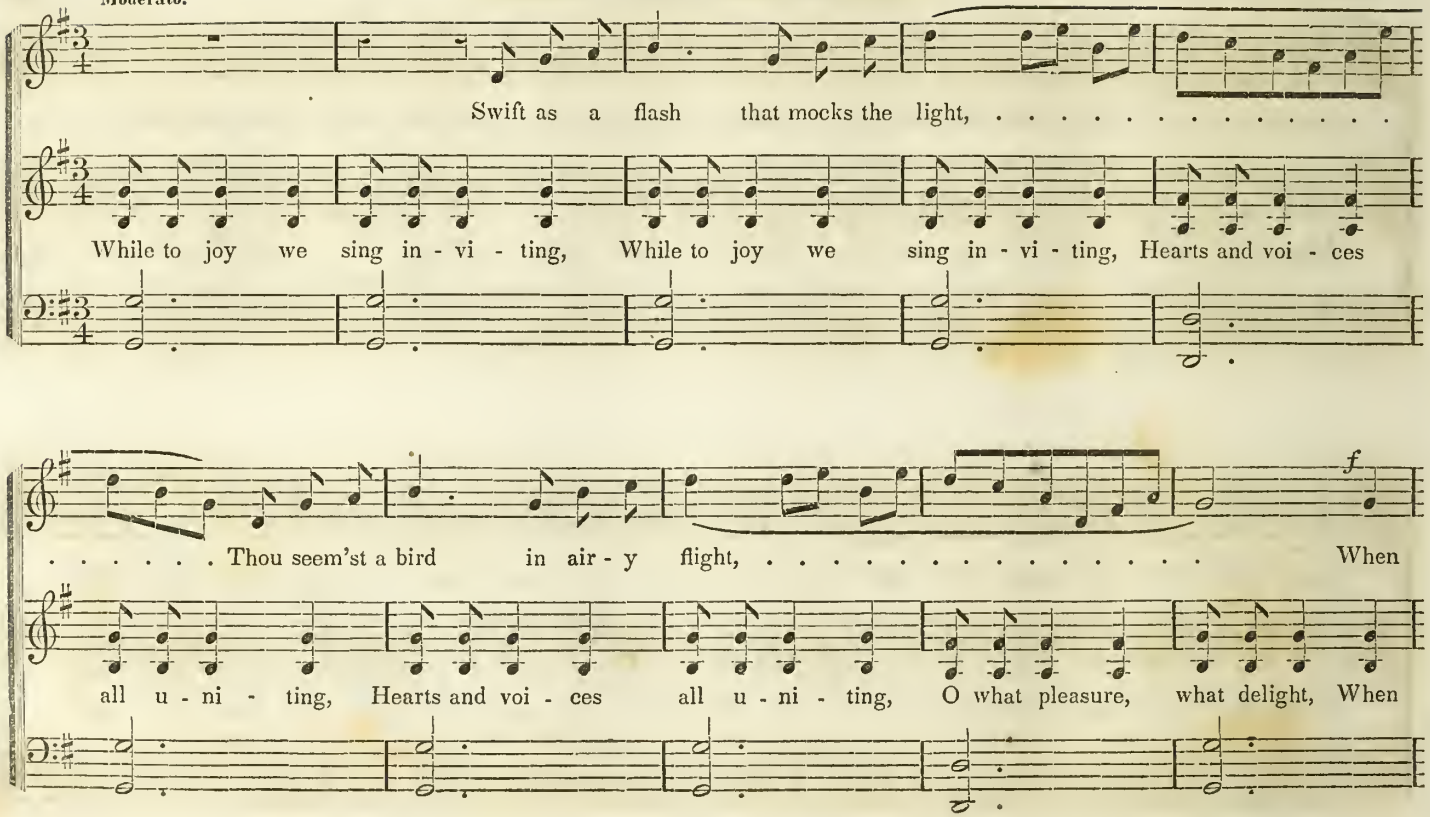


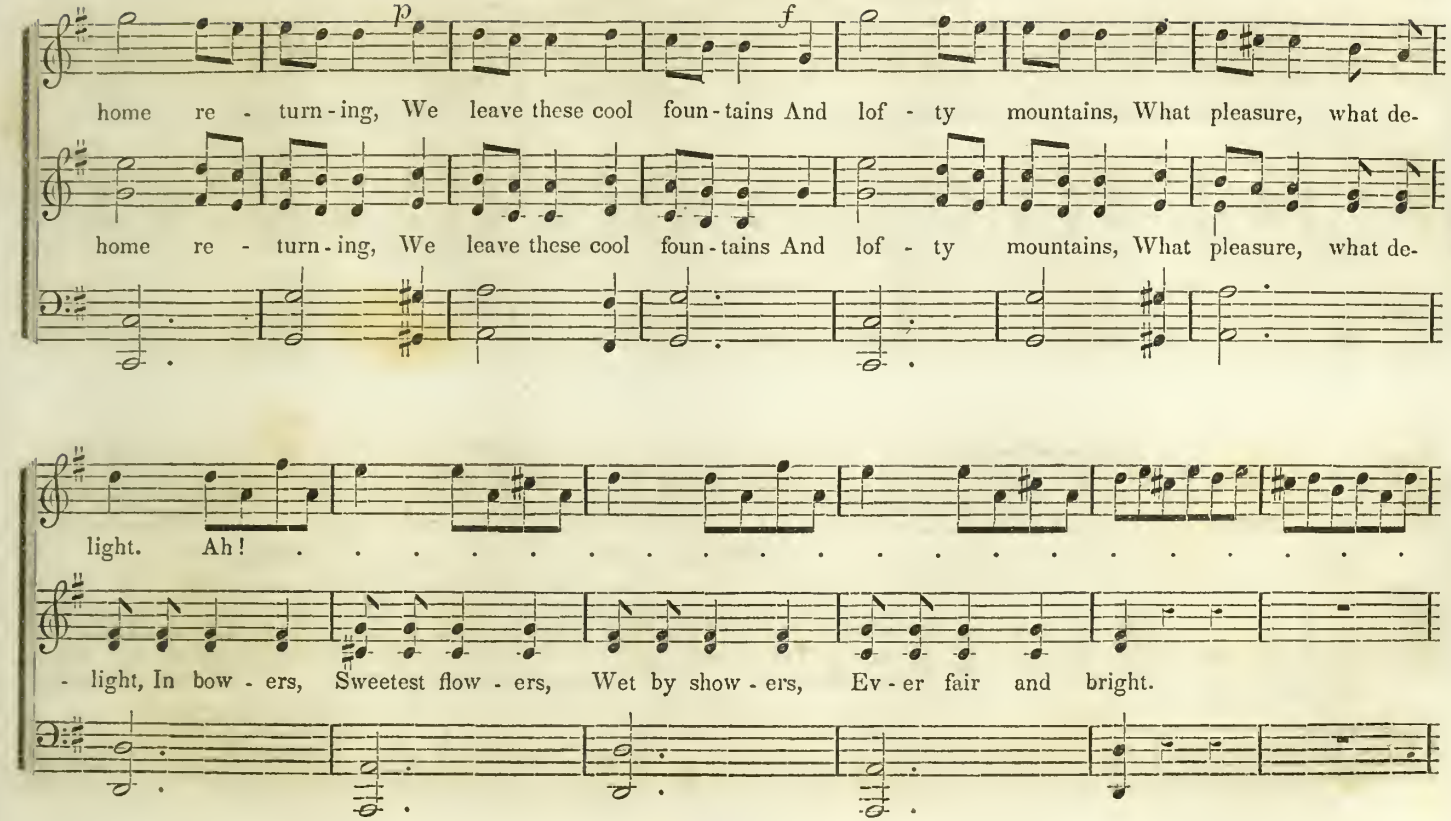

bright gold - en ray; Living ech - o, living ech - o now answers our cry, And bids us be
bright gold - en ray; Living ech - o, living ech - o now answers our cry, And bids us be
gone, for the day soon will fly, And bids us be gone, for the day soon will fly.
gone, for the day soon will fly, And bids us be gone, for the day soon will fly.

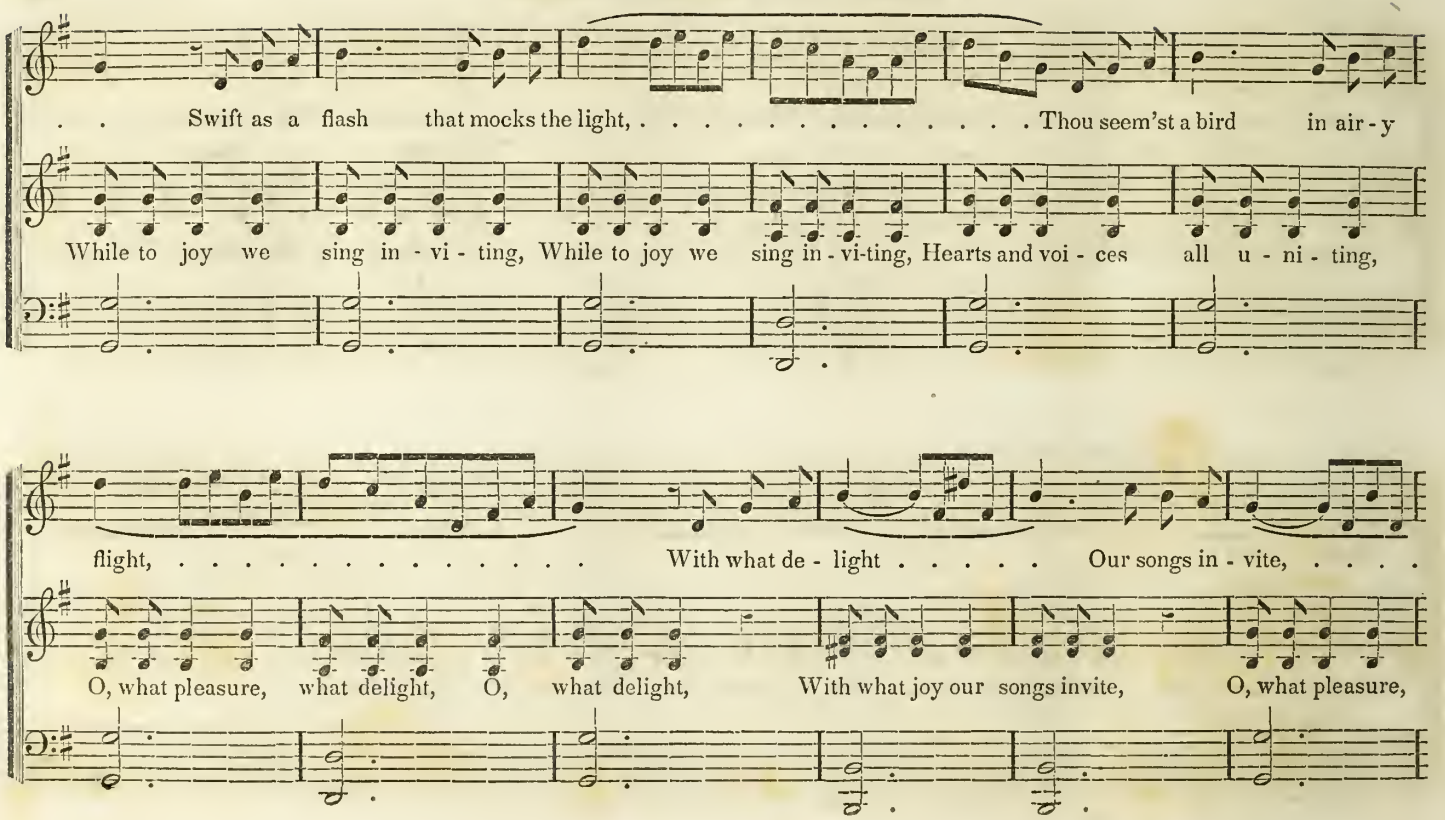
SWIFT AS A FLASH.

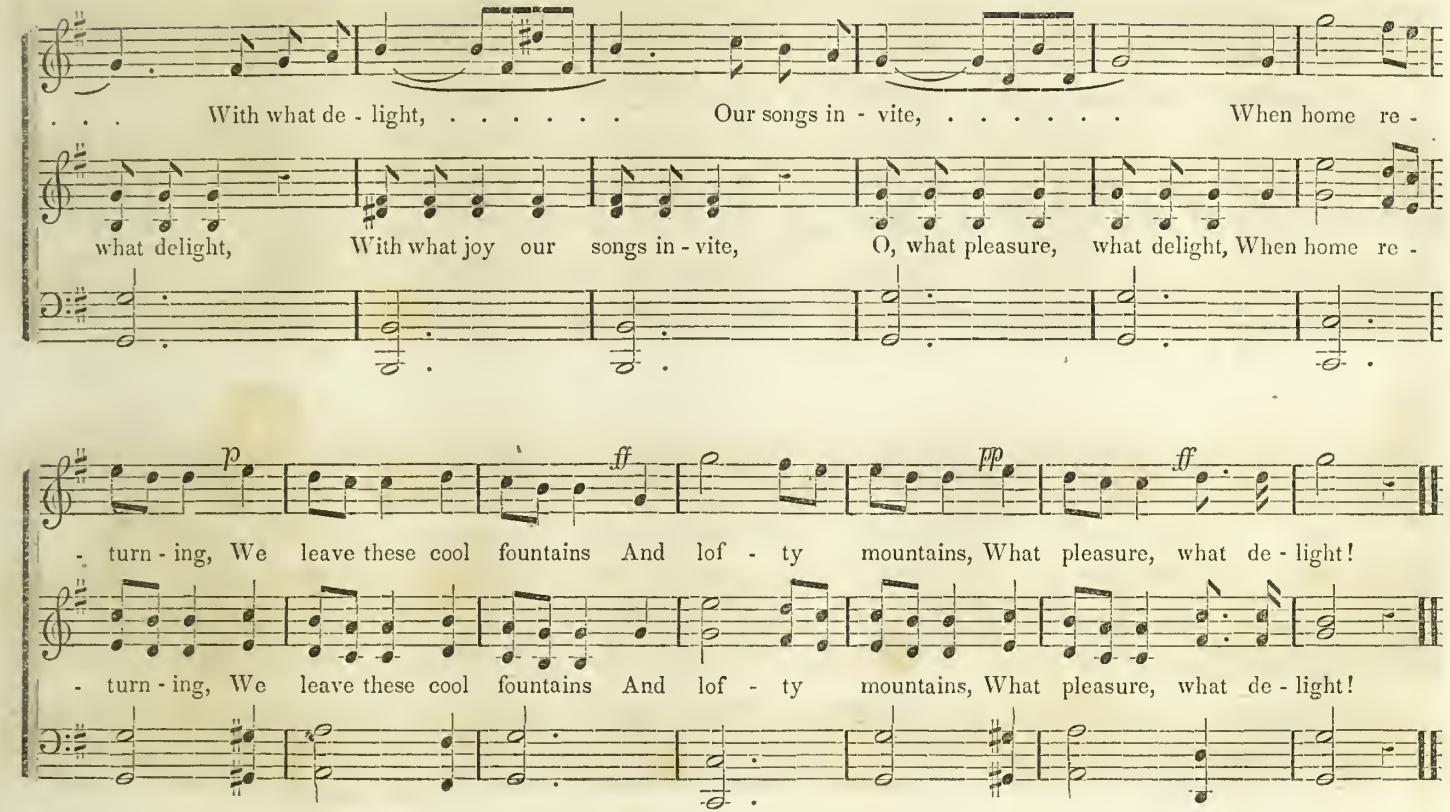
Moderato.

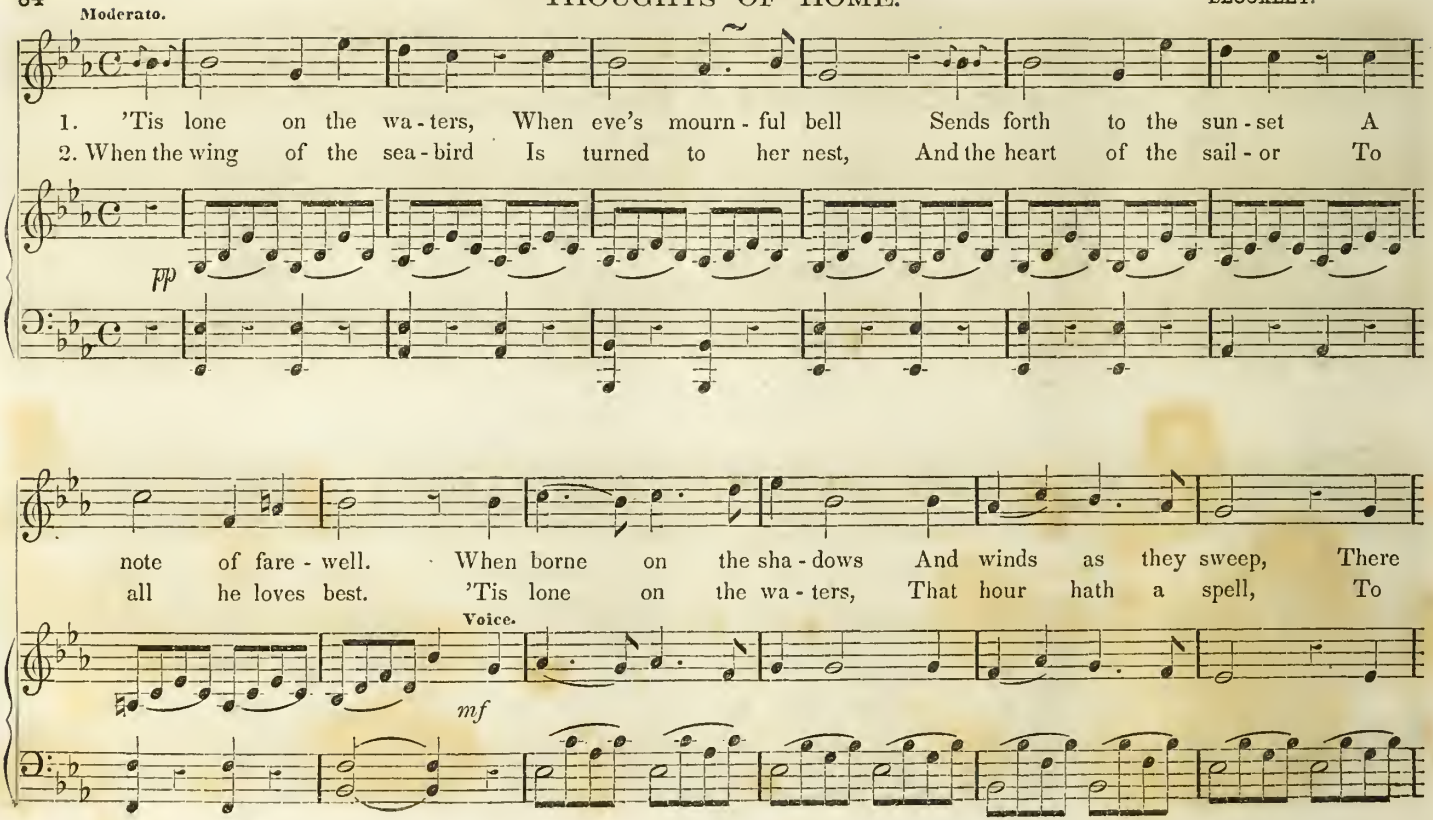
Arranged from ROSSINI.

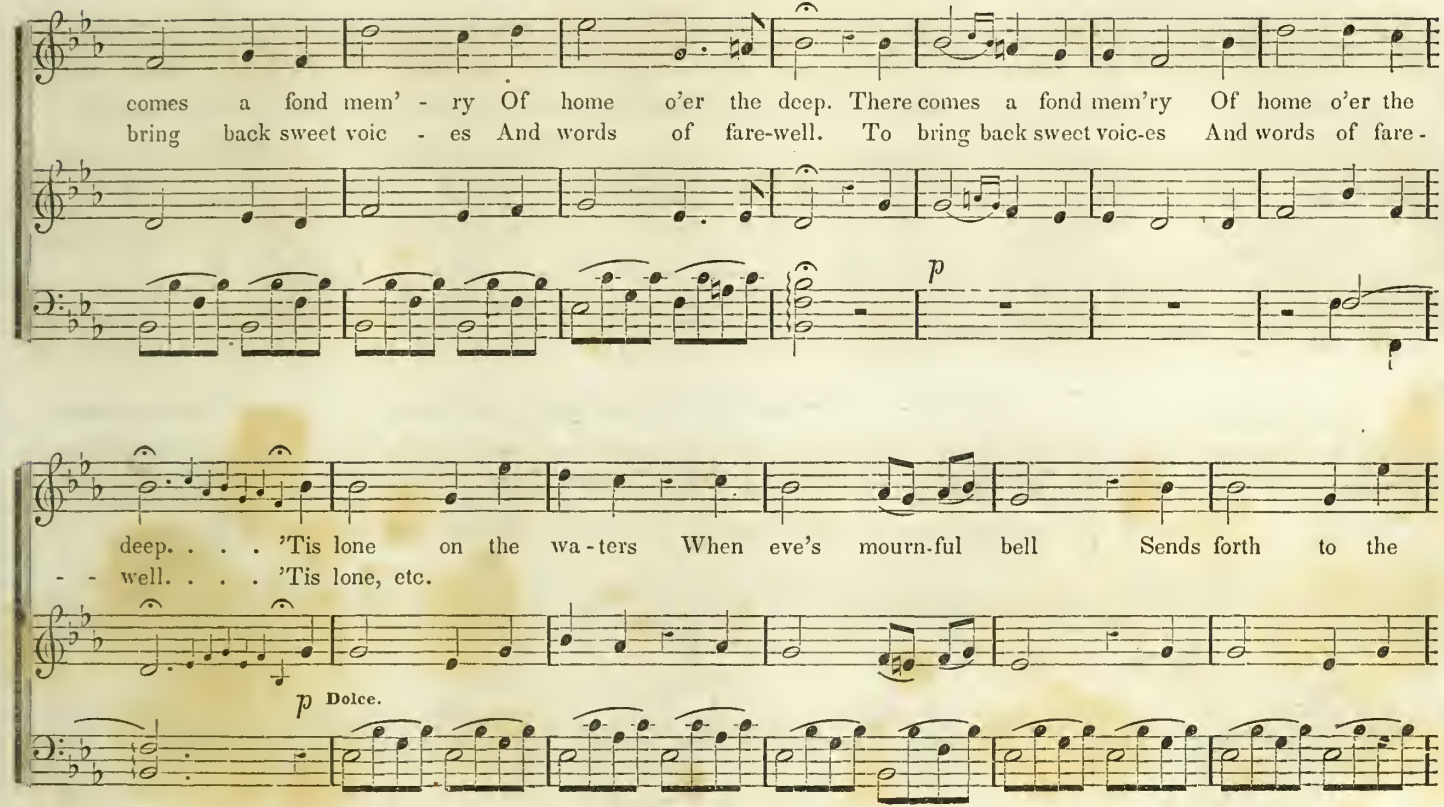



p
f
home re - turn - ing, We leave these cool foun - tains And lof - ty mountains, What pleasure, what de-
home re - turn - ing, We leave these cool foun - tains And lof - ty mountains, What pleasure, what de-
light. Ah!
- light, In bow - ers, Sweetest flow - ers, Wet by show - ers, Ev - er fair and bright.

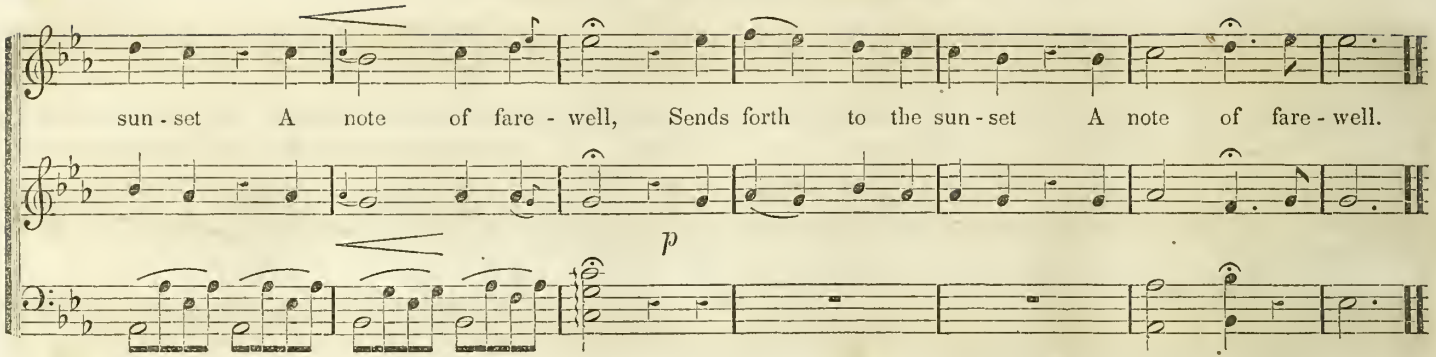

. . Swift as a flash that mocks the light, ... Thou seem'st a bird in air - y
While to joy we sing in - vi - ting, While to joy we sing in - vi-ting, Hearts and voi - ces all u - ni - ting,
flight, ... With what de - light . . . . . Our songs in - vite, ...
O, what pleasure, what delight, O, what delight, With what joy our songs invite, O, what pleasure,


. . . With what de - light, ... Our songs in - vite, ... When home re -
what delight, With what joy our songs in - vite, O, what pleasure, what delight, When home re -
p
ff
pp
ff
- turn - ing, We leave these cool fountains And lof - ty mountains, What pleasure, what de - light!
- turn - ing, We leave these cool fountains And lof - ty mountains, What pleasure, what de - light!


Moderato.
1. 'Tis lone on the wa - ters, When eve's mourn - ful bell Sends forth to the sun - set A
2. When the wing of the sea - bird Is turned to her nest, And the heart of the sail - or To
pp
note of fare - well. When borne on the sha - dows And winds as they sweep, There
all he loves best. 'Tis lone on the wa - ters, That hour hath a spell, To
Voice.
mf

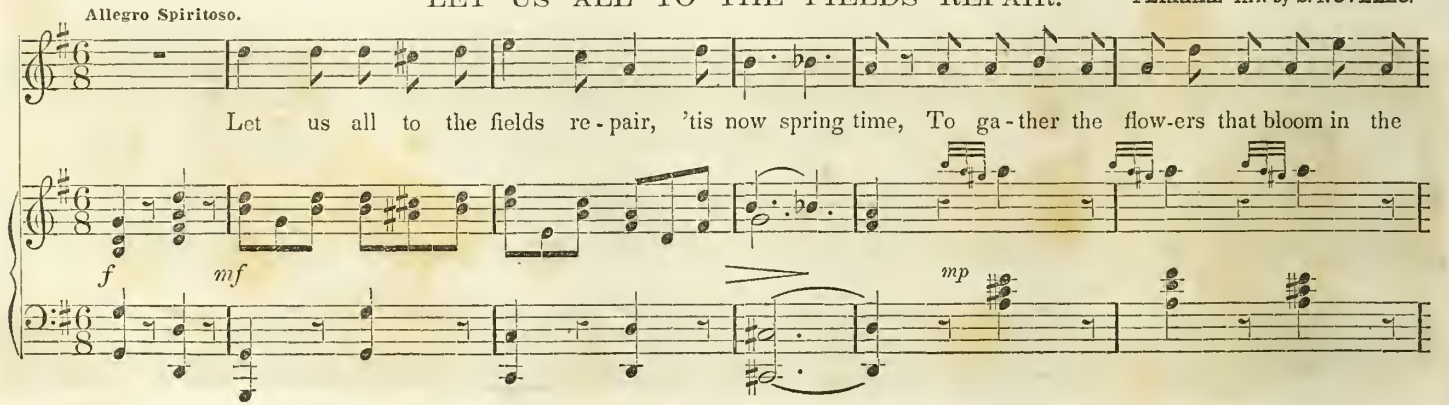

comes a fond mem' - ry Of home o'er the deep. There comes a fond mem'ry Of home o'er the
bring back sweet voic - es And words of fare-well. To bring back sweet voic-es And words of fare -
p
deep. . . . 'Tis lone on the wa - ters When eve's mourn-ful bell Sends forth to the
- - well. . . . 'Tis lone, etc.
p Dolce.

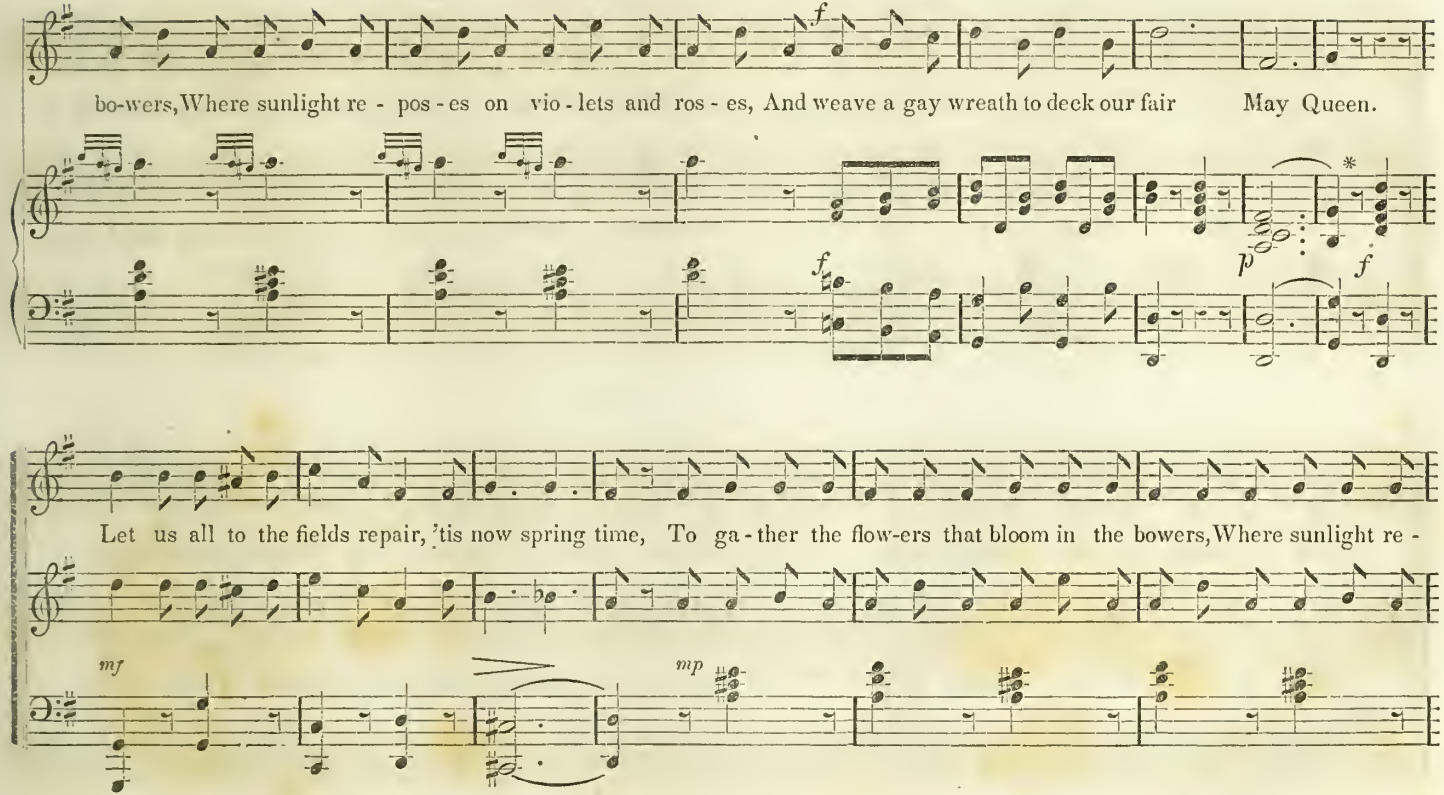
THOUGHTS OF HOME. (Concluded.)



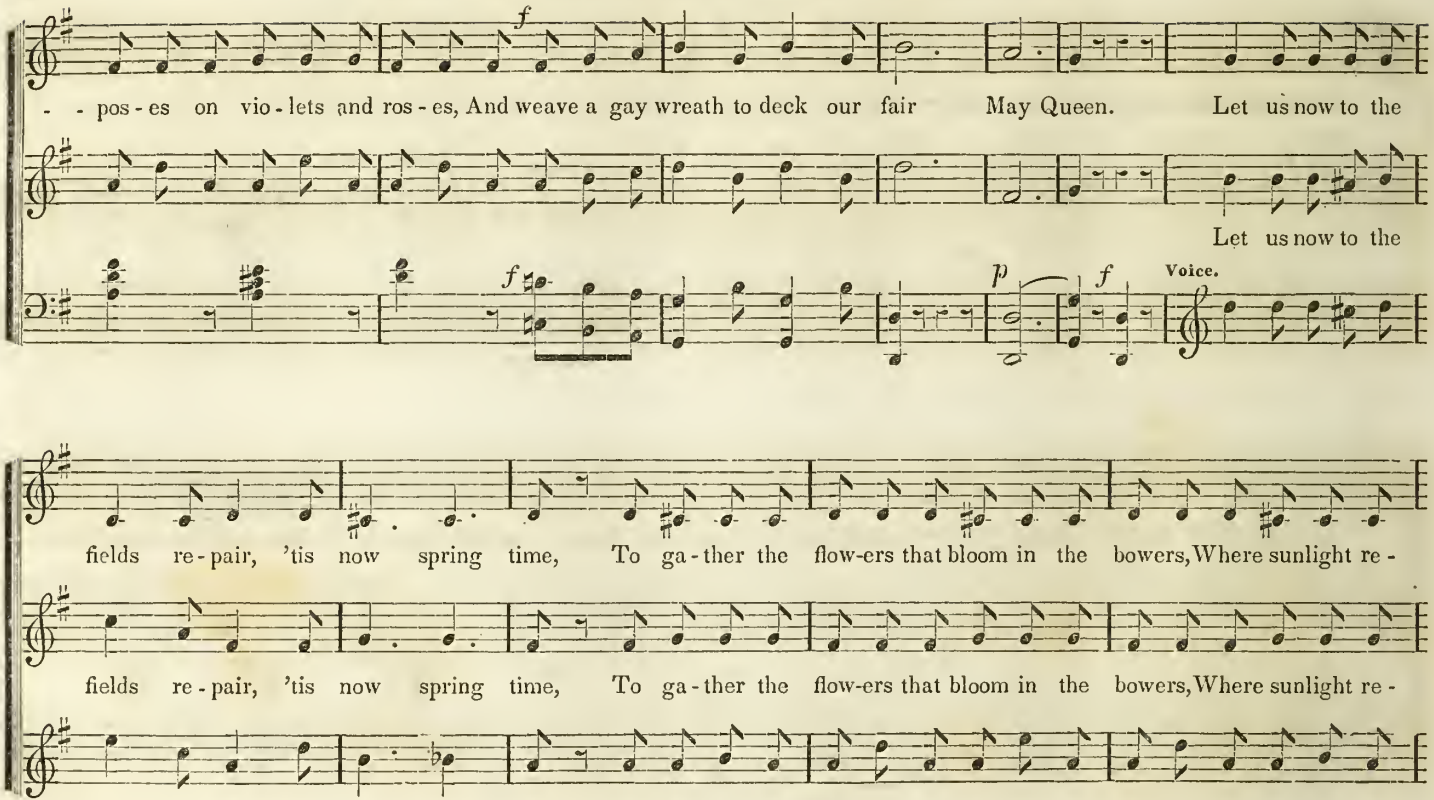
LET US ALL TO THE FIELDS REPAIR.

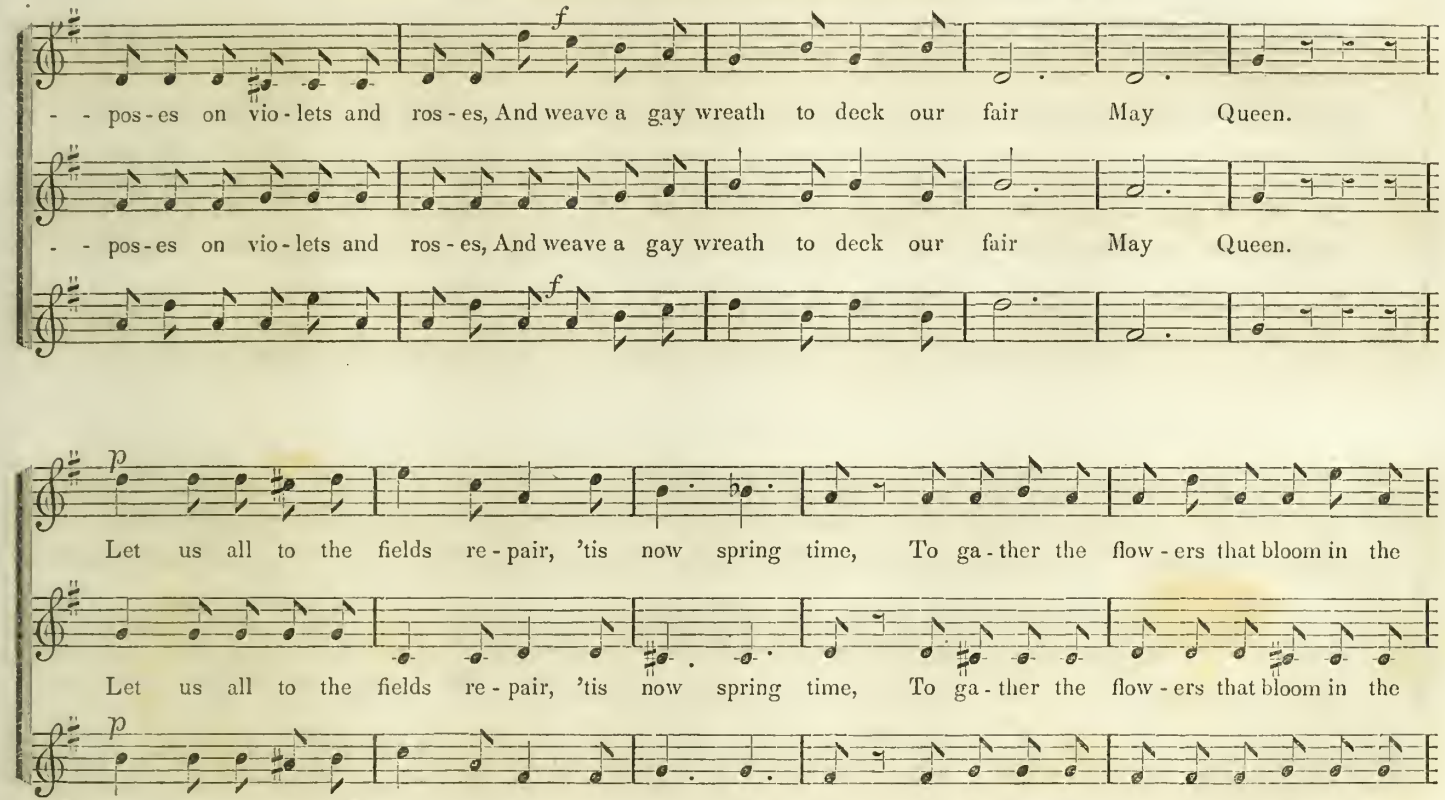
FERRARI. Arr. by S. NOVELLO.

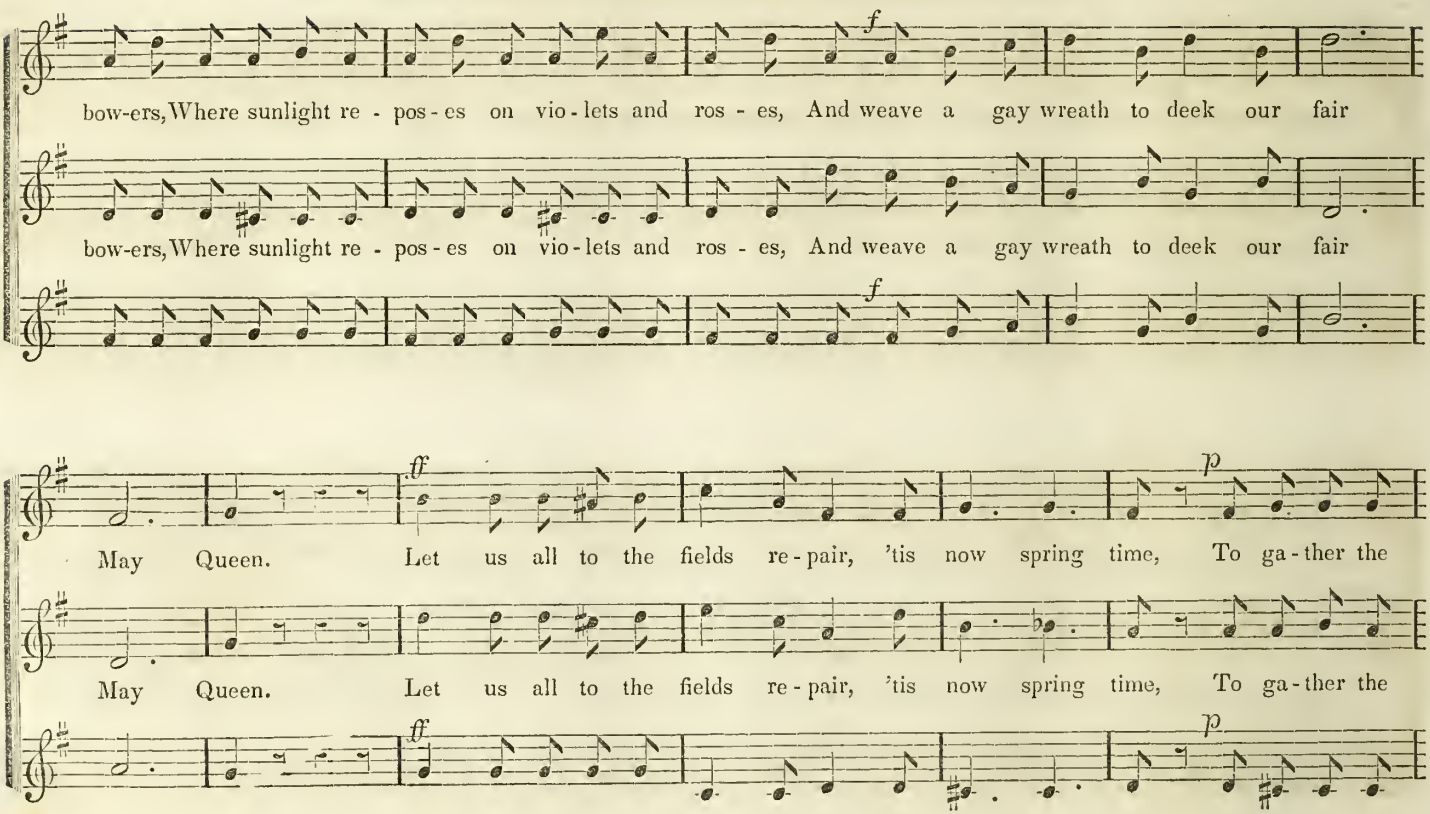


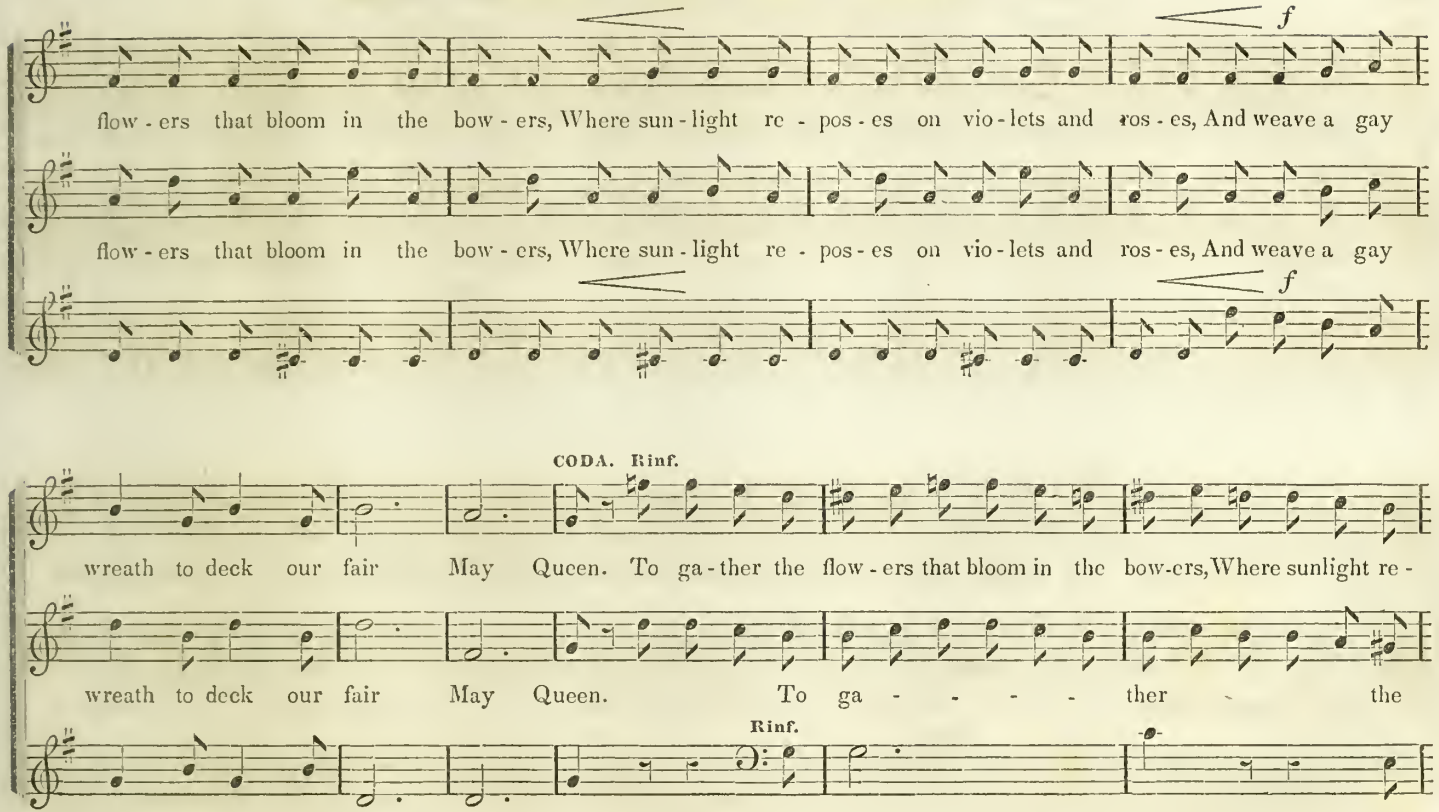


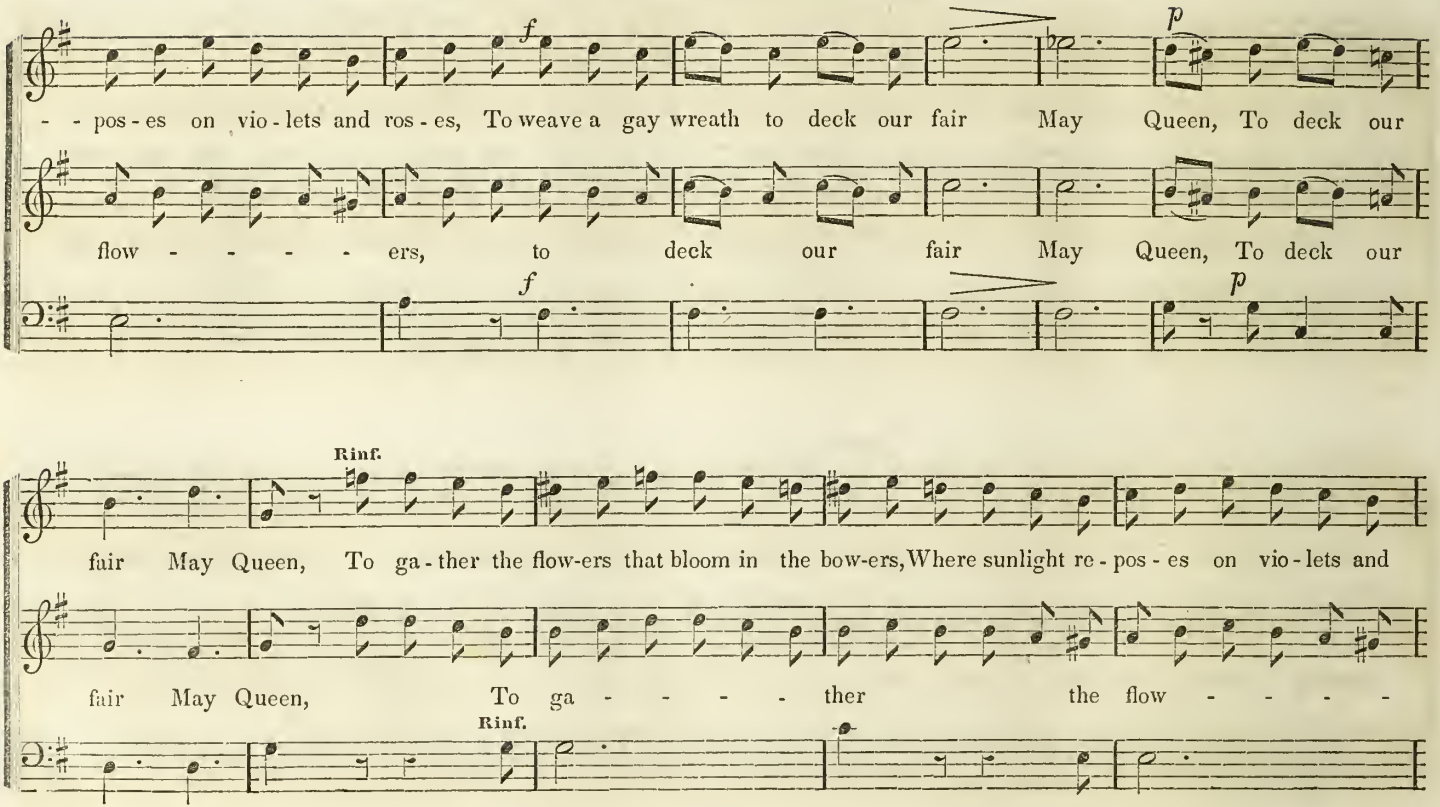
* Repeat accompaniment to Coda

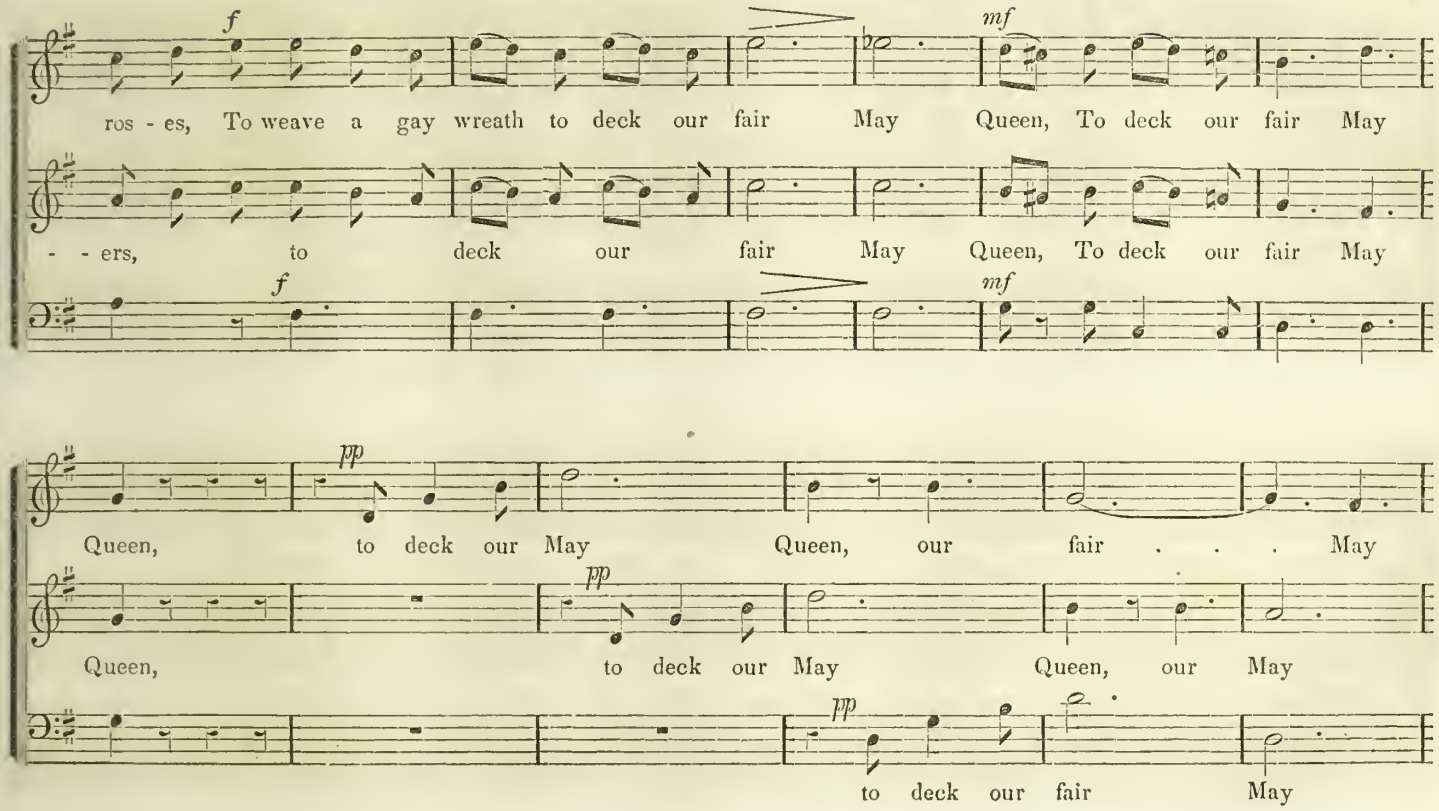

f
- - pos - es on vio - lets and ros - es, And weave a gay wreath to deck our fair May Queen. Let us now to the
Let us now to the
f
p
f
Voice.
fields re - pair, 'tis now spring time, To ga - ther the flow-ers that bloom in the bowers, Where sunlight re -
fields re - pair, 'tis now spring time, To ga - ther the flow-ers that bloom in the bowers, Where sunlight re -

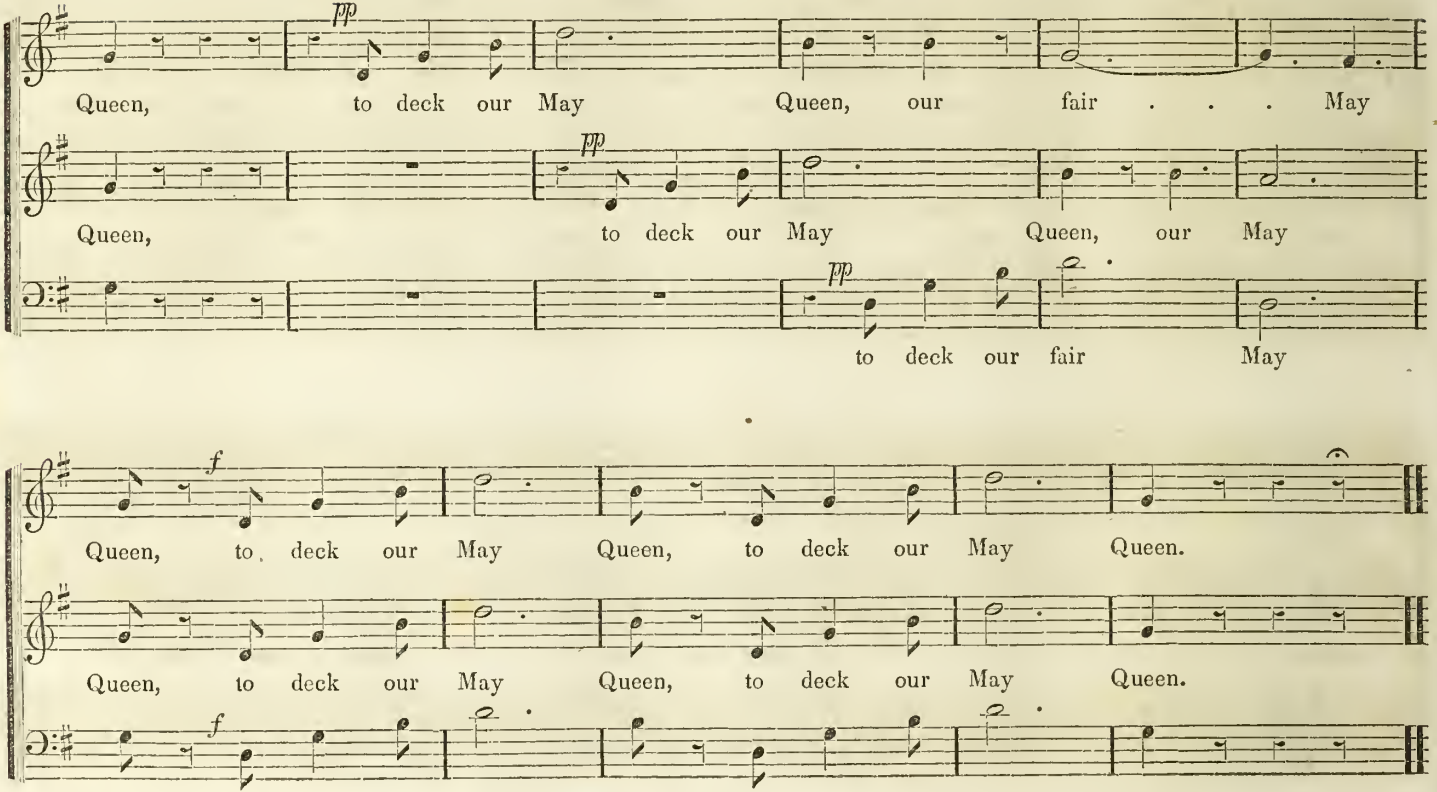

f
- - pos-es on vio-lets and ros-es, And weave a gay wreath to deck our fair May Queen.
- - pos-es on vio-lets and ros-es, And weave a gay wreath to deck our fair May Queen.
f
p
Let us all to the fields re-pair, 'tis now spring time, To ga-ther the flow-ers that bloom in the
Let us all to the fields re-pair, 'tis now spring time, To ga-ther the flow-ers that bloom in the
p


bow-ers, Where sunlight re - pos - es on vio - lets and ros - es, And weave a gay wreath to deek our fair
bow-ers, Where sunlight re - pos - es on vio - lets and ros - es, And weave a gay wreath to deek our fair
May Queen. Let us all to the fields re - pair, 'tis now spring time, To ga - ther the
May Queen. Let us all to the fields re - pair, 'tis now spring time, To ga - ther the

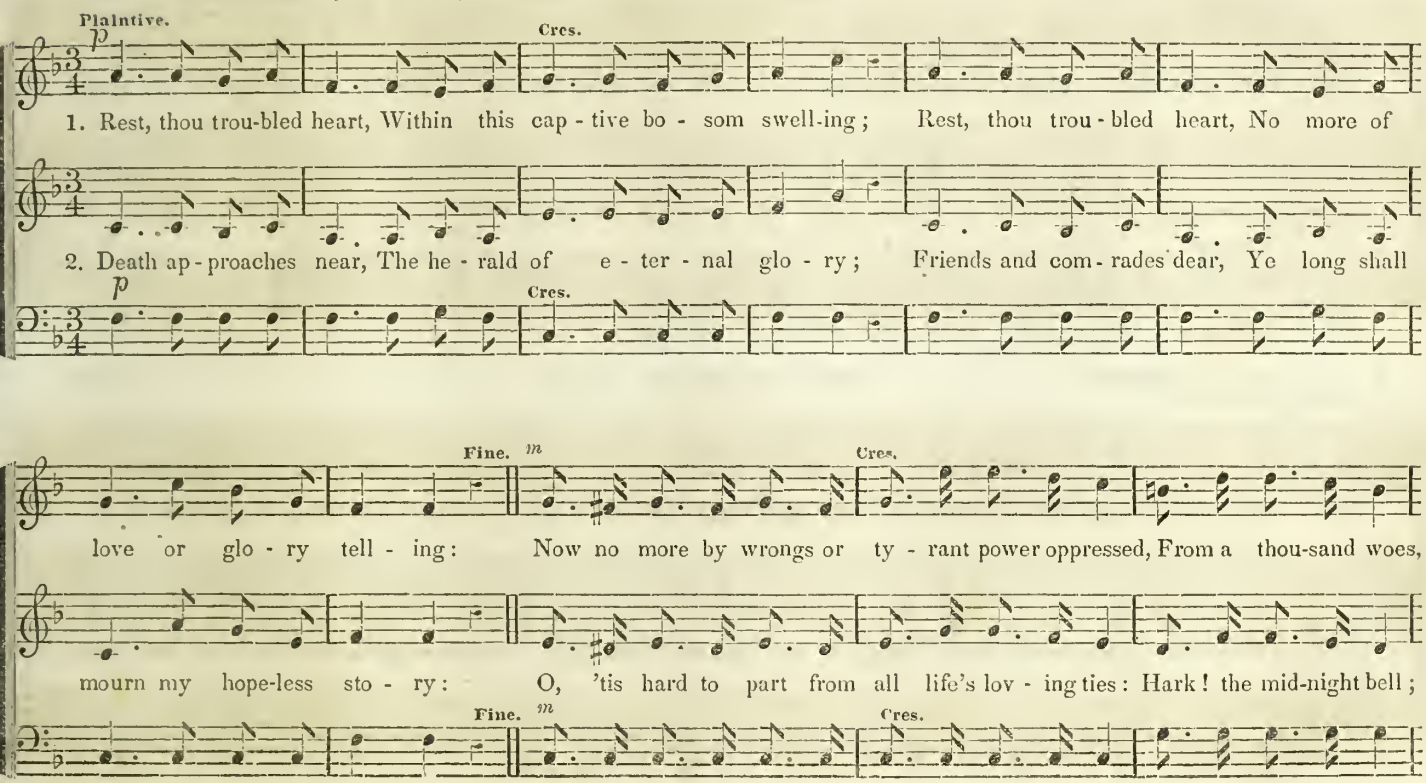

f
flow - ers that bloom in the bow - ers, Where sun - light re - pos - es on vio - lets and ros - es, And weave a gay
flow - ers that bloom in the bow - ers, Where sun - light re - pos - es on vio - lets and ros - es, And weave a gay
f
CODA. Rinf.
wreath to deck our fair May Queen. To ga - ther the flow - ers that bloom in the bow-ers, Where sunlight re -
wreath to deck our fair May Queen. To ga - - - - - ther the
Rinf.


f
p
- - pos-es on vio-lets and ros-es, To weave a gay wreath to deck our fair May Queen, To deck our
flow - - - - - ers, to deck our fair May Queen, To deck our
f
p
Rinf.
fair May Queen, To ga-ther the flow-ers that bloom in the bow-ers, Where sunlight re-pos-es on vio-lets and
fair May Queen, To ga - - - - - ther the flow - - - - -
Rinf.

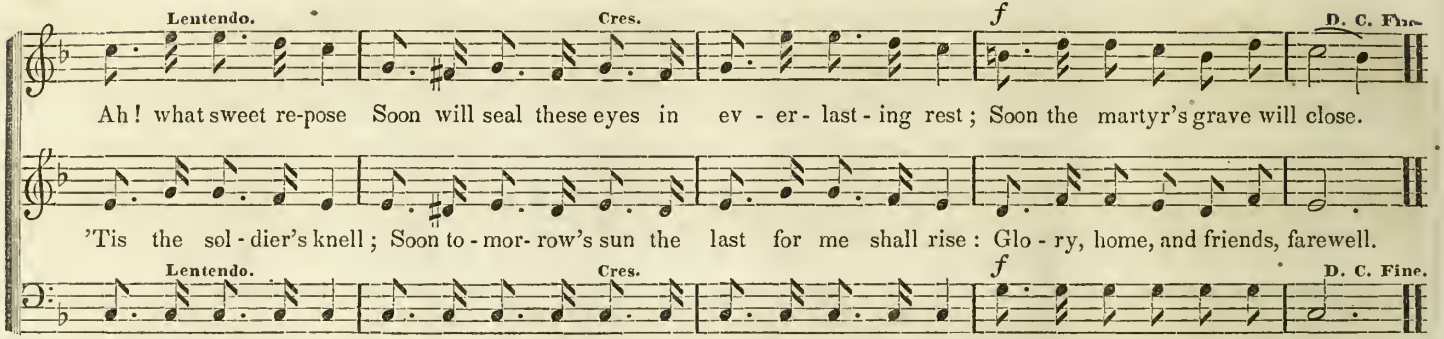

f
mf
ros - es, To weave a gay wreath to deck our fair May Queen, To deck our fair May
- - ers, to deck our fair May Queen, To deck our fair May
f
mf
pp
Queen, to deck our May Queen, our fair . . . May
pp
Queen, to deck our May Queen, our May
pp
to deck our fair May


pp
Queen, to deck our May Queen, our fair . . . May
pp
Queen, to deck our May Queen, our May
pp
to deck our fair May
f
Queen, to deck our May Queen, to deck our May Queen.
Queen, to deck our May Queen, to deck our May Queen.
f

This beautiful melody was written by Col. Pestal, an officer in the Russian service, upon his dungeon wall, the night before his execution.



REST, TROUBLED HEART. (Concluded.)

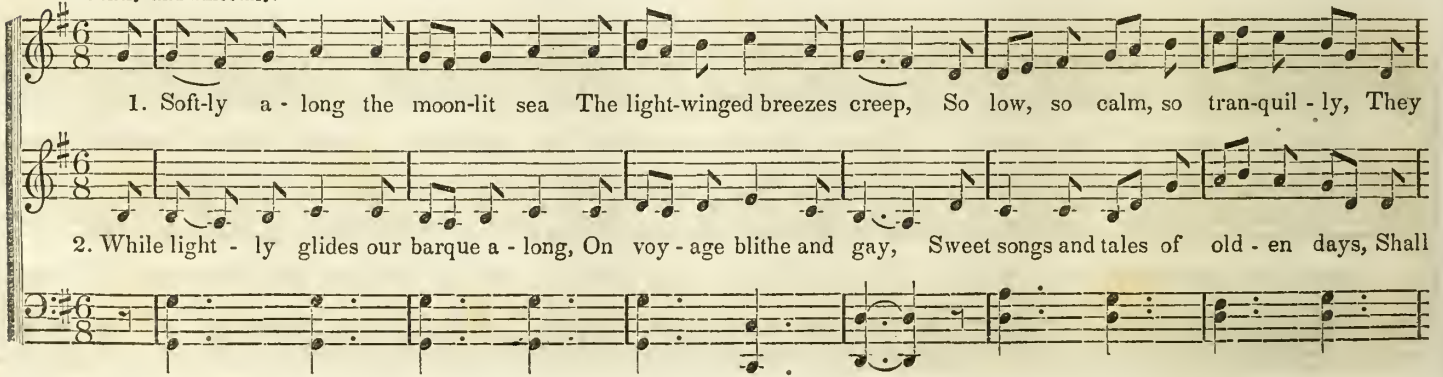


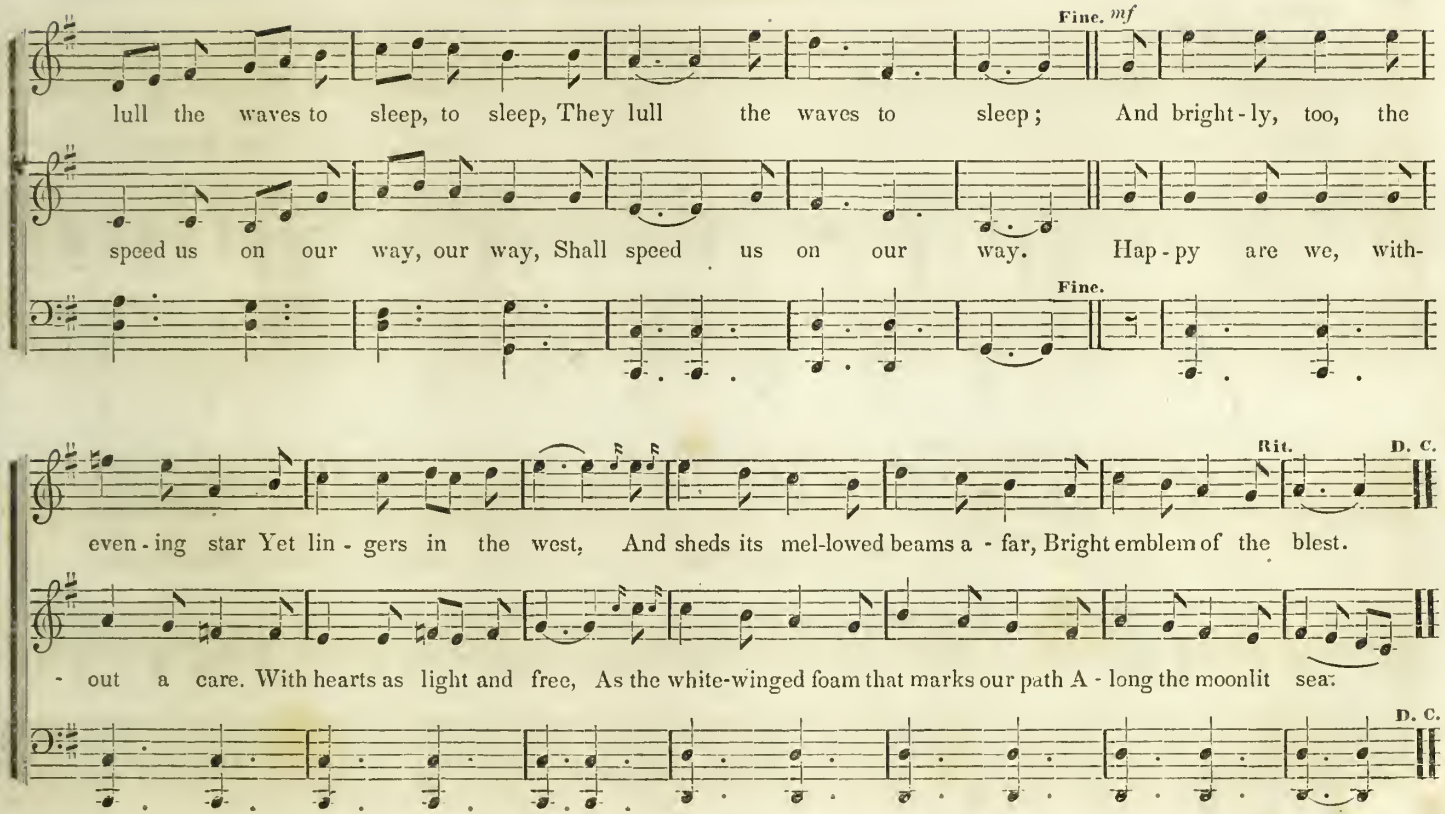
Poetry by Miss S. C. B. THOMPSON.

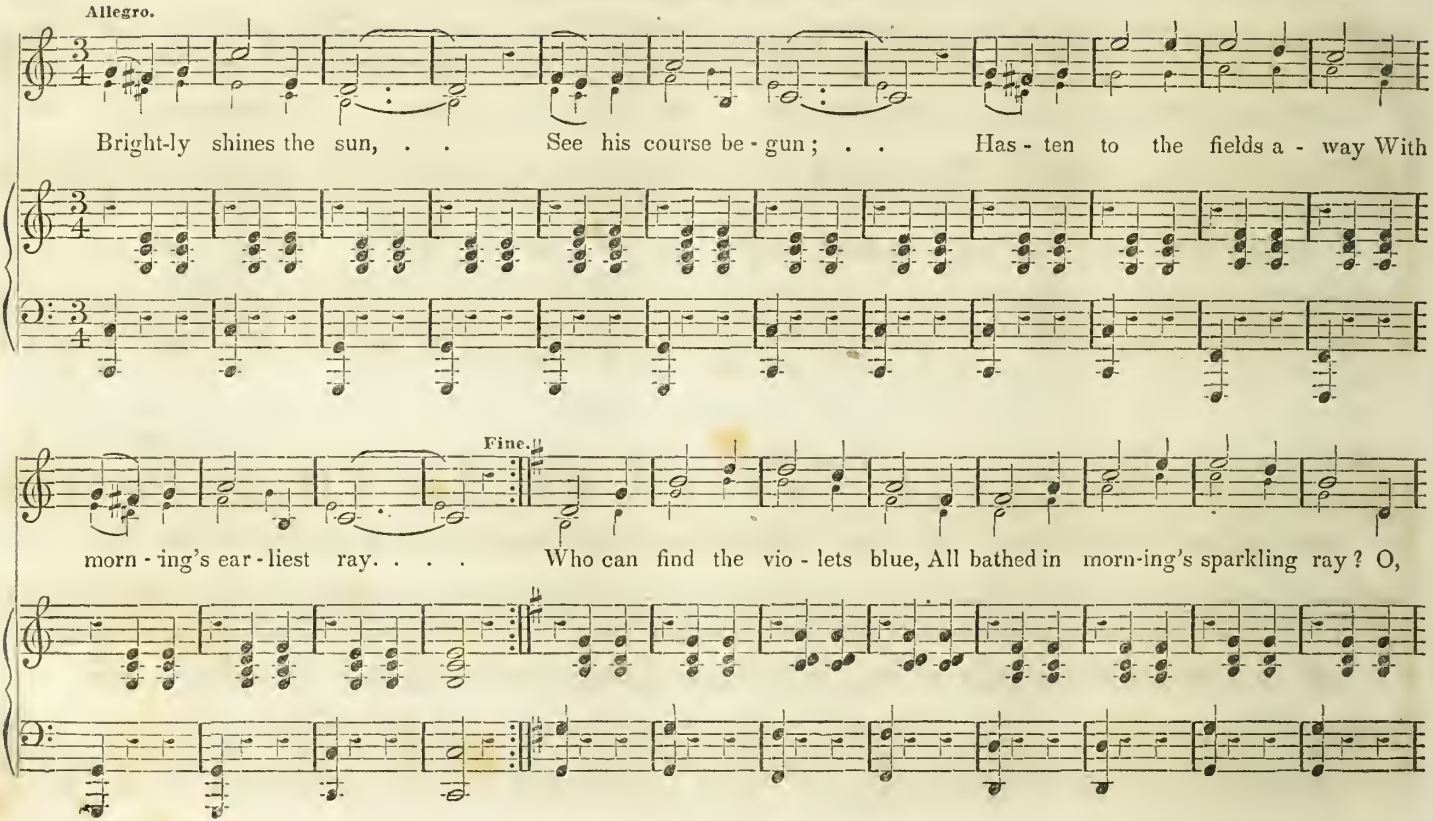
Gently and Smoothly.

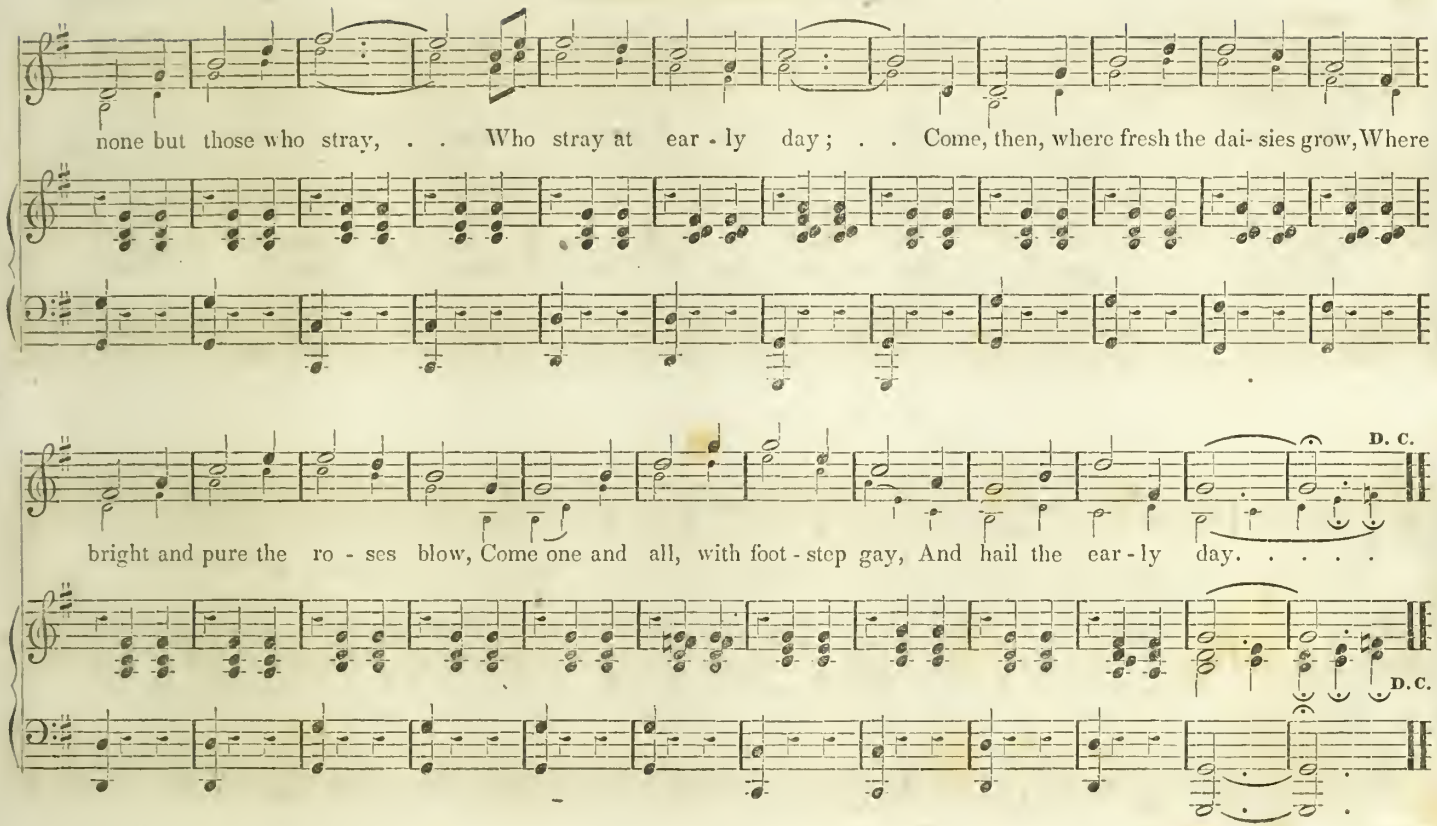
THE MOONLIT SEA.

G. F. R.



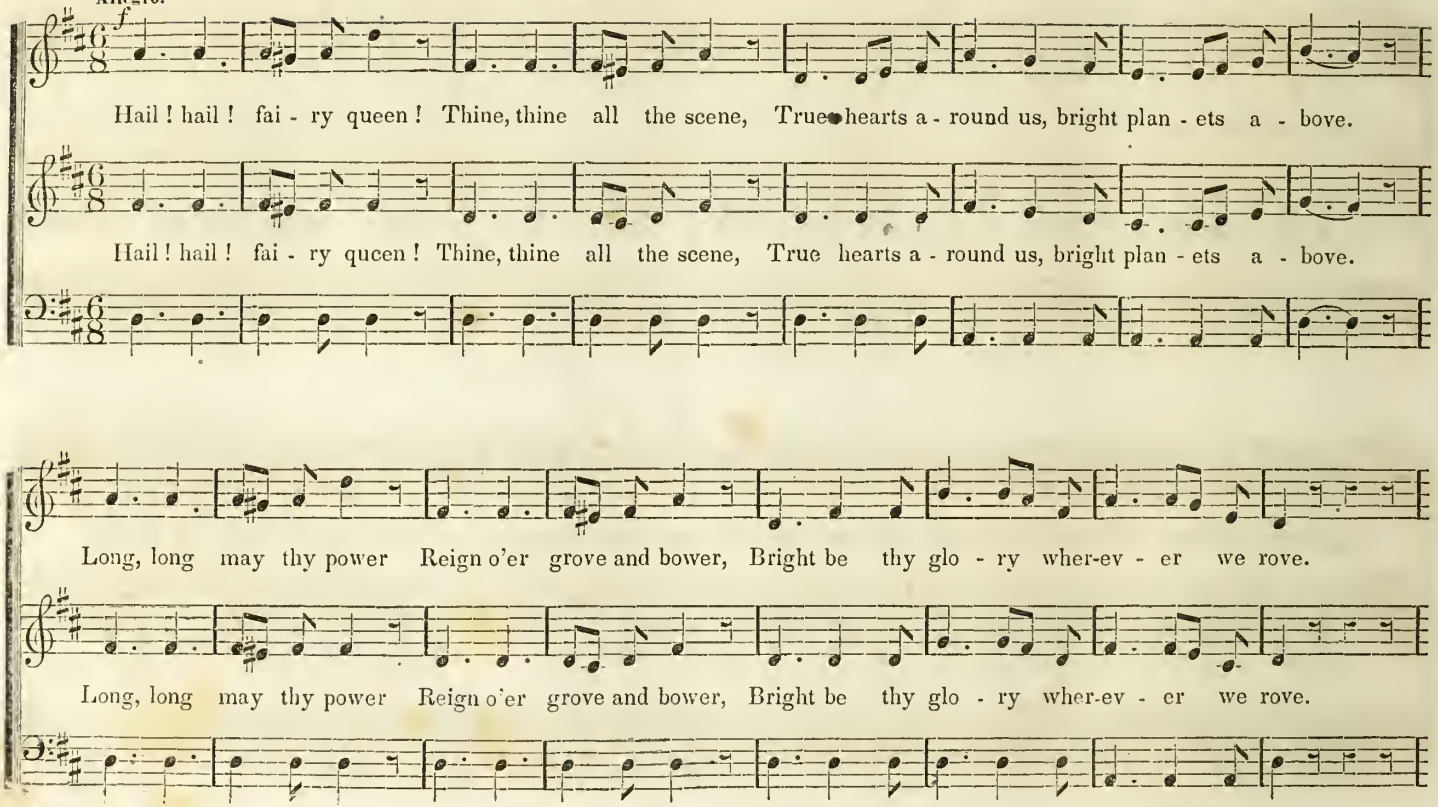

Fine. mf
lull the waves to sleep, to sleep, They lull the waves to sleep; And bright-ly, too, the
speed us on our way, our way, Shall speed us on our way. Hap-py are we, with-
Fine.
Rit.
D. C.
even-ing star Yet lin-gers in the west, And sheds its mel-lowed beams a-far, Bright emblem of the blest.
-out a care. With hearts as light and free, As the white-winged foam that marks our path A-long the moonlit sea.
D. C.

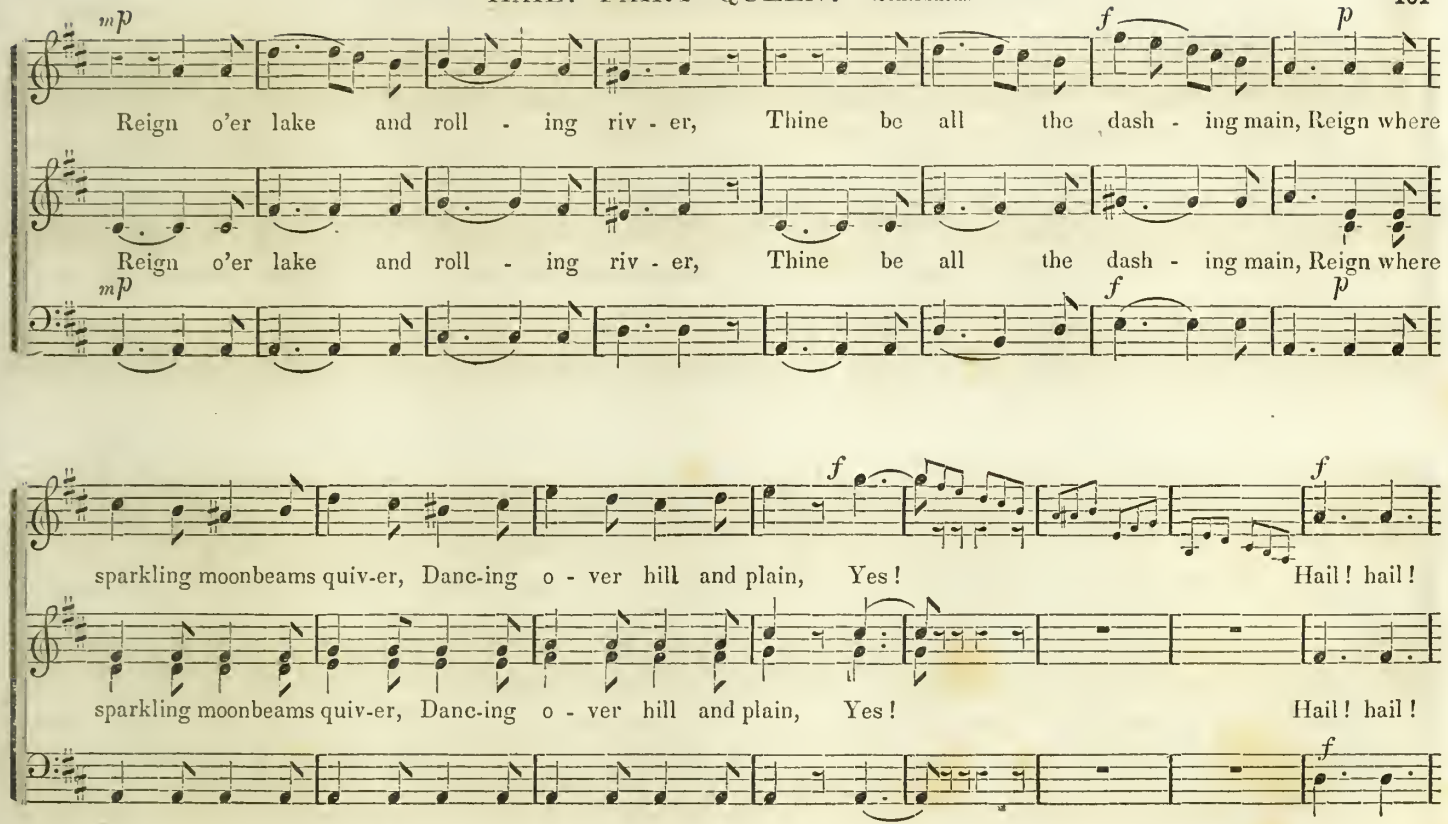

Allegro.
Bright-ly shines the sun, . . See his course be - gun; . . Has - ten to the fields a - way With
Fine.
morn - ing's ear - liest ray. . . . Who can find the vio - lets blue, All bathed in morn-ing's sparkling ray? O,

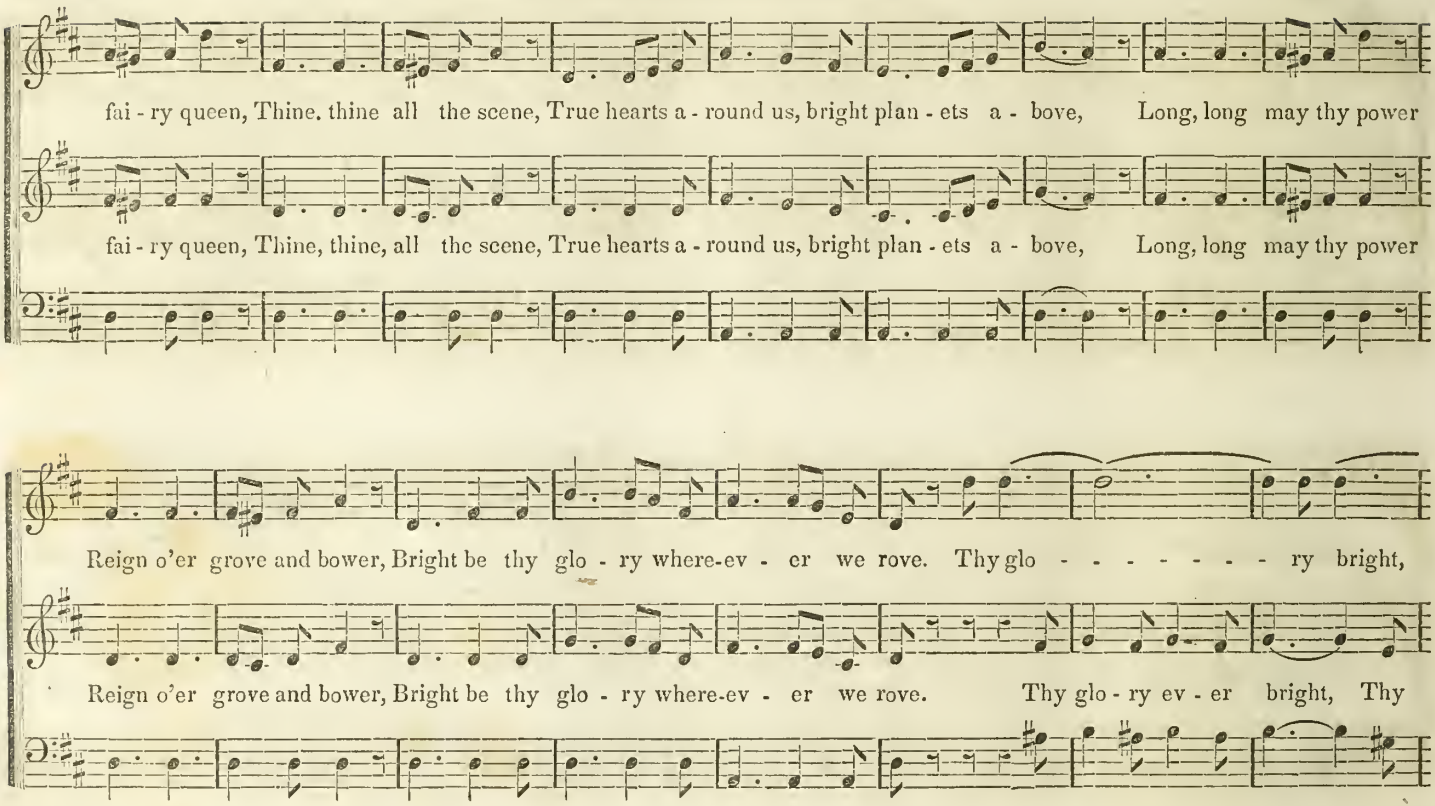

none but those who stray, . . Who stray at ear - ly day; . . Come, then, where fresh the dai- sies grow, Where
bright and pure the ro - ses blow, Come one and all, with foot - step gay, And hail the ear - ly day. . . . .
D. C.
D. C.

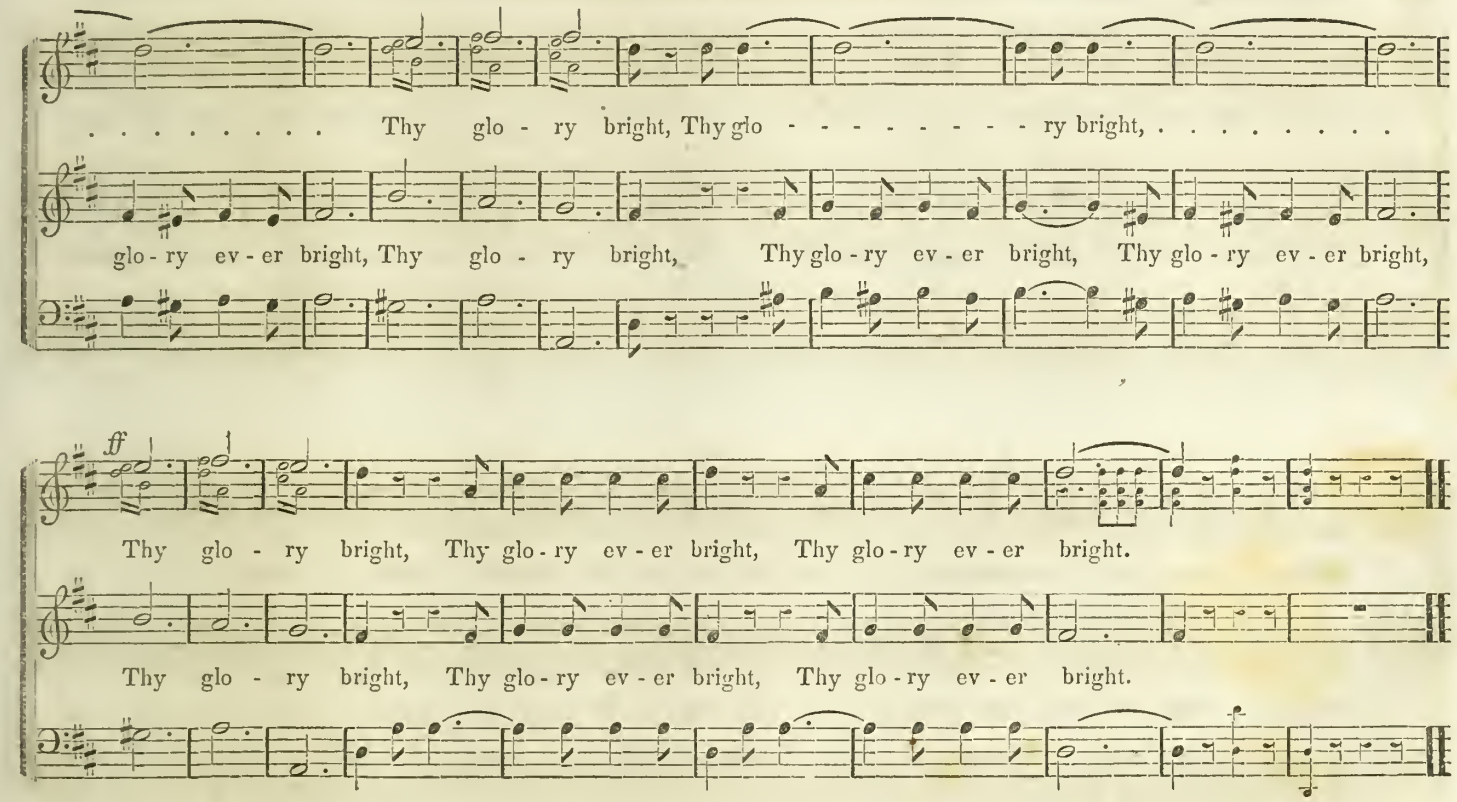
HAIL! FAIRY QUEEN!

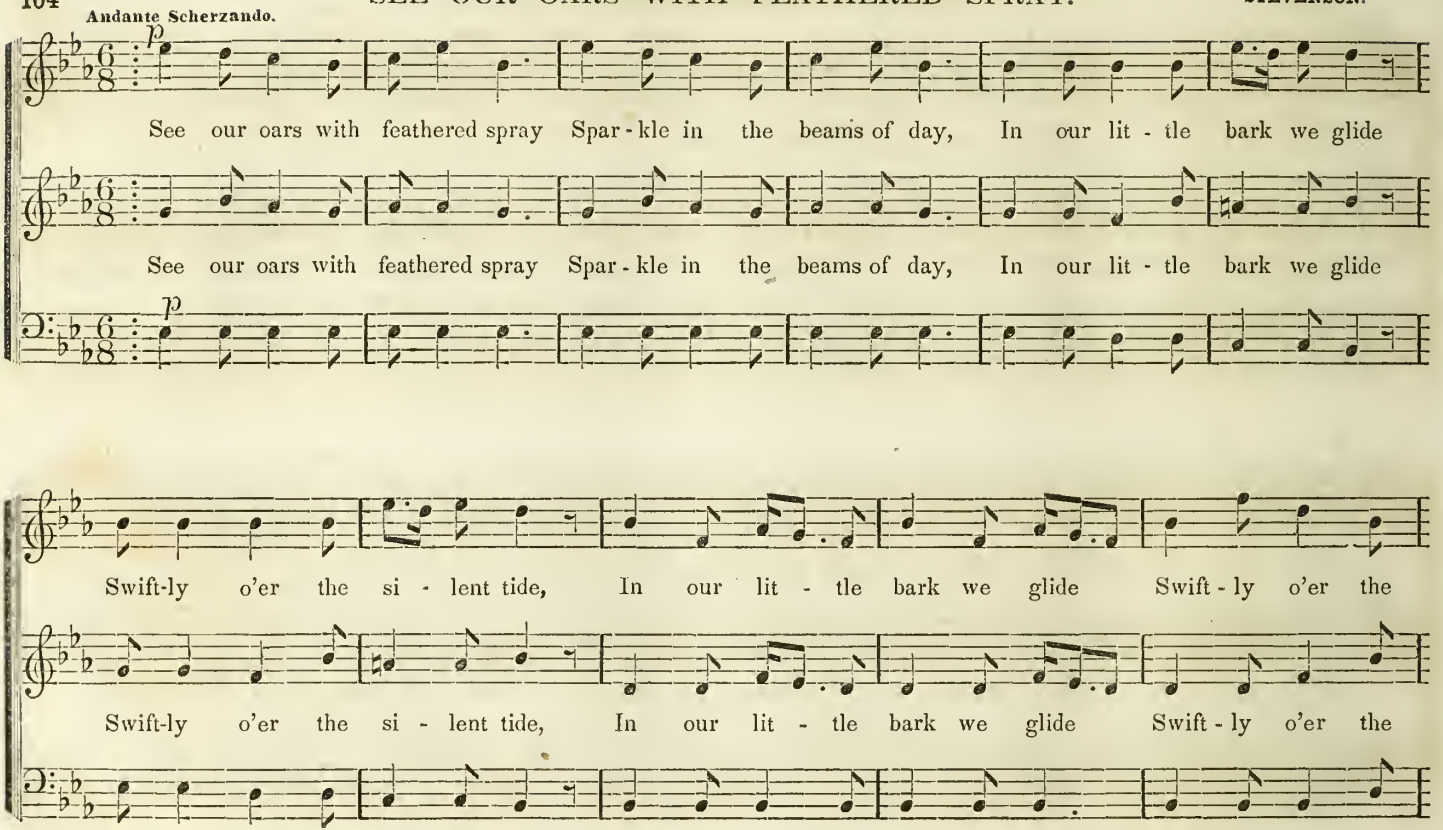
Arranged from BENEDICT.

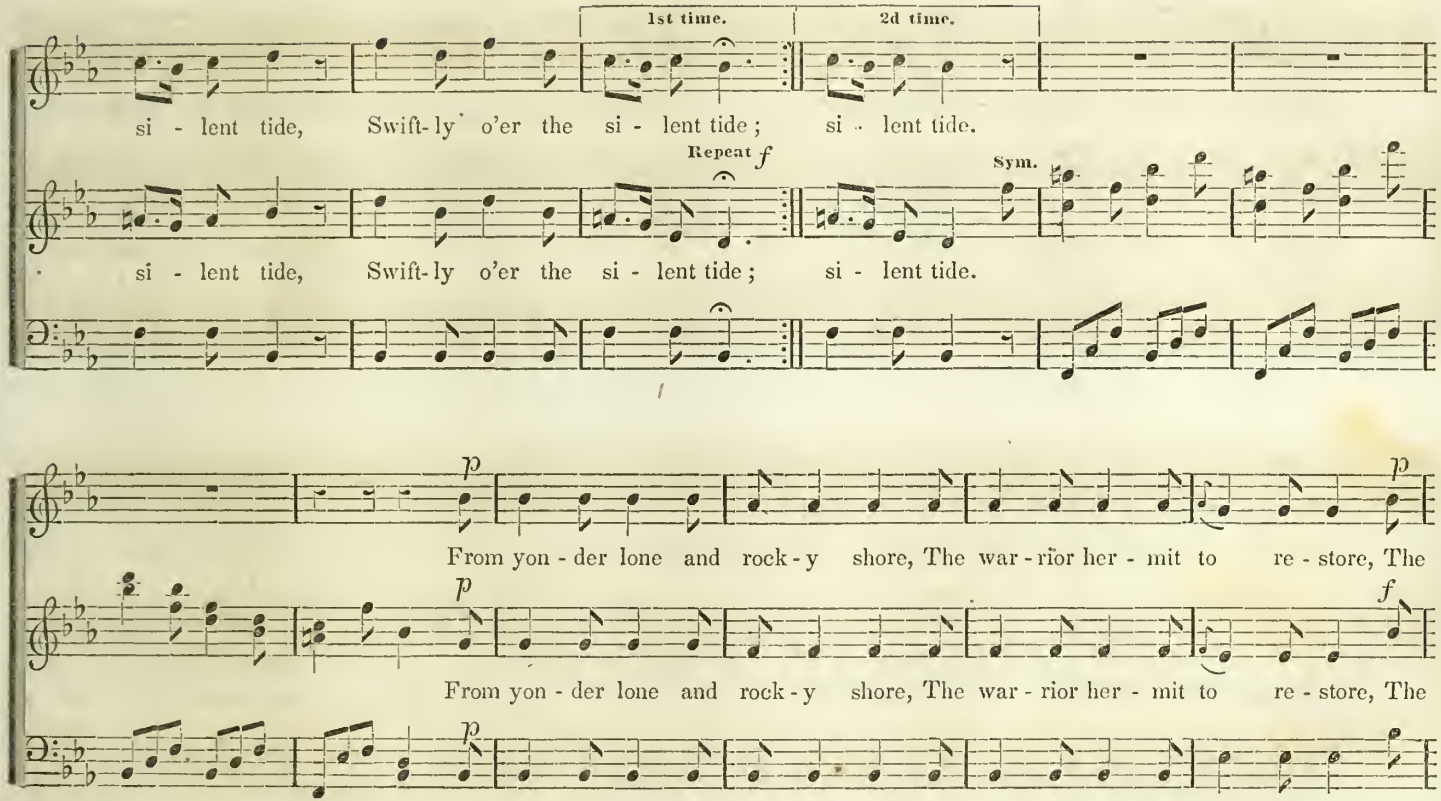


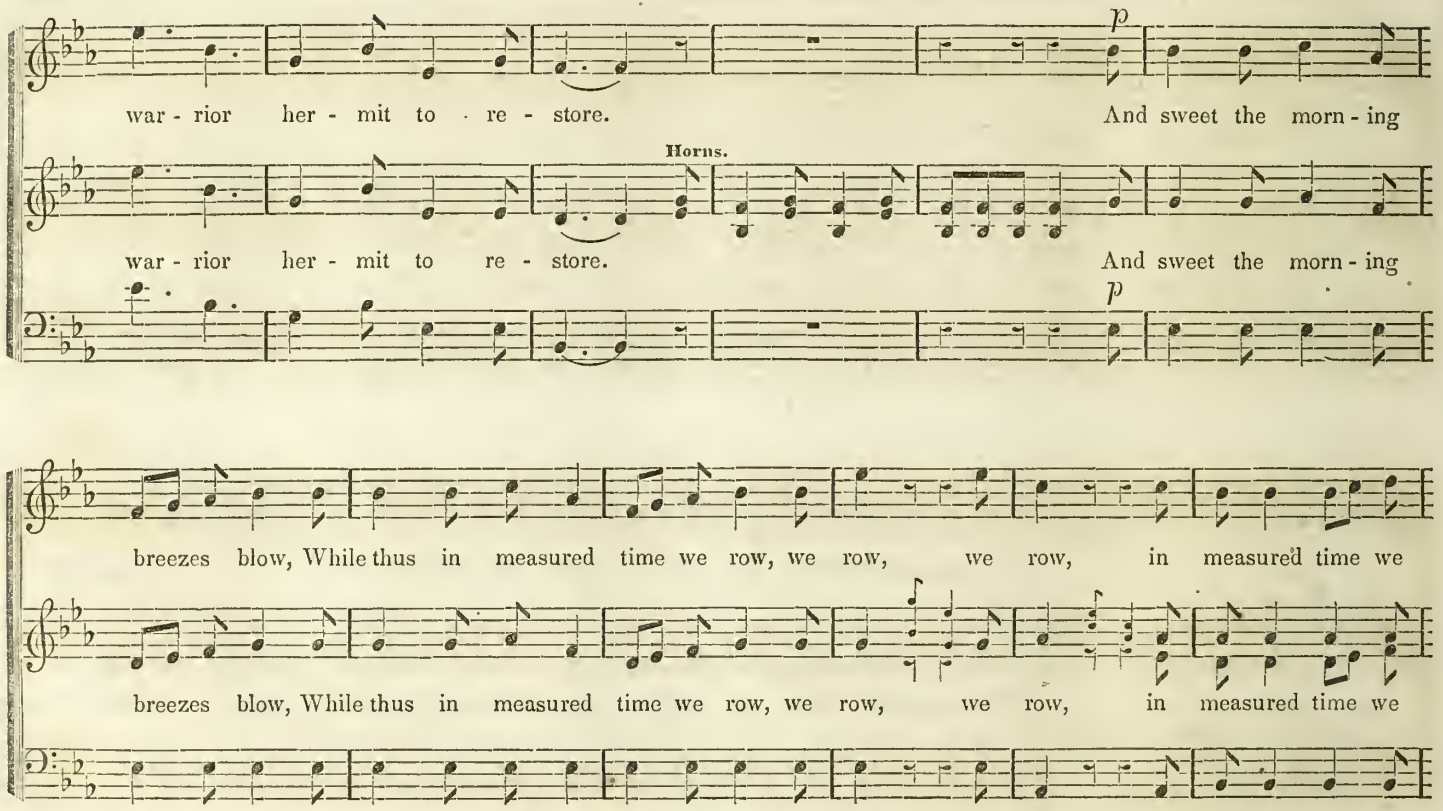

mp
f
p
Reign o'er lake and roll - ing riv - er, Thine be all the dash - ing main, Reign where
Reign o'er lake and roll - ing riv - er, Thine be all the dash - ing main, Reign where
mp
f
p
f
f
sparkling moonbeams quiv-er, Danc-ing o - ver hill and plain, Yes! Hail! hail!
sparkling moonbeams quiv-er, Danc-ing o - ver hill and plain, Yes! Hail! hail!
f

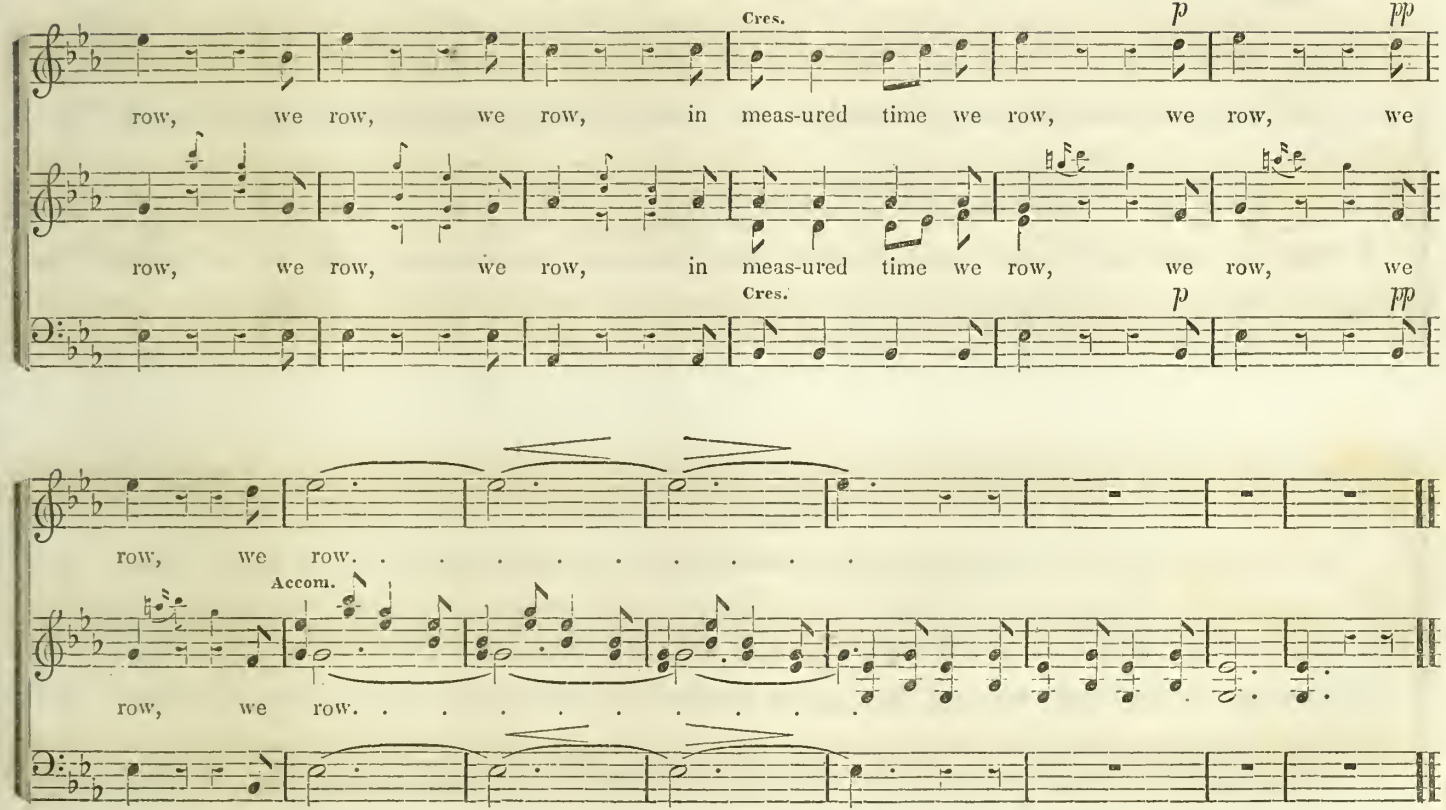

fai - ry queen, Thine, thine all the scene, True hearts a - round us, bright plan - ets a - bove, Long, long may thy power
fai - ry queen, Thine, thine, all the scene, True hearts a - round us, bright plan - ets a - bove, Long, long may thy power
Reign o'er grove and bower, Bright be thy glo - ry where-ev - er we rove. Thy glo - - - - - - - ry bright,
Reign o'er grove and bower, Bright be thy glo - ry where-ev - er we rove. Thy glo - ry ev - er bright, Thy


. . . . . Thy glo - ry bright, Thy glo - - - - - - - - - ry bright, ...
glo - ry ev - er bright, Thy glo - ry bright, Thy glo - ry ev - er bright, Thy glo - ry ev - er bright,
ff
Thy glo - ry bright, Thy glo - ry ev - er bright, Thy glo - ry ev - er bright.
Thy glo - ry bright, Thy glo - ry ev - er bright, Thy glo - ry ev - er bright.


Andante Scherzando.
p
See our oars with feathered spray Spar - kle in the beams of day, In our lit - tle bark we glide
See our oars with feathered spray Spar - kle in the beams of day, In our lit - tle bark we glide
p
Swift-ly o'er the si - lent tide, In our lit - tle bark we glide Swift - ly o'er the
Swift-ly o'er the si - lent tide, In our lit - tle bark we glide Swift - ly o'er the


1st time.
2d time.
si - lent tide, Swift-ly o'er the si - lent tide; si - lent tide.
Repeat
f
Sym.
si - lent tide, Swift-ly o'er the si - lent tide; si - lent tide.
p
From yon - der lone and rock - y shore, The war - rior her - mit to re - store, The
p
f
From yon - der lone and rock - y shore, The war - rior her - mit to re - store, The
p

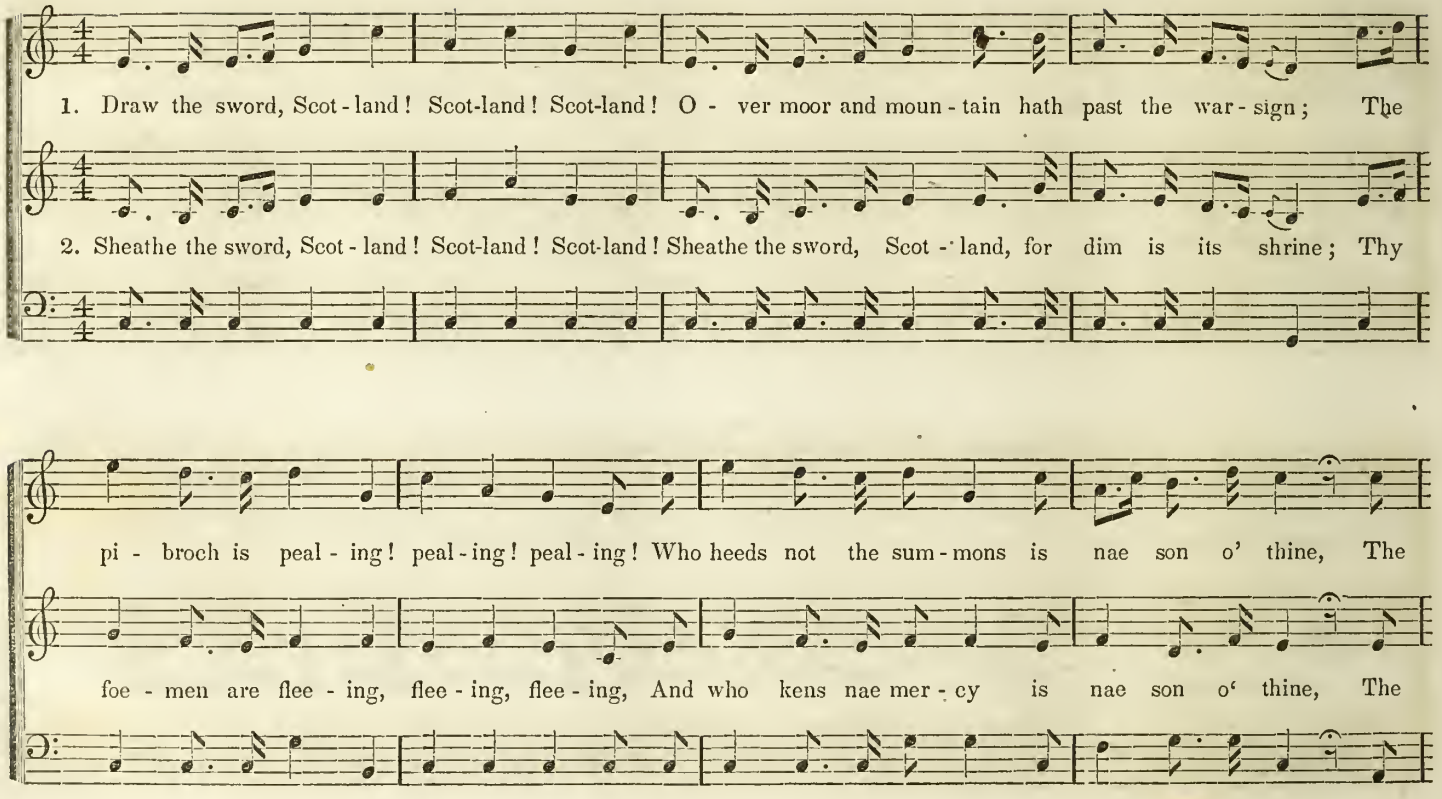

p
war - rior her - mit to re - store. And sweet the morn - ing
Horns.
war - rior her - mit to re - store. And sweet the morn - ing
p
breezes blow, While thus in measured time we row, we row, we row, in measured time we
breezes blow, While thus in measured time we row, we row, we row, in measured time we

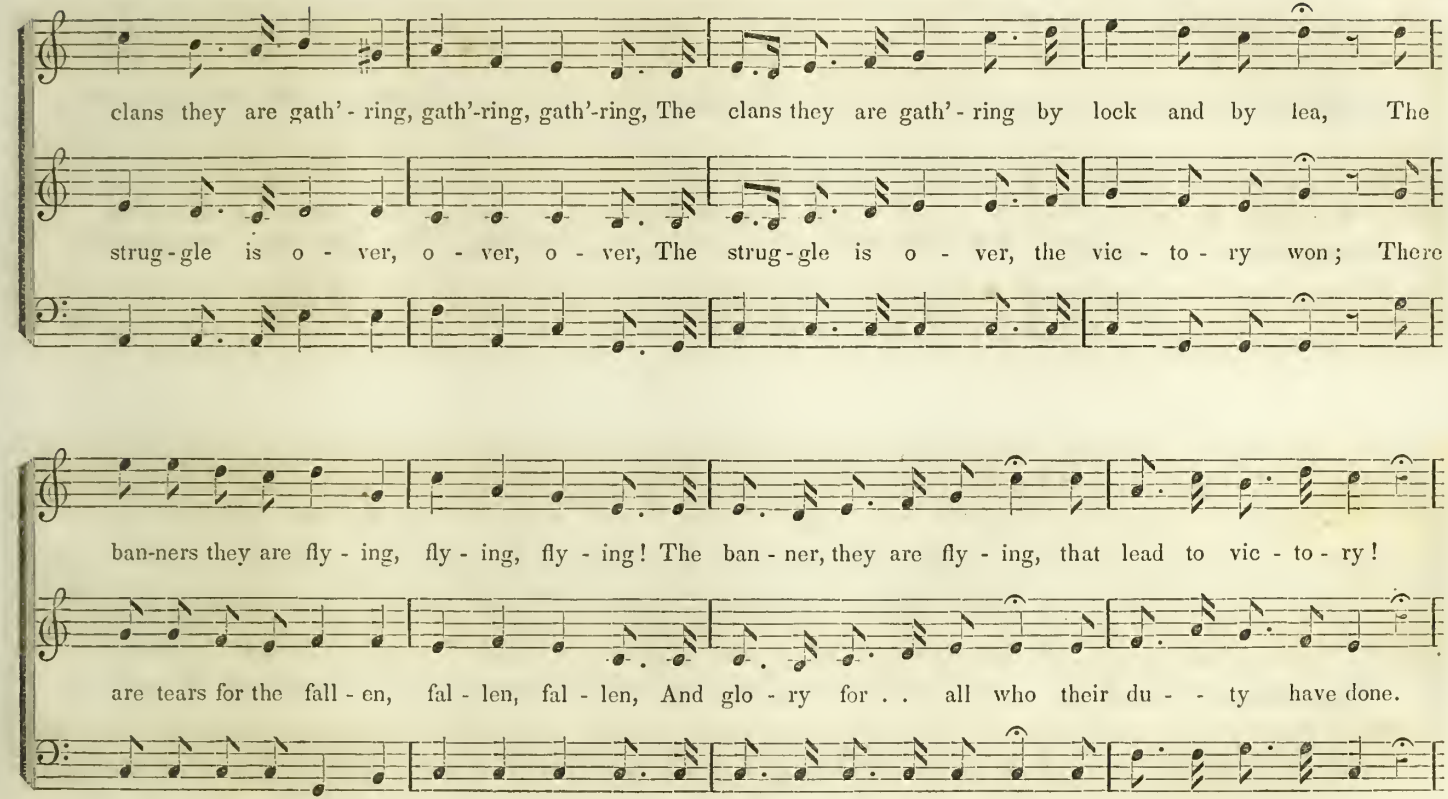

Cres.
p
pp
row, we row, we row, in meas-ured time we row, we row, we
row, we row, we row, in meas-ured time we row, we row, we
Cres.
p
pp
row, we row. . . . . .
Accom.
row, we row. . . . . .

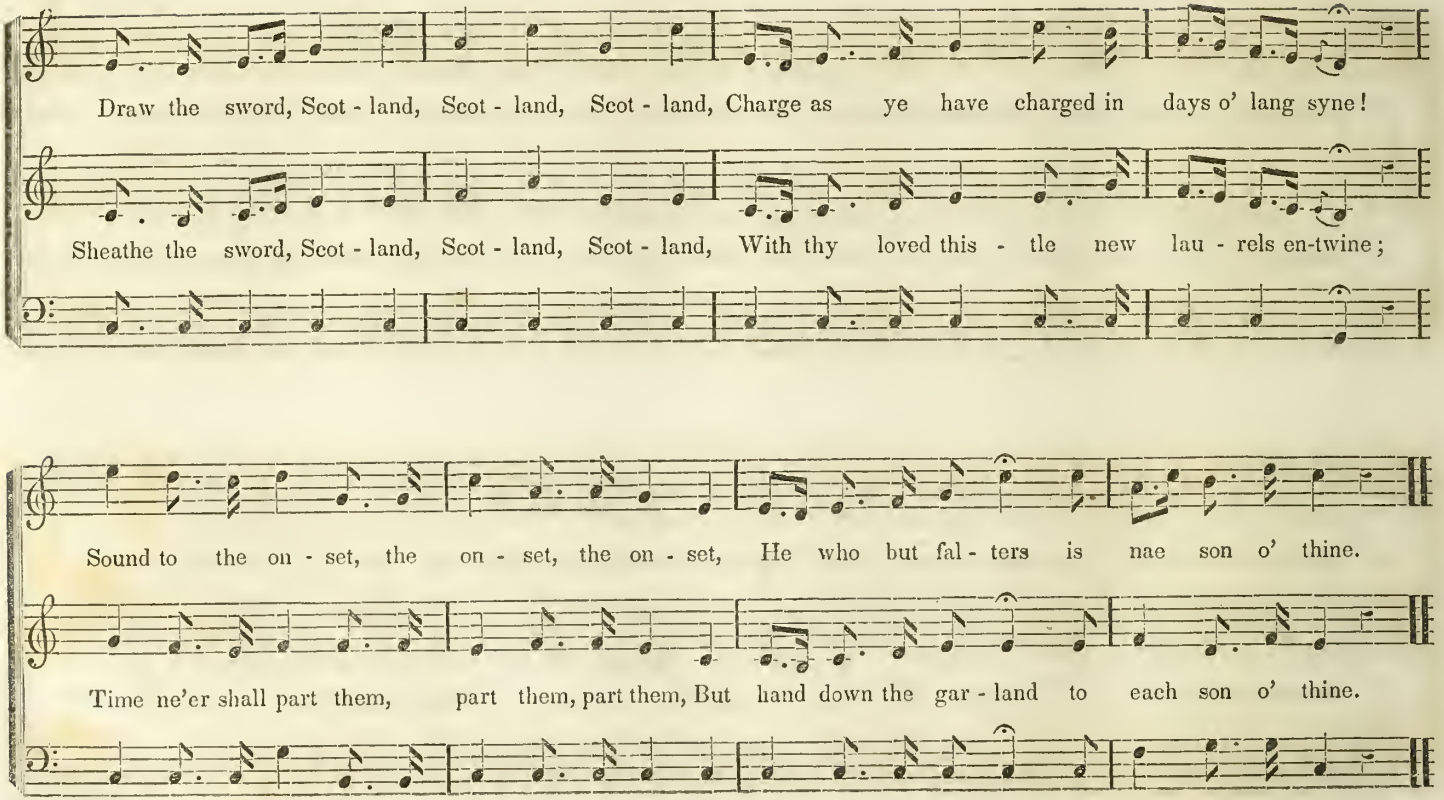
DRAW THE SWORD, SCOTLAND.

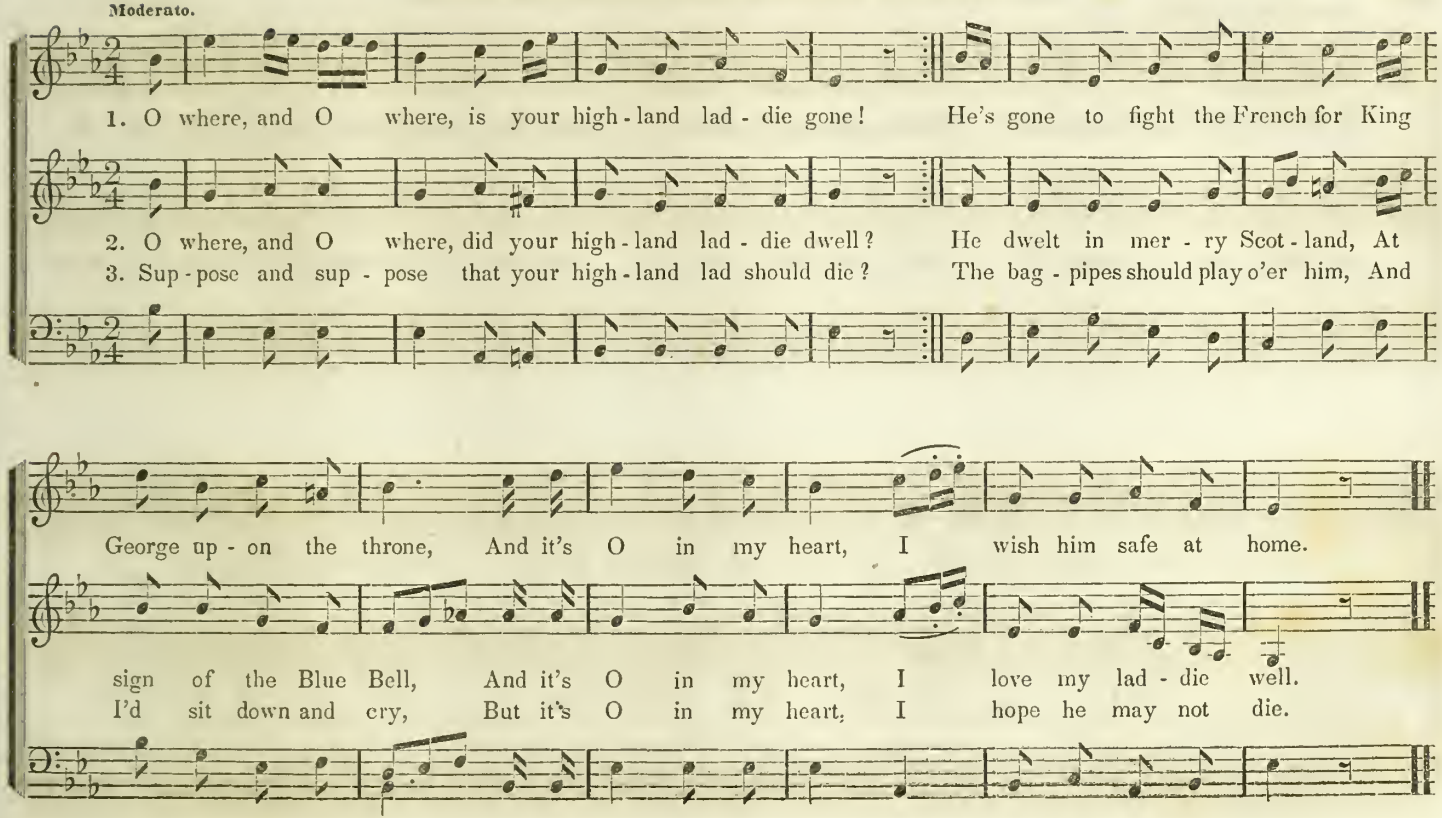
Scotch Air.

Lively.

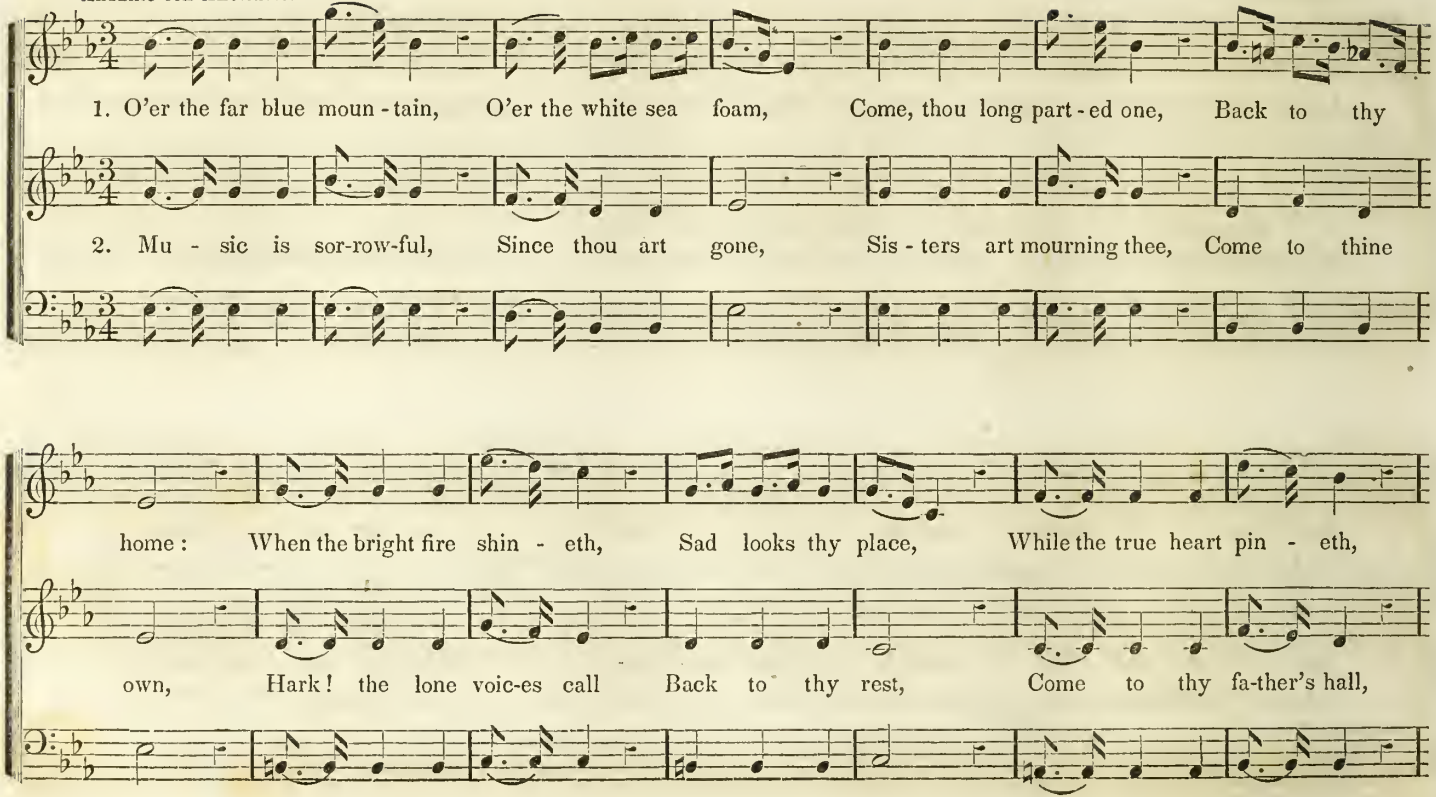


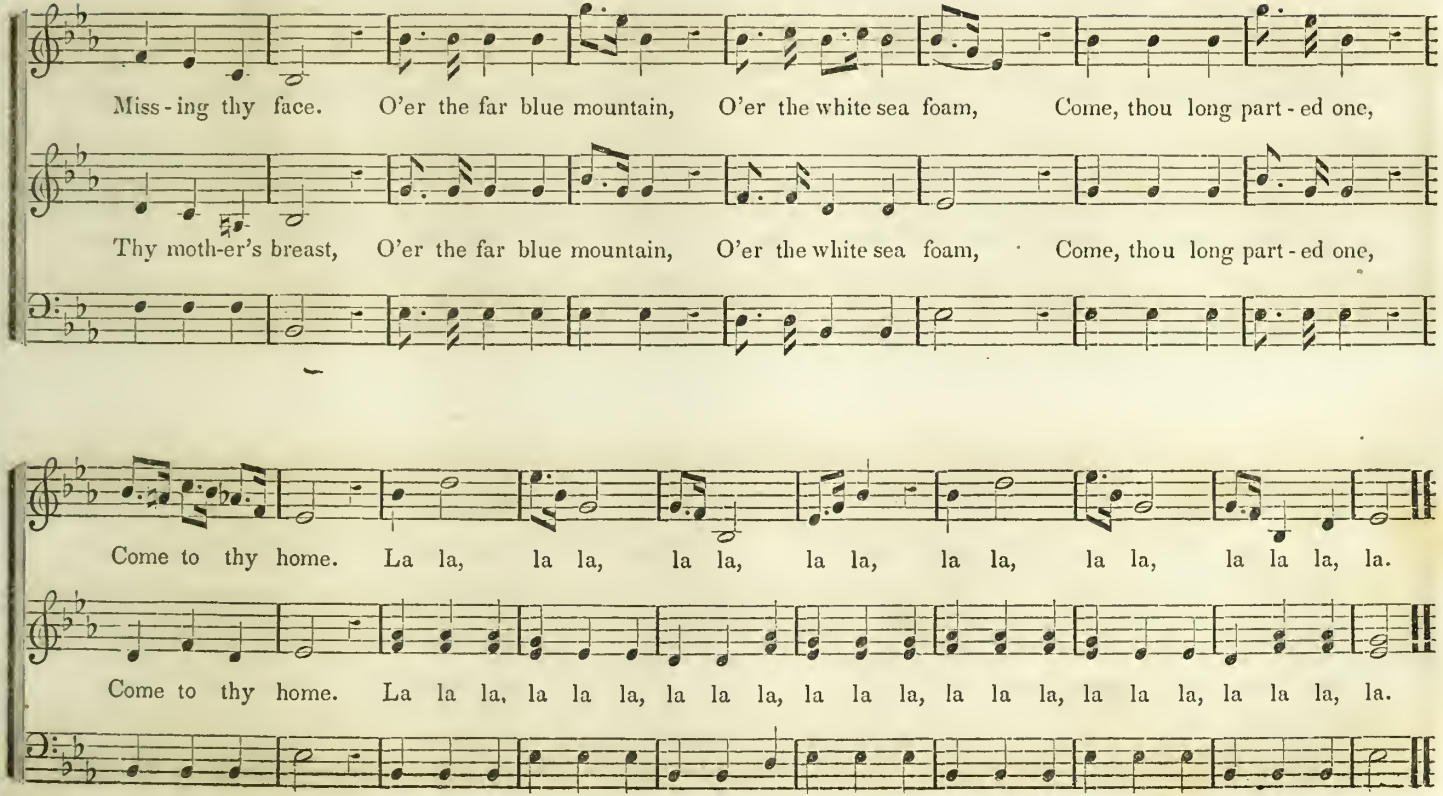

clans they are gath'-ring, gath'-ring, gath'-ring, The clans they are gath'-ring by lock and by lea, The
strug-gle is o-ver, o-ver, o-ver, The strug-gle is o-ver, the vic-to-ry won; There
ban-ners they are fly-ing, fly-ing, fly-ing! The ban-ner, they are fly-ing, that lead to vic-to-ry!
are tears for the fall-en, fal-len, fal-len, And glo-ry for . . all who their du-ty have done.


Draw the sword, Scot - land, Scot - land, Scot - land, Charge as ye have charged in days o' lang syne!
Sheathe the sword, Scot - land, Scot - land, Scot - land, With thy loved this - tle new lau - rels en-twine;
Sound to the on - set, the on - set, the on - set, He who but fal - ters is nae son o' thine.
Time ne'er shall part them, part them, part them, But hand down the gar - land to each son o' thine.


Moderato.
1. O where, and O where, is your high-land lad-die gone! He's gone to fight the French for King
2. O where, and O where, did your high-land lad-die dwell? He dwelt in mer-ry Scot-land, At
3. Sup-pose and sup-pose that your high-land lad should die? The bag-pipes should play o'er him, And
George up-on the throne, And it's O in my heart, I wish him safe at home.
sign of the Blue Bell, And it's O in my heart, I love my lad-die well.
I'd sit down and cry, But it's O in my heart, I hope he may not die.

Andante con Affettuoso.

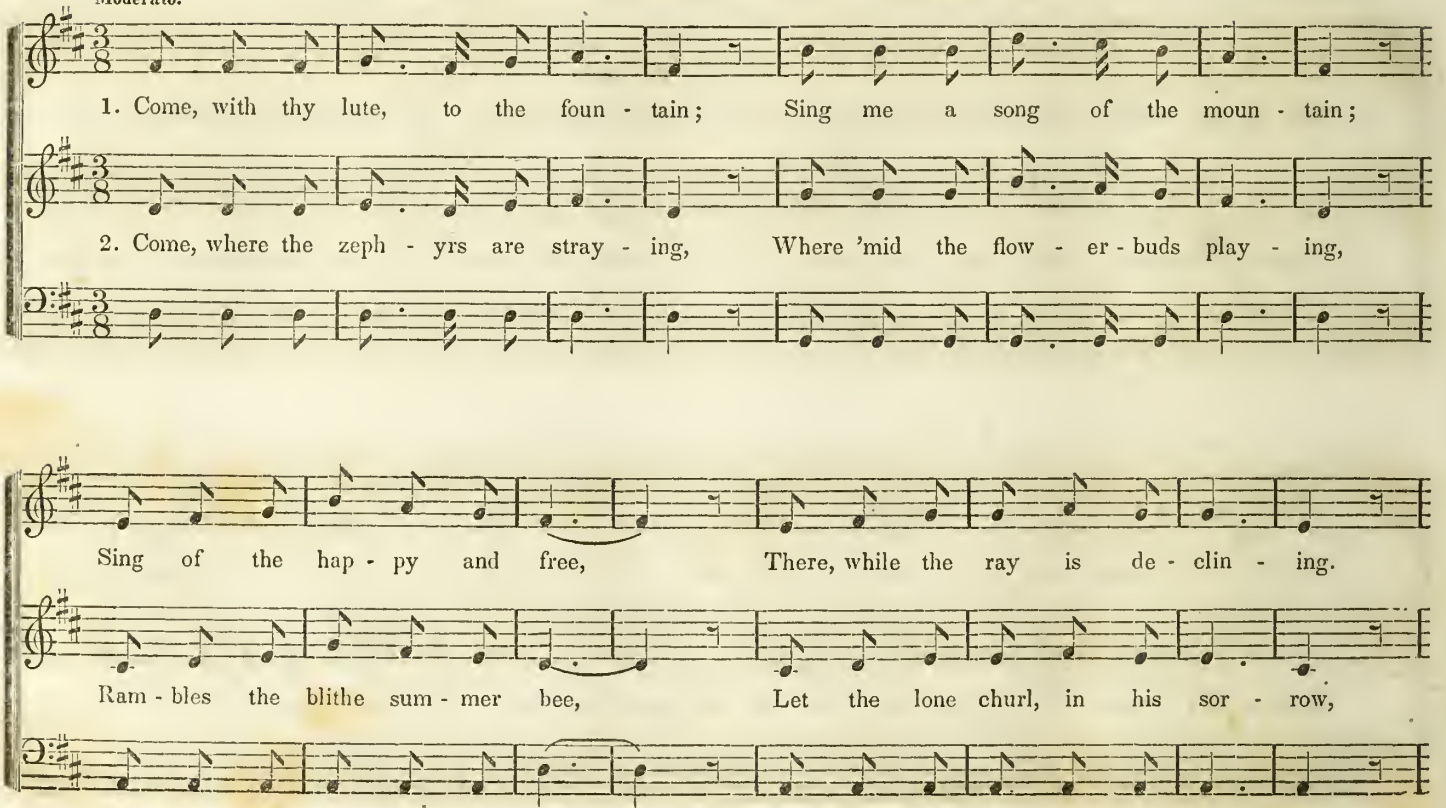


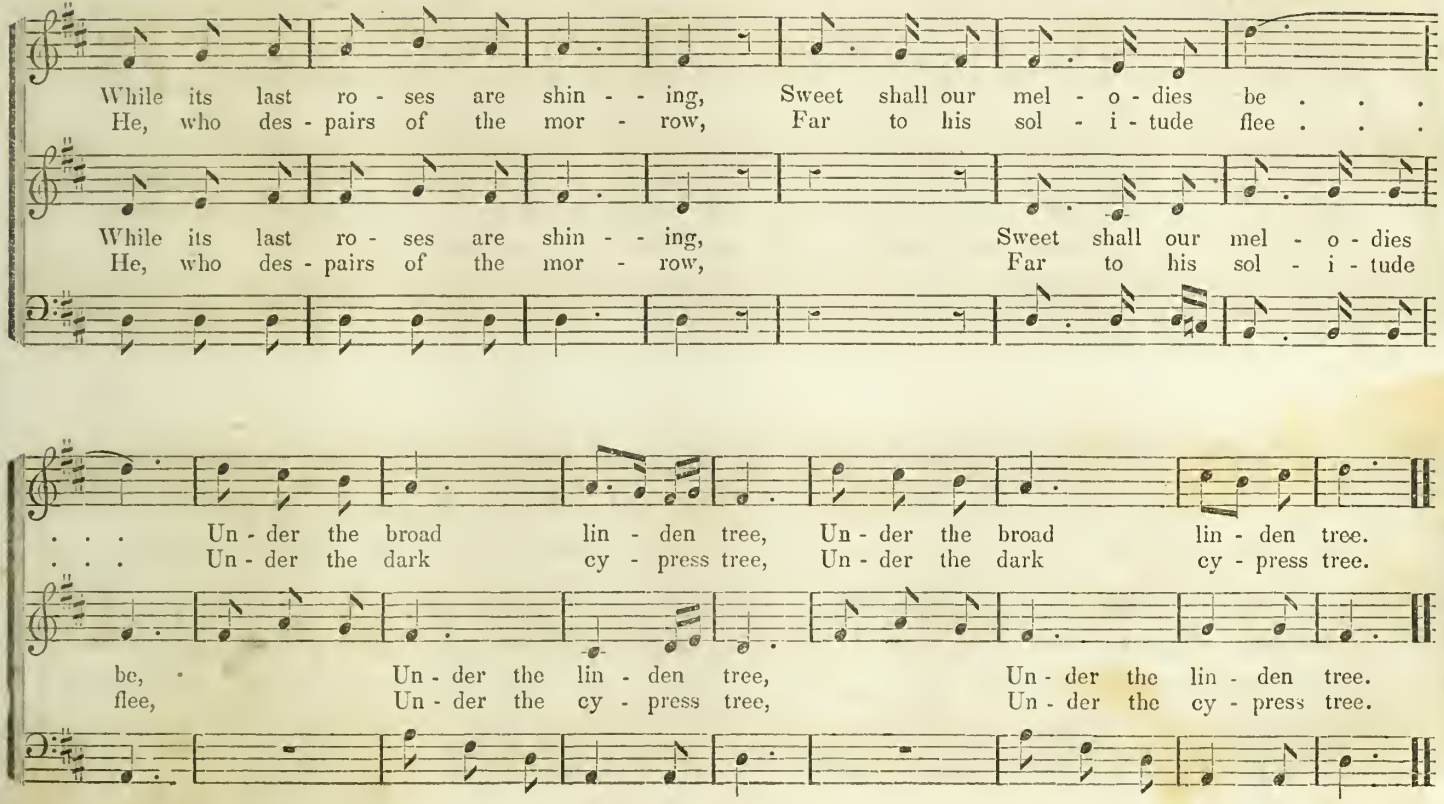

Miss-ing thy face. O'er the far blue mountain, O'er the white sea foam, Come, thou long part-ed one,
Thy moth-er's breast, O'er the far blue mountain, O'er the white sea foam, Come, thou long part-ed one,
Come to thy home. La la, la la, la la, la la, la la, la la, la la la, la.
Come to thy home. La la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la.

COME, WITH THY LUTE, TO THE FOUNTAIN.

German Air.

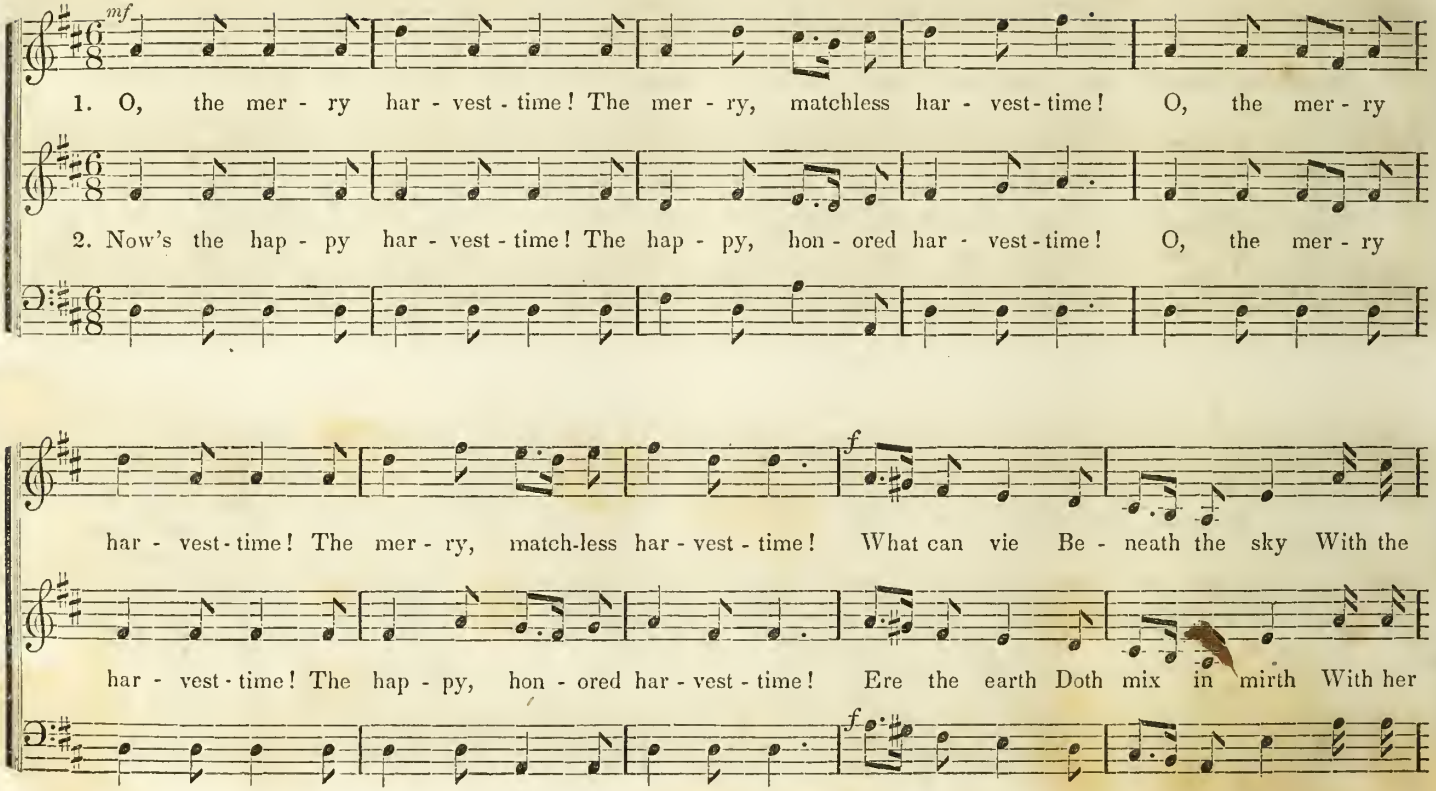
Moderato.

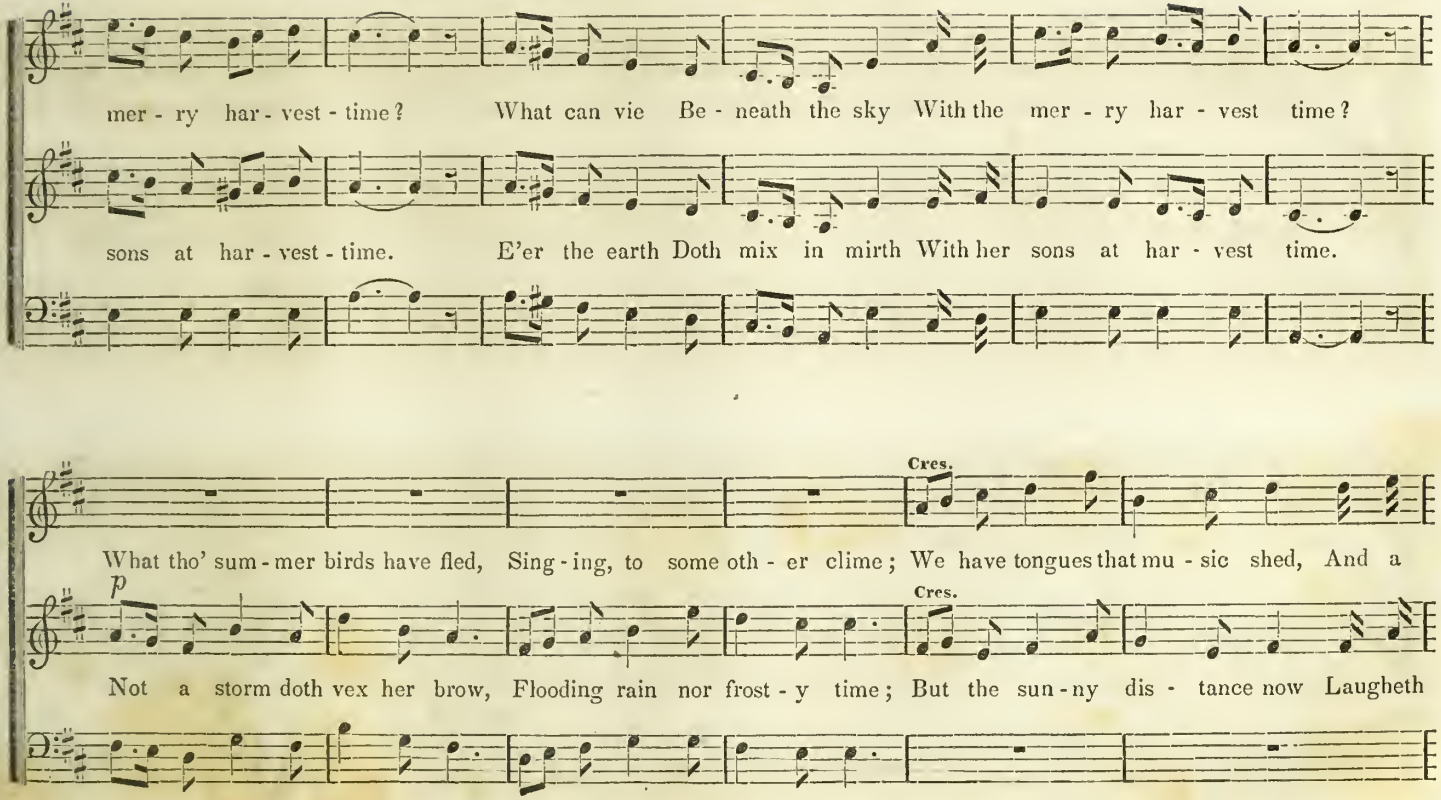


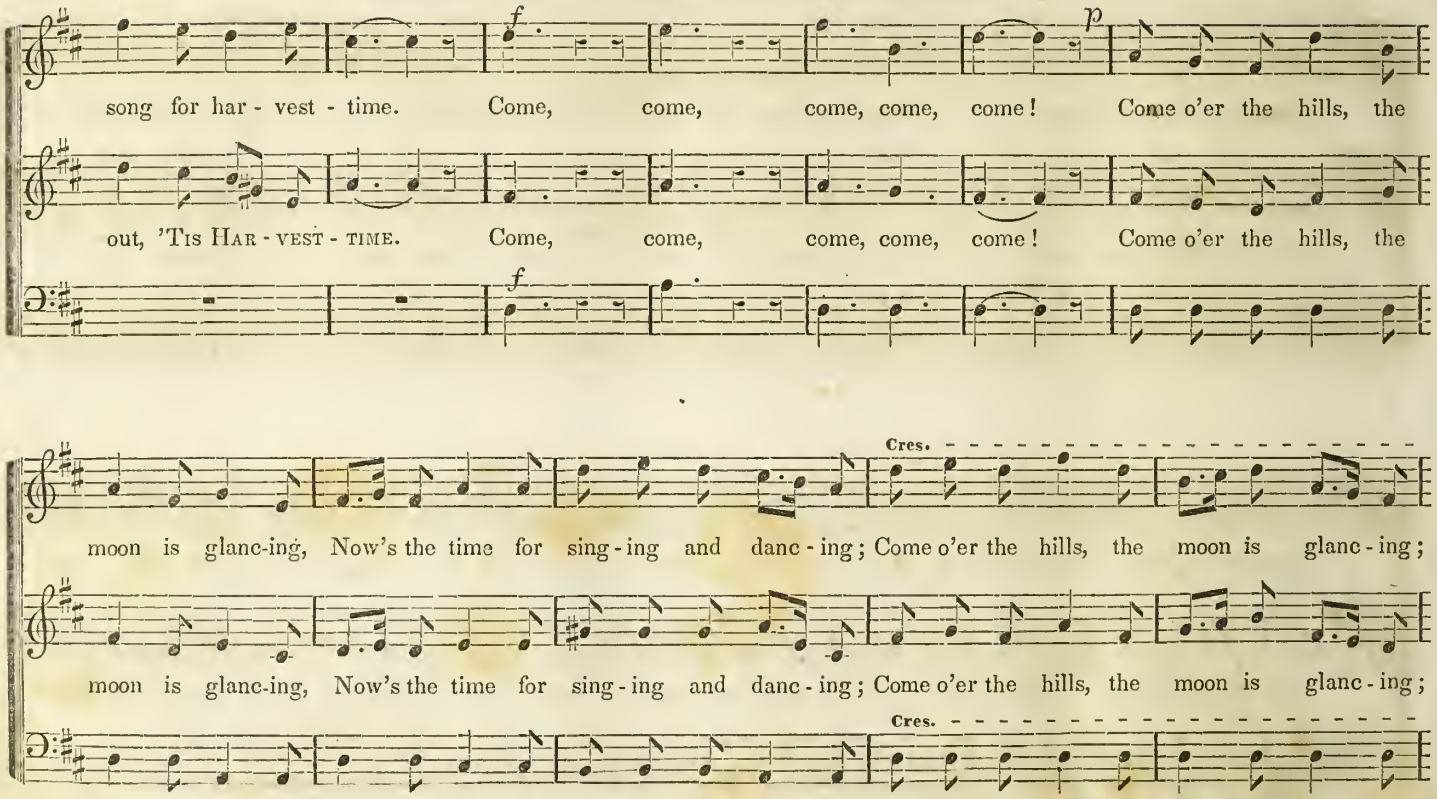

While its last ro - ses are shin - - ing, Sweet shall our mel - o - dies be . . .
He, who des - pairs of the mor - row, Far to his sol - i - tude flee . . .
While its last ro - ses are shin - - ing, Sweet shall our mel - o - dies
He, who des - pairs of the mor - row, Far to his sol - i - tude
. . . Un - der the broad lin - den tree, Un - der the broad lin - den tree.
. . . Un - der the dark cy - press tree, Un - der the dark cy - press tree.
be, Un - der the lin - den tree, Un - der the lin - den tree.
flee, Un - der the cy - press tree, Un - der the cy - press tree.

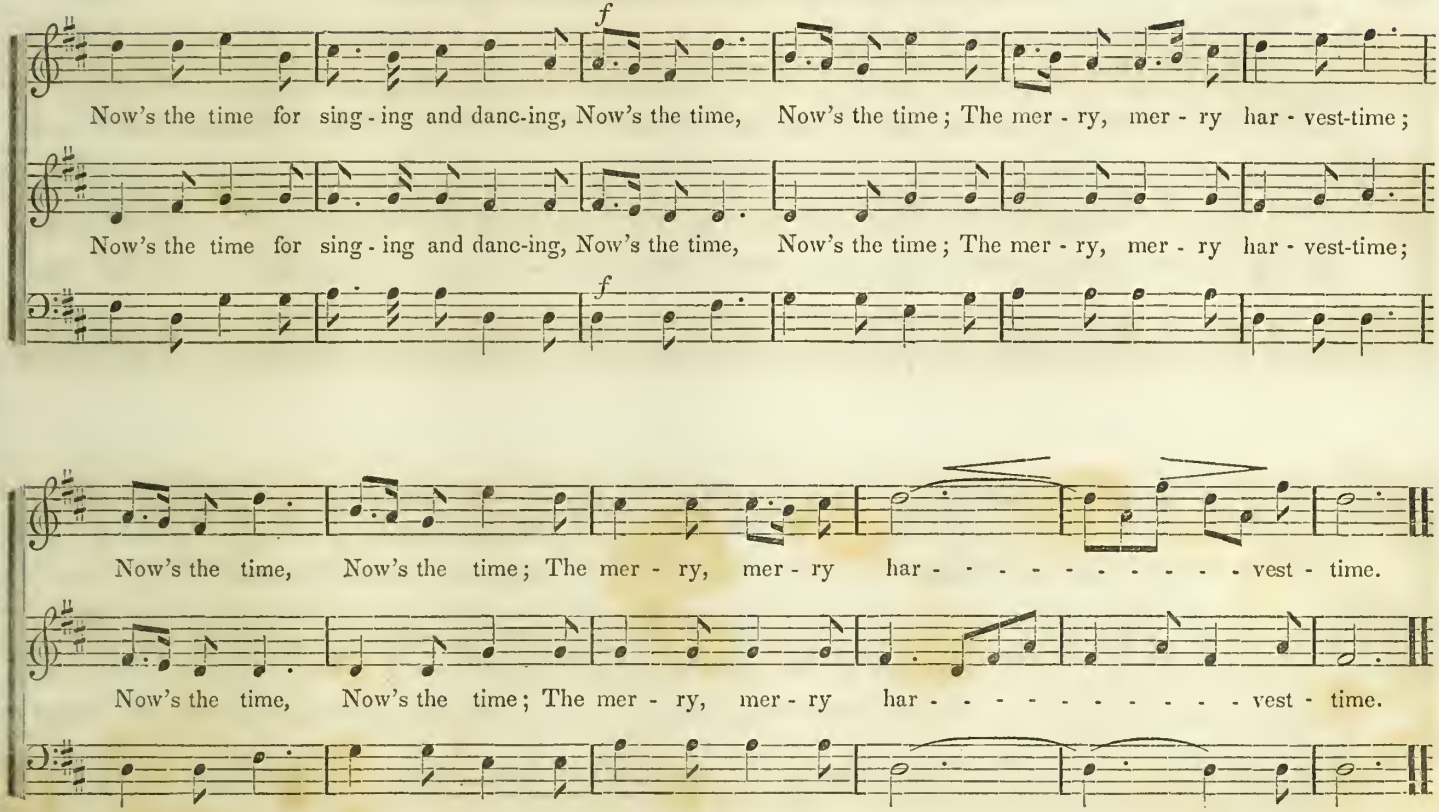
O, THE MERRY HARVEST TIME.

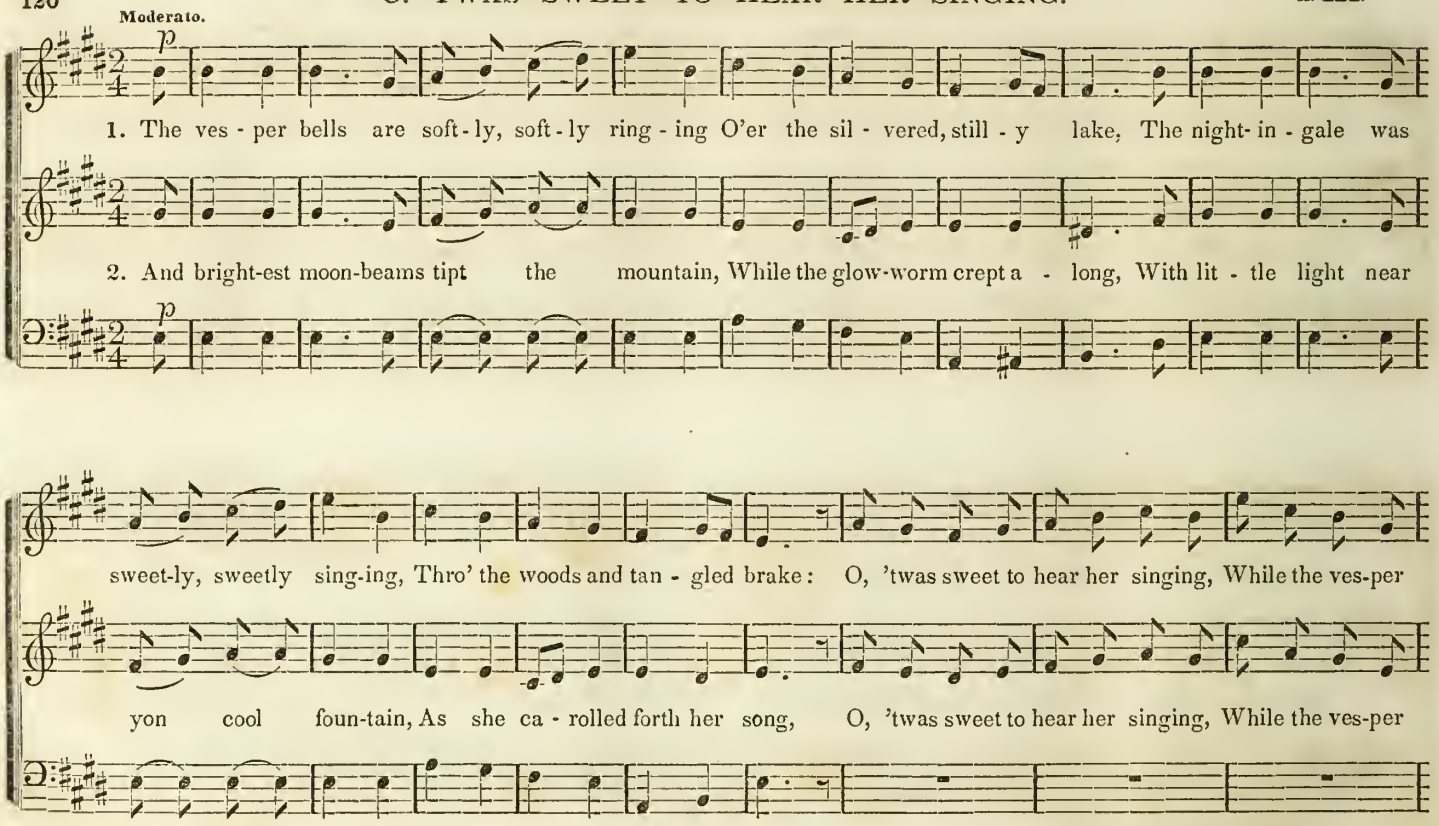
GEORGE J. WEBB.

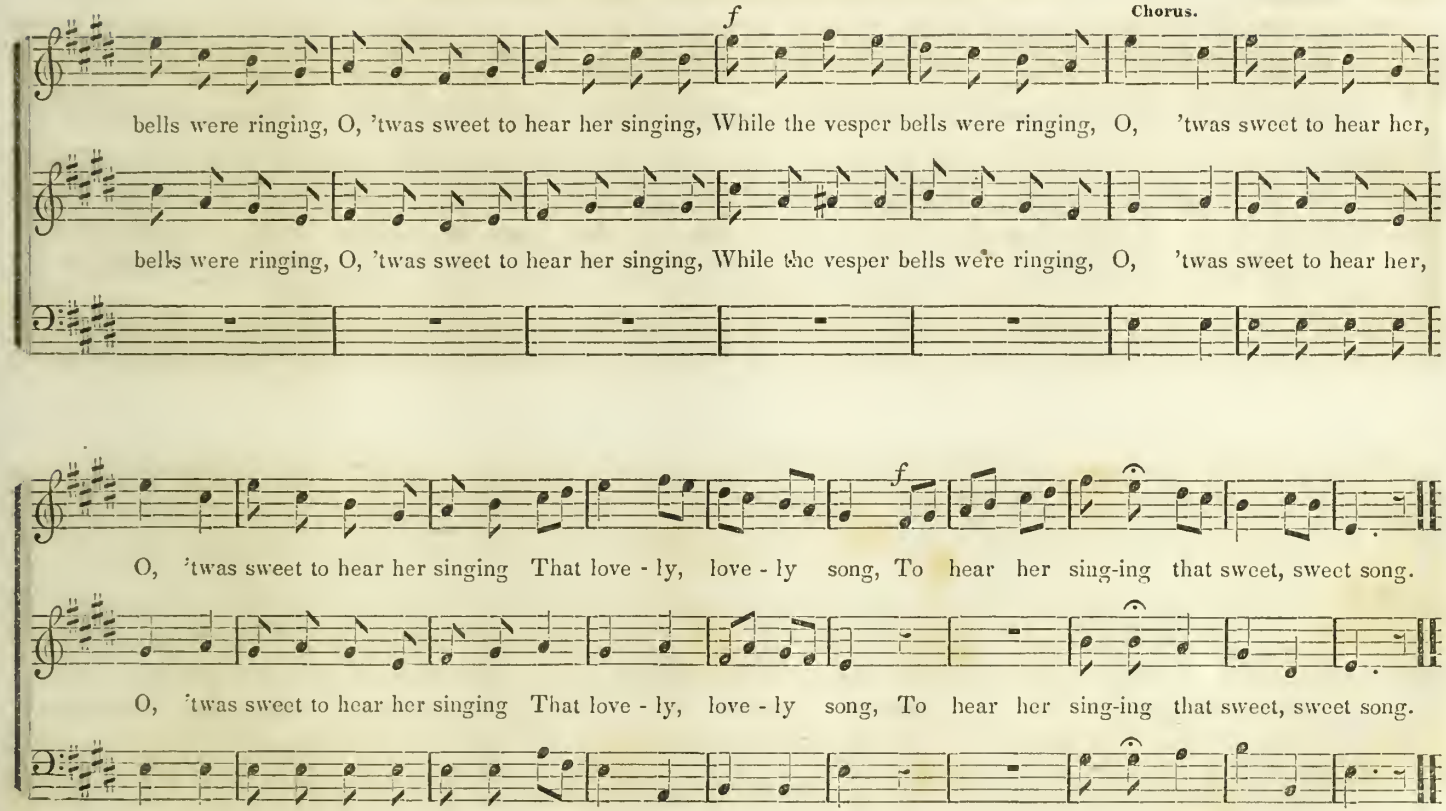



mer - ry har - vest - time? What can vie Be - neath the sky With the mer - ry har - vest time?
sons at har - vest - time. E'er the earth Doth mix in mirth With her sons at har - vest time.
Cres.
What tho' sum - mer birds have fled, Sing - ing, to some oth - er clime; We have tongues that mu - sic shed, And a
p
Cres.
Not a storm doth vex her brow, Flooding rain nor frost - y time; But the sun - ny dis - tance now Laugheth

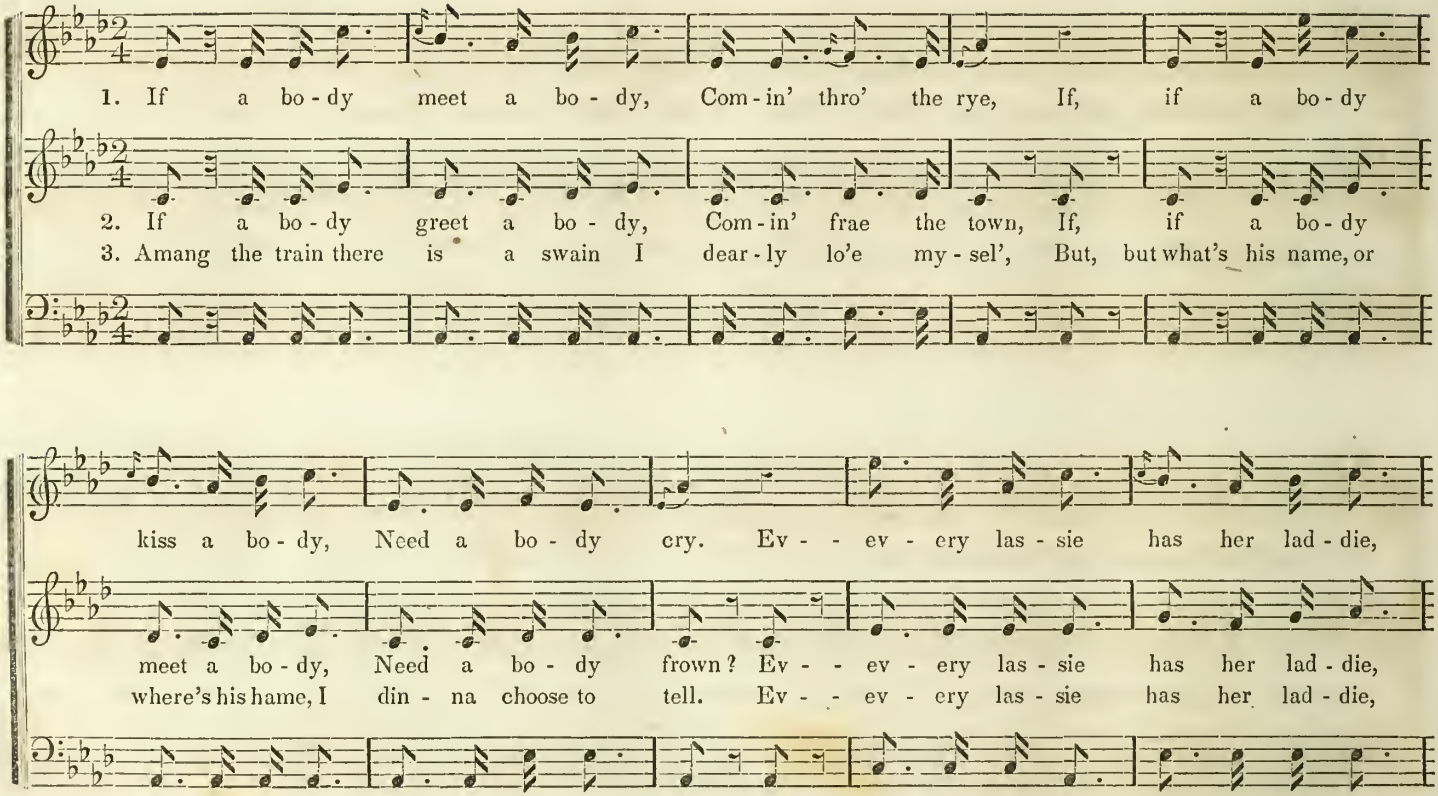

f
p
song for har - vest - time. Come, come, come, come, come! Come o'er the hills, the
out, 'Tis Har - vest - time. Come, come, come, come, come! Come o'er the hills, the
f
Cres.
moon is glanc-ing, Now's the time for sing - ing and danc - ing; Come o'er the hills, the moon is glanc - ing;
moon is glanc-ing, Now's the time for sing - ing and danc - ing; Come o'er the hills, the moon is glanc - ing;
Cres.

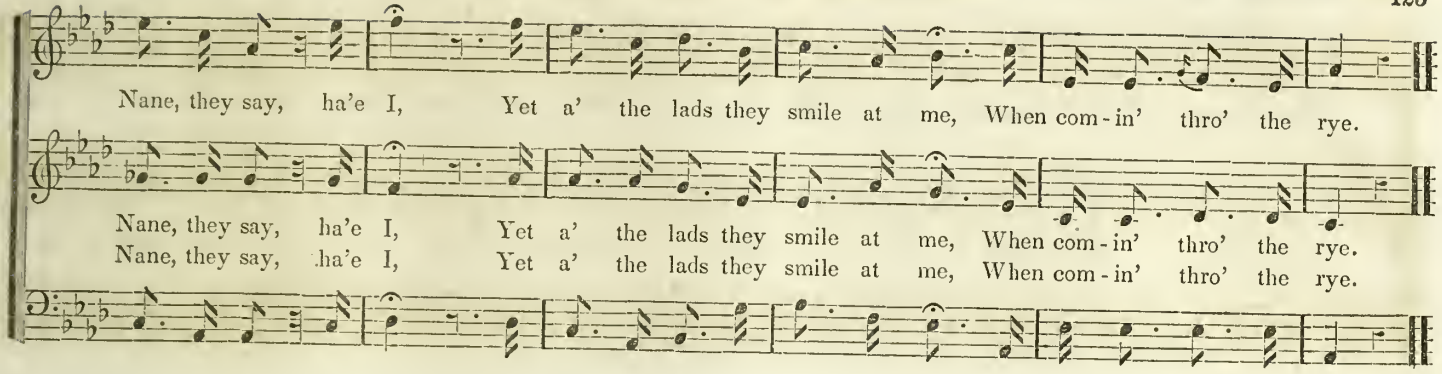

f
Now's the time for sing - ing and danc-ing, Now's the time, Now's the time; The mer - ry, mer - ry har - vest-time;
Now's the time for sing - ing and danc-ing, Now's the time, Now's the time; The mer - ry, mer - ry har - vest-time;
f
Now's the time, Now's the time; The mer - ry, mer - ry har - - - - - - - - - - vest - time.
Now's the time, Now's the time; The mer - ry, mer - ry har - - - - - - - - - - vest - time.


Moderato.
p
1. The ves - per bells are soft - ly, soft - ly ring - ing O'er the sil - vered, still - y lake, The night- in - gale was
2. And bright-est moon-beams tipt the mountain, While the glow-worm crept a - long, With lit - tle light near
p
sweet-ly, sweetly sing-ing, Thro' the woods and tan - gled brake: O, 'twas sweet to hear her singing, While the ves-per
yon cool foun-tain, As she ca - rolled forth her song, O, 'twas sweet to hear her singing, While the ves-per


f
Chorus.
bells were ringing, O, 'twas sweet to hear her singing, While the vesper bells were ringing, O, 'twas sweet to hear her,
bells were ringing, O, 'twas sweet to hear her singing, While the vesper bells were ringing, O, 'twas sweet to hear her,
f
O, 'twas sweet to hear her singing That love - ly, love - ly song, To hear her sing-ing that sweet, sweet song.
O, 'twas sweet to hear her singing That love - ly, love - ly song, To hear her sing-ing that sweet, sweet song.

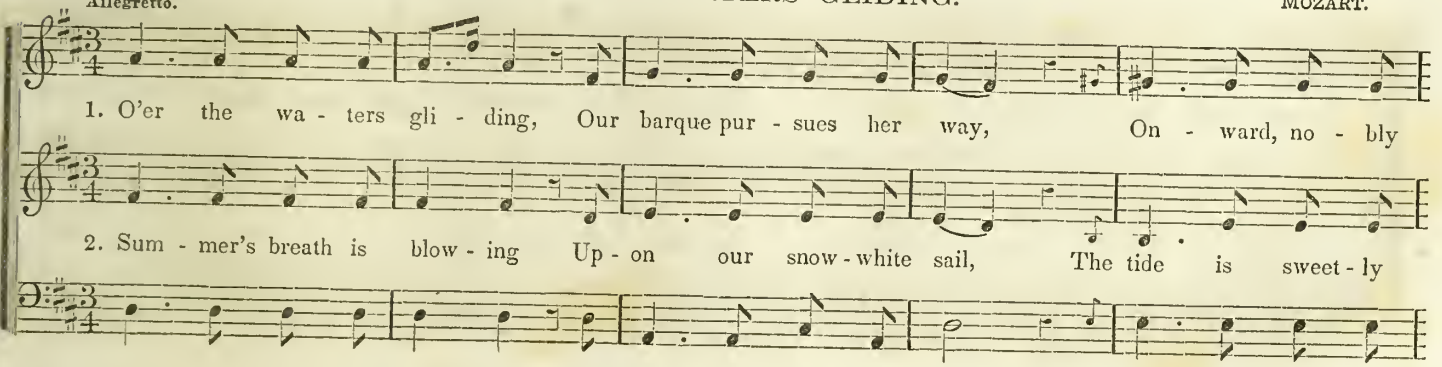
Animated.

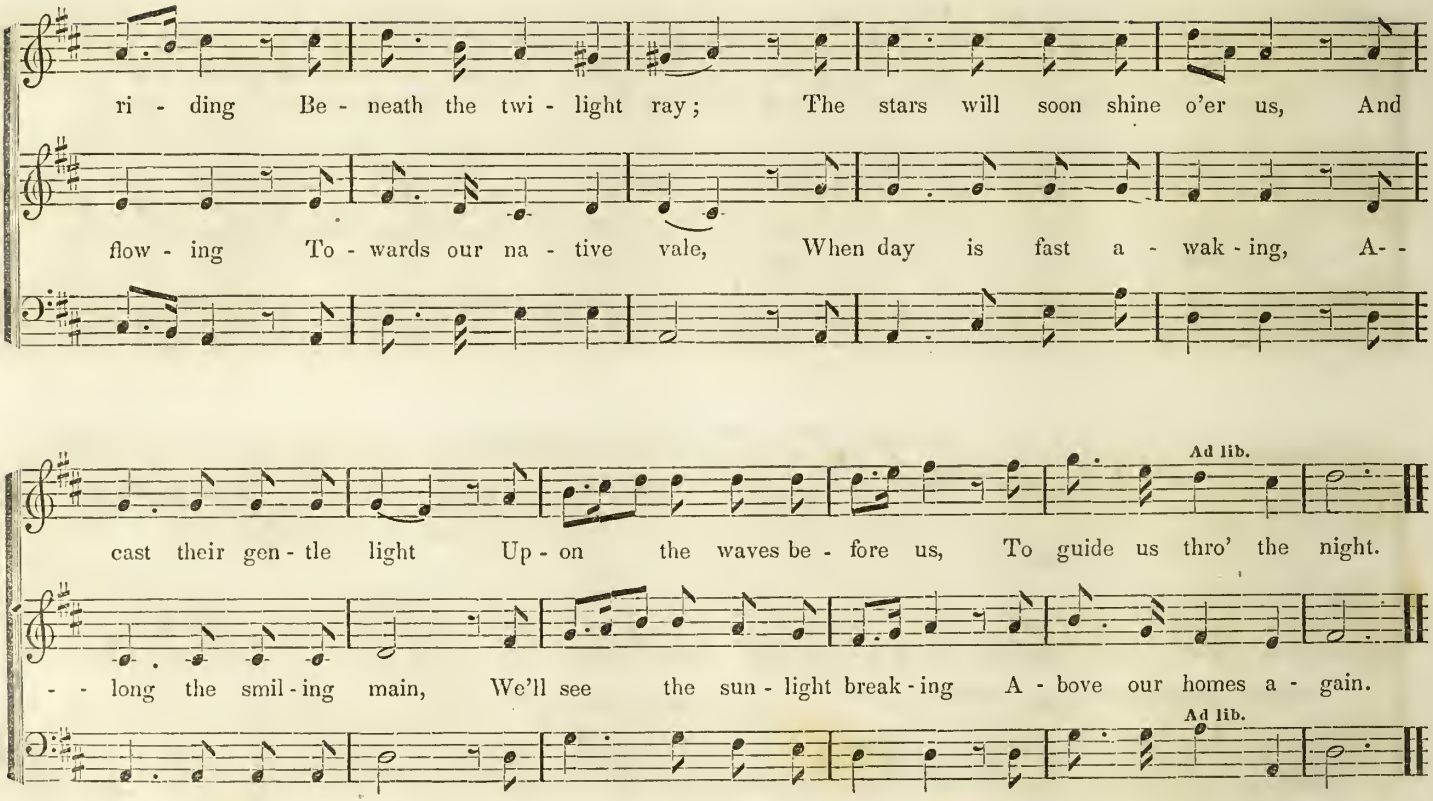

1. If a bo - dy meet a bo - dy, Com - in' thro' the rye, If, if a bo - dy
2. If a bo - dy greet a bo - dy, Com - in' frae the town, If, if a bo - dy
3. Amang the train there is a swain I dear - ly lo'e my - sel', But, but what's his name, or
kiss a bo - dy, Need a bo - dy cry. Ev - - ev - ery las - sie has her lad - die,
meet a bo - dy, Need a bo - dy frown? Ev - - ev - ery las - sie has her lad - die,
where's his hame, I din - na choose to tell. Ev - - ev - ery las - sie has her lad - die,

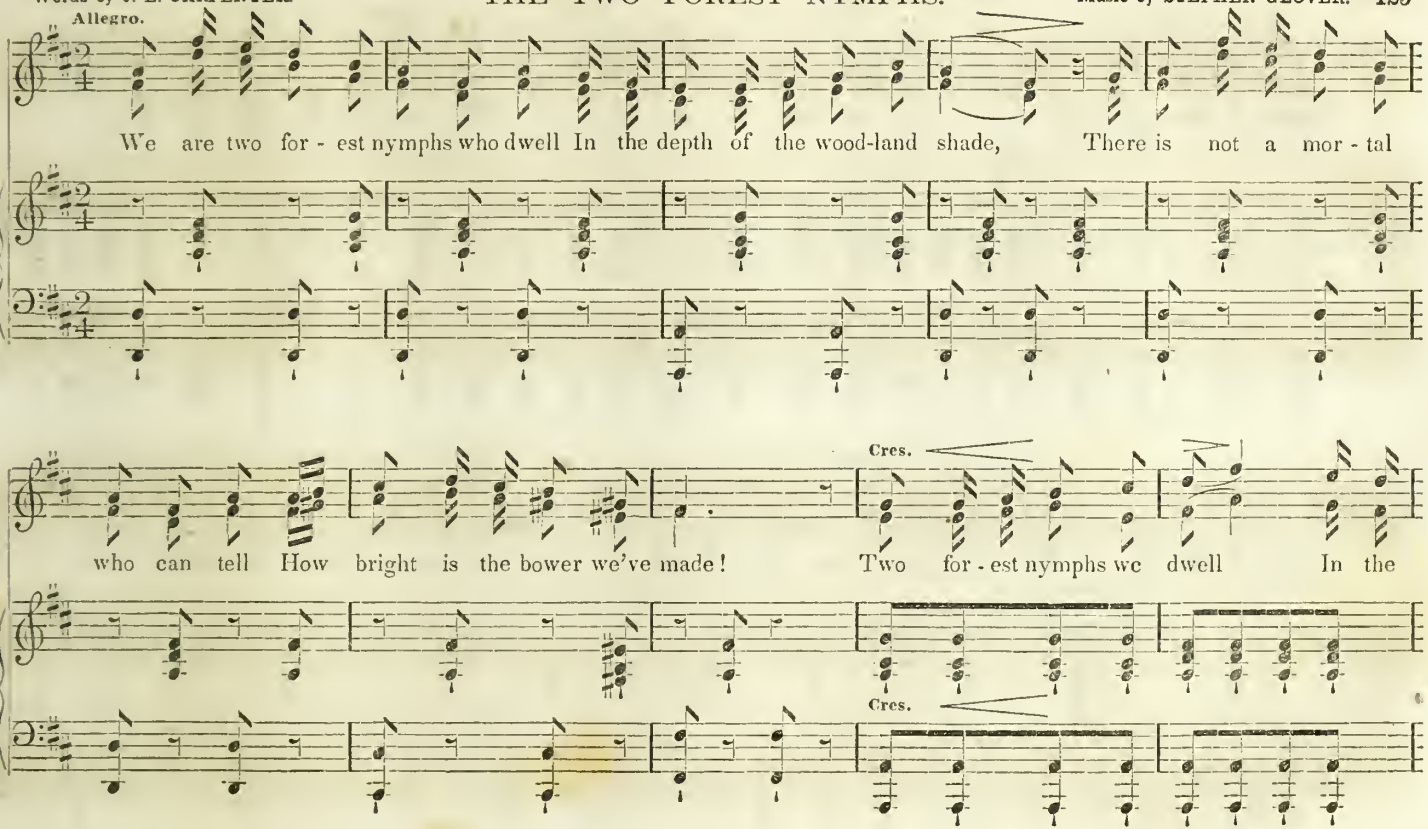


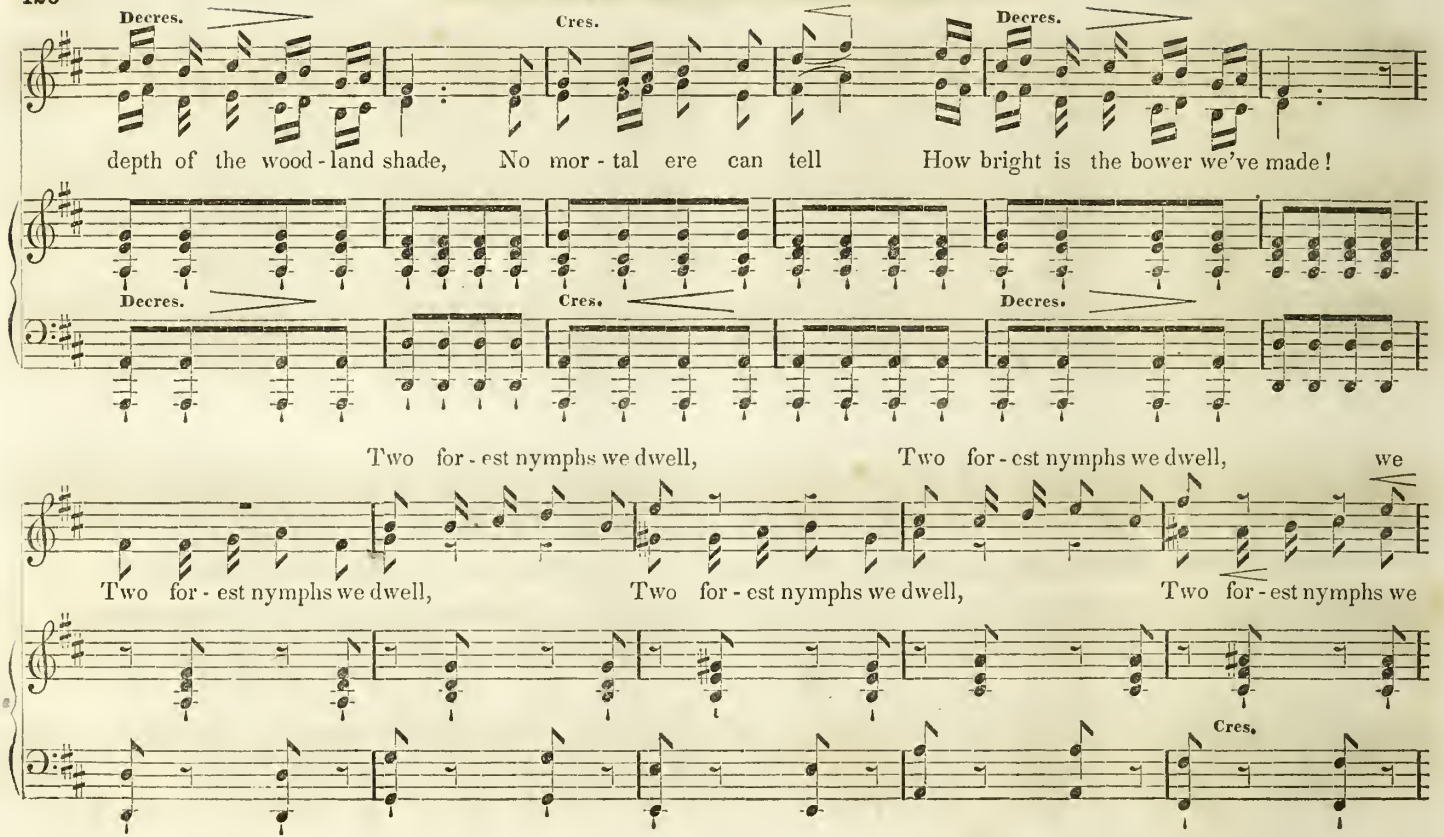
O'ER THE WATERS GLIDING.

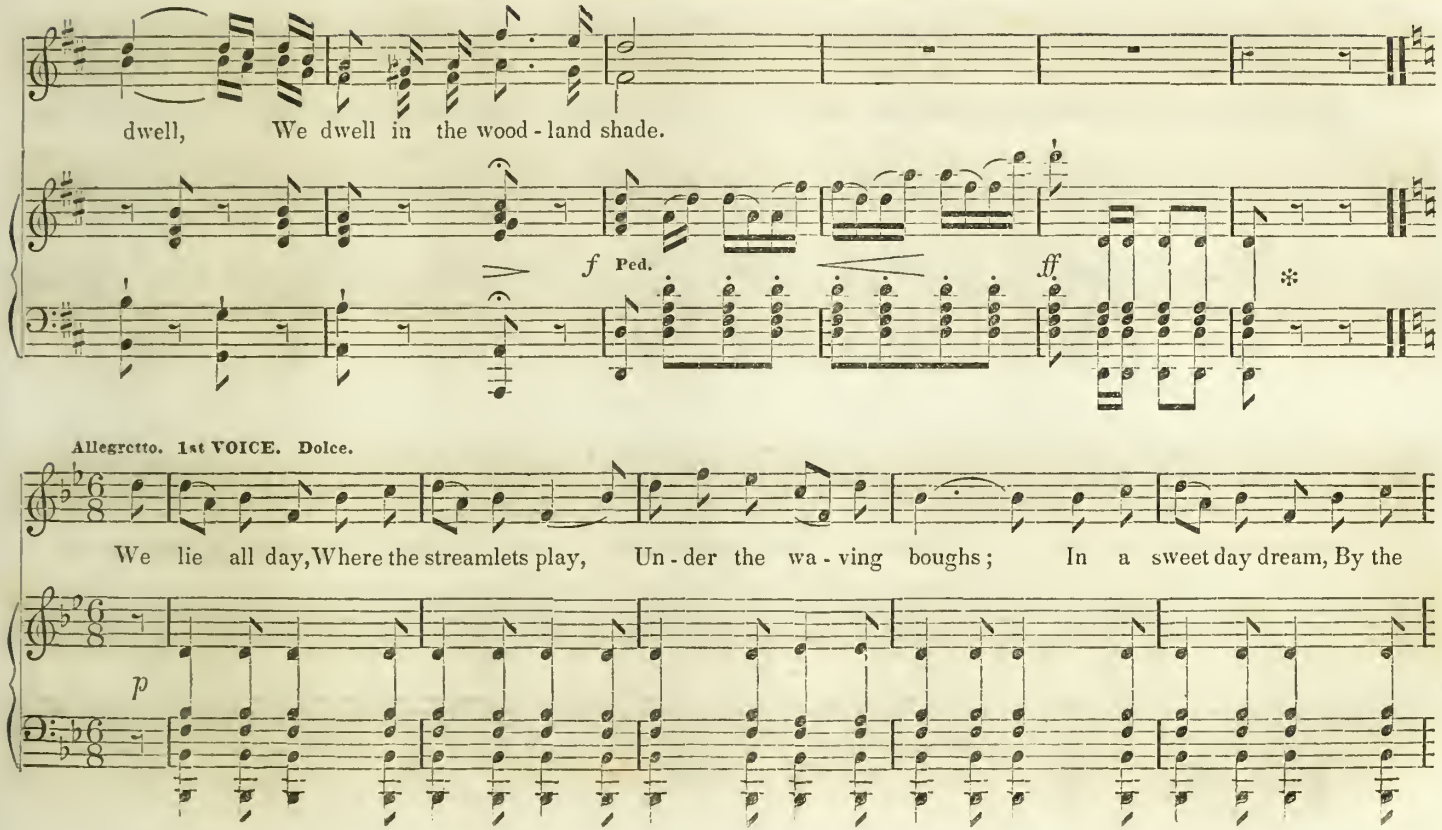
Allegretto. MOZART.

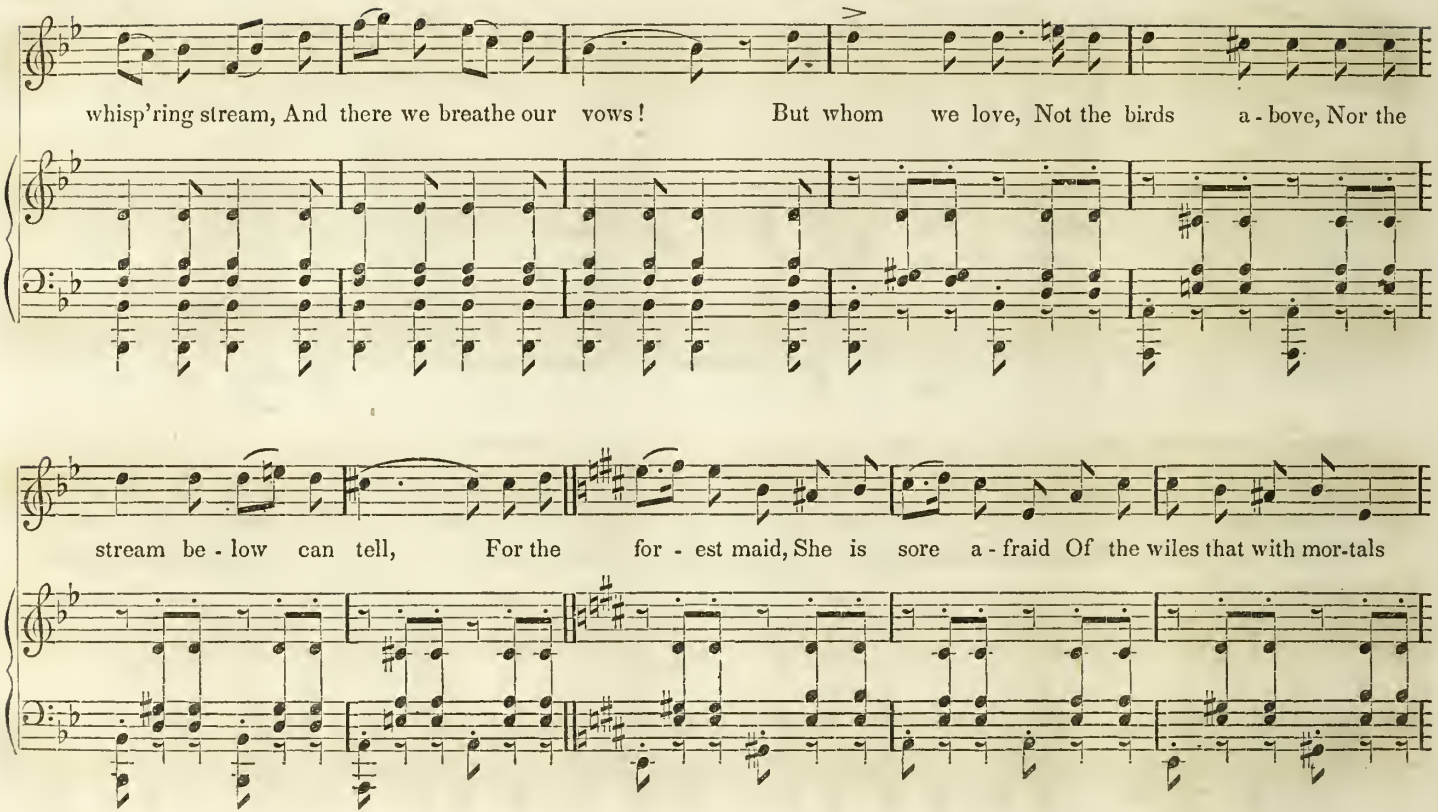


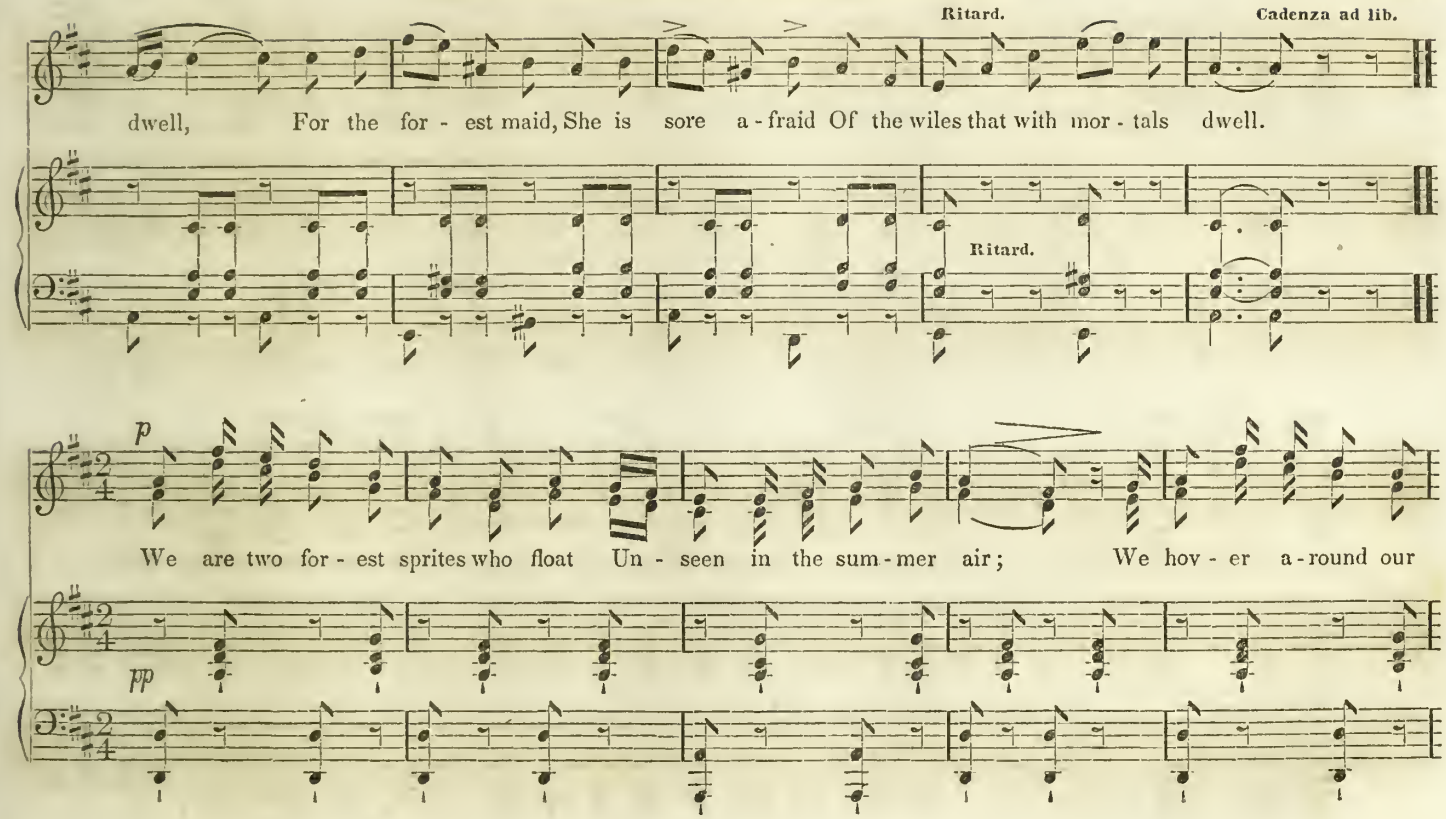

ri - ding Be - neath the twi - light ray; The stars will soon shine o'er us, And
flow - ing To - wards our na - tive vale, When day is fast a - wak - ing, A- -
Ad lib.
cast their gen - tle light Up - on the waves be - fore us, To guide us thro' the night.
- - long the smil - ing main, We'll see the sun - light break - ing A - bove our homes a - gain.
Ad lib.

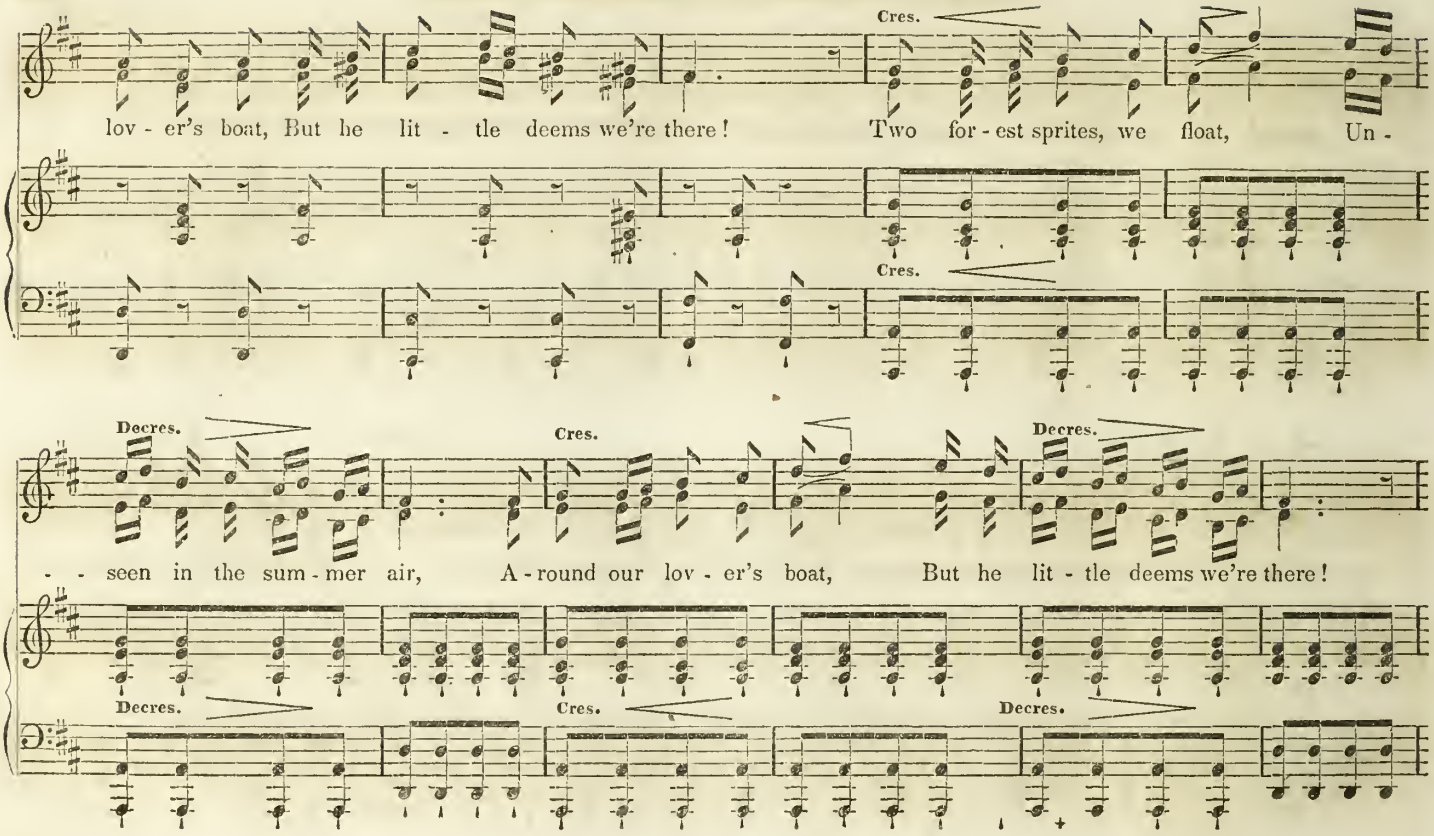

Allegro.
We are two for - est nymphs who dwell In the depth of the wood-land shade, There is not a mor - tal
who can tell How bright is the bower we've made! Two for - est nymphs we dwell In the
Cres.
Cres.

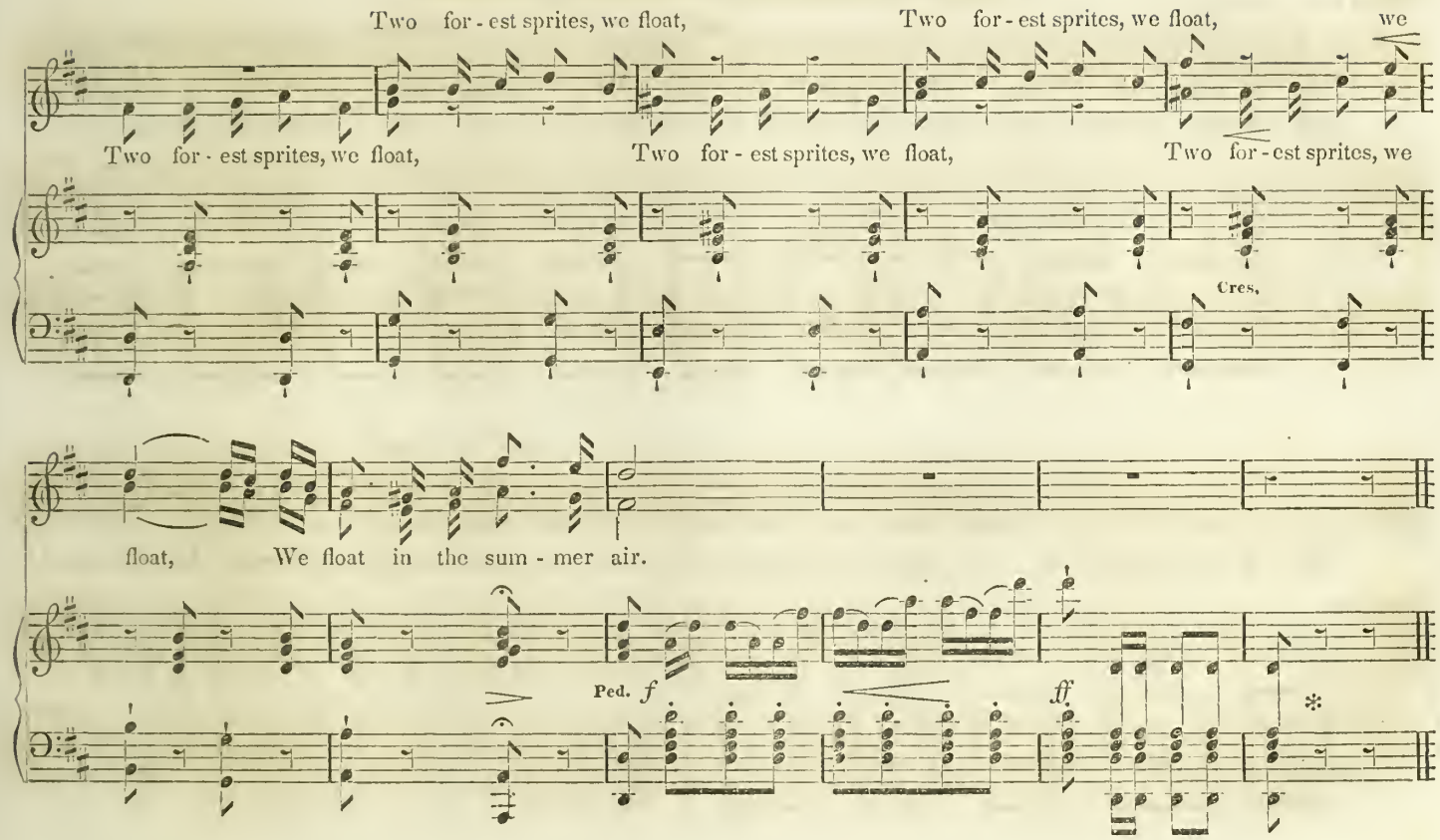

Decres.
Cres.
Decres.
depth of the wood - land shade, No mor - tal ere can tell How bright is the bower we've made!
Decres.
Cres.
Decres.
Two for - est nymphs we dwell, Two for - est nymphs we dwell, we
Two for - est nymphs we dwell, Two for - est nymphs we dwell, Two for - est nymphs we
Cres.


dwell, We dwell in the wood - land shade.
f Ped.
ff.
Allegretto. 1st VOICE. Dolce.
We lie all day, Where the streamlets play, Un - der the wa - ving boughs; In a sweet day dream, By the
p

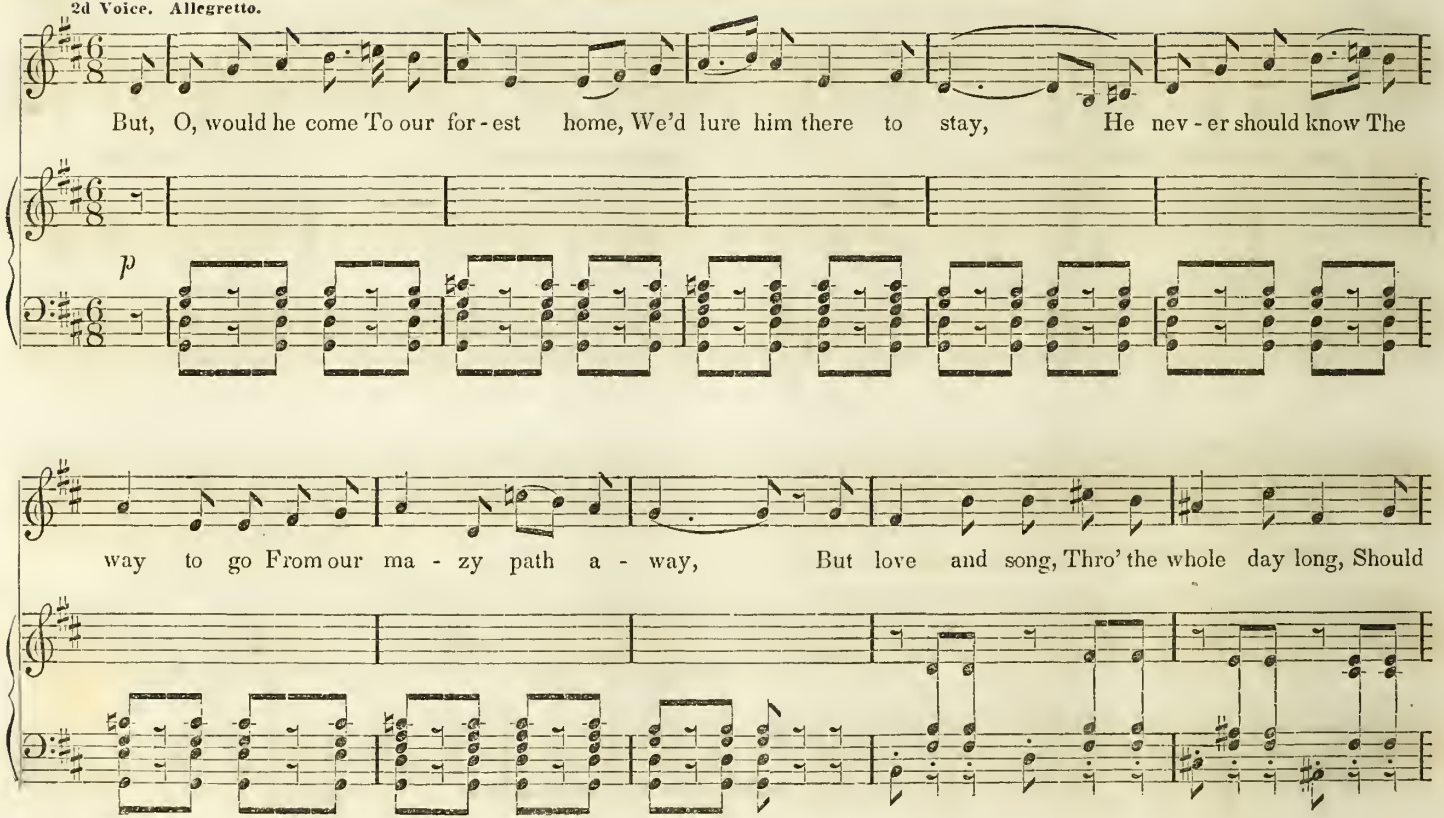

whisp'ring stream, And there we breathe our vows! But whom we love, Not the birds a - bove, Nor the
stream be - low can tell, For the for - est maid, She is sore a - fraid Of the wiles that with mor-tals

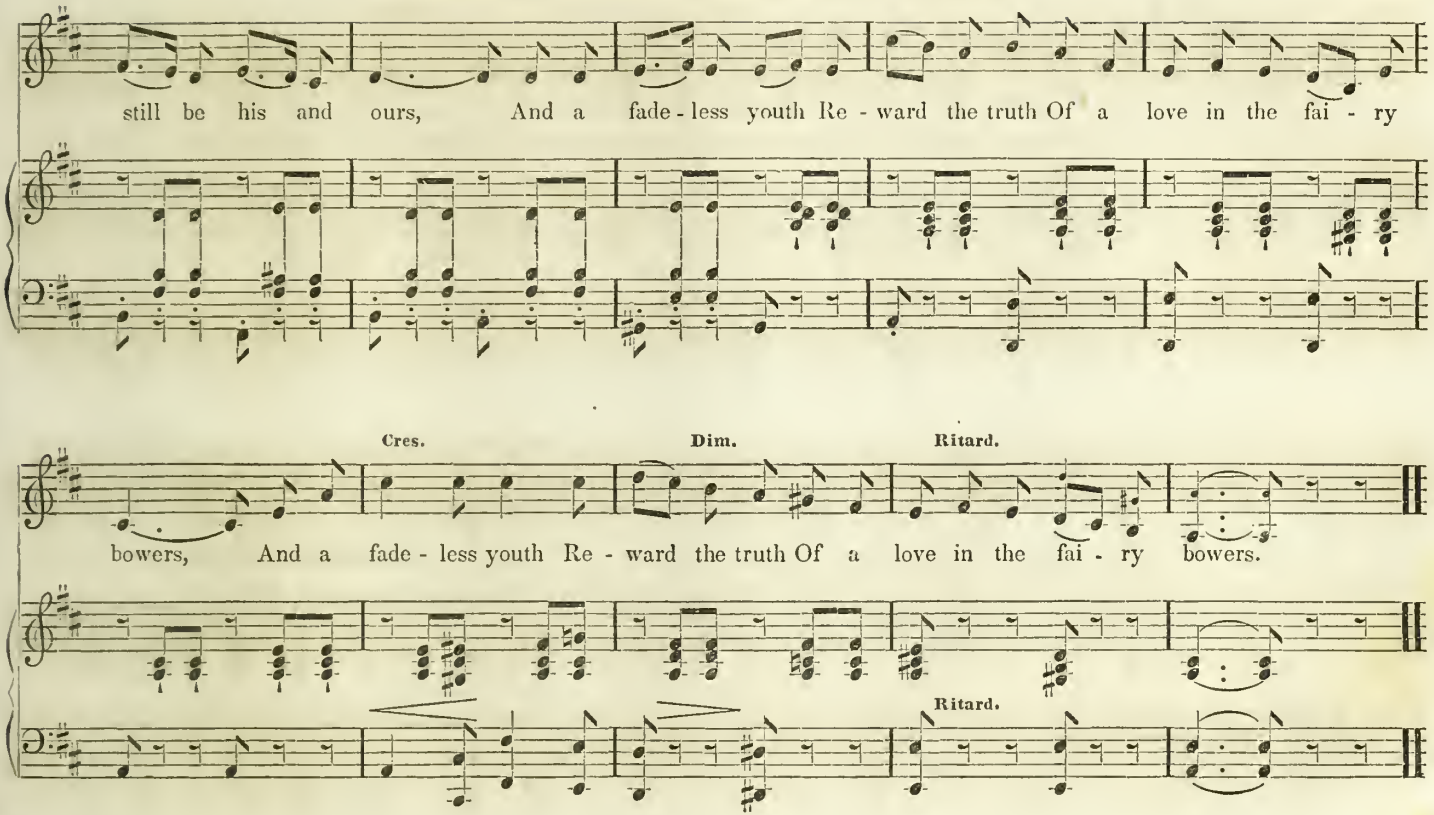

Ritard.
Cadenza ad lib.
dwell, For the for - est maid, She is sore a - fraid Of the wiles that with mor - tals dwell.
Ritard.
p
We are two for - est sprites who float Un - seen in the sum - mer air; We hov - er a - round our
pp

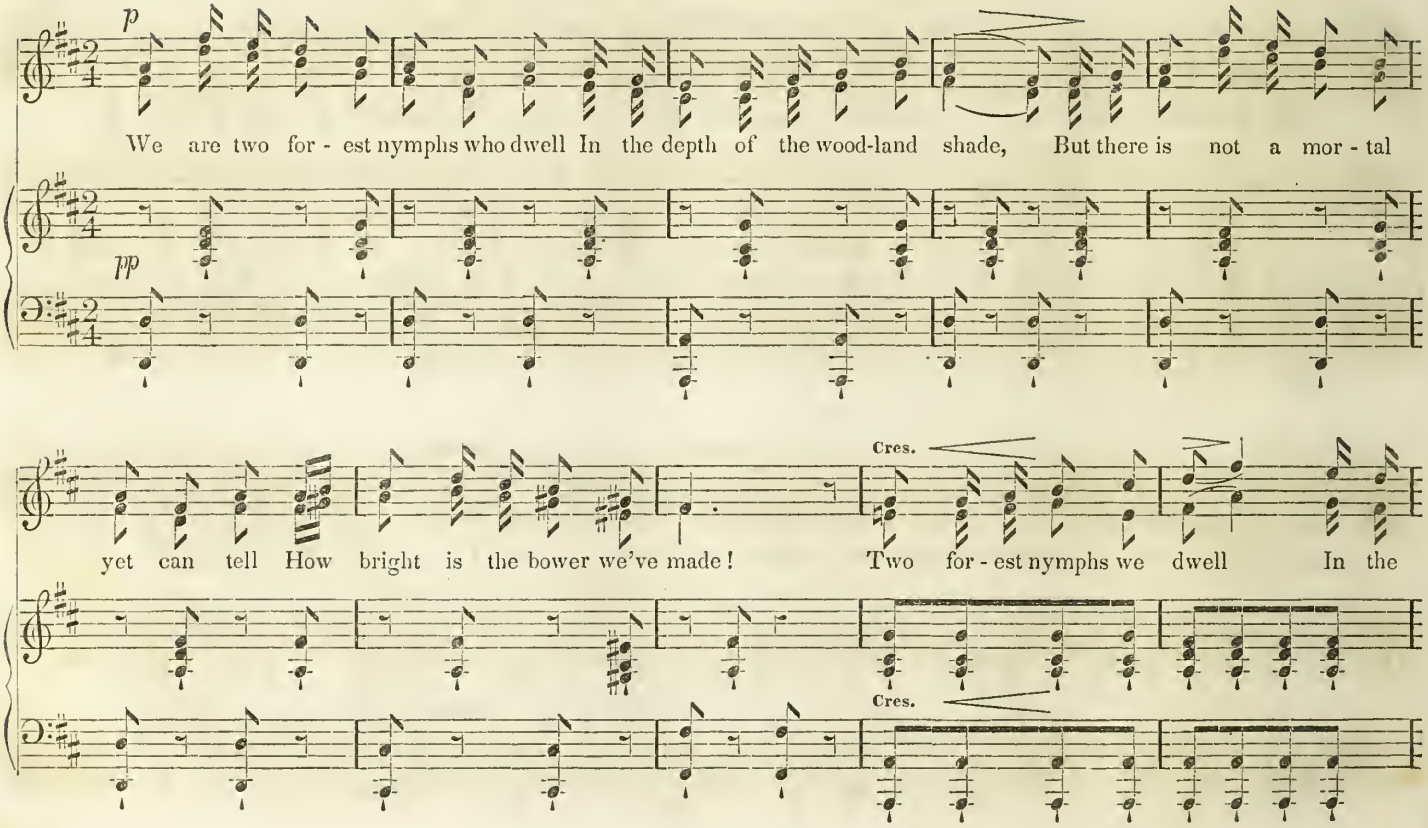

Cres.
lov - er's boat, But he lit - tle deems we're there! Two for - est sprites, we float, Un -
Cres.
Decres.
Cres.
Decres.
- - seen in the sum - mer air, A - round our lov - er's boat, But he lit - tle deems we're there!
Decres.
Cres.
Decres.

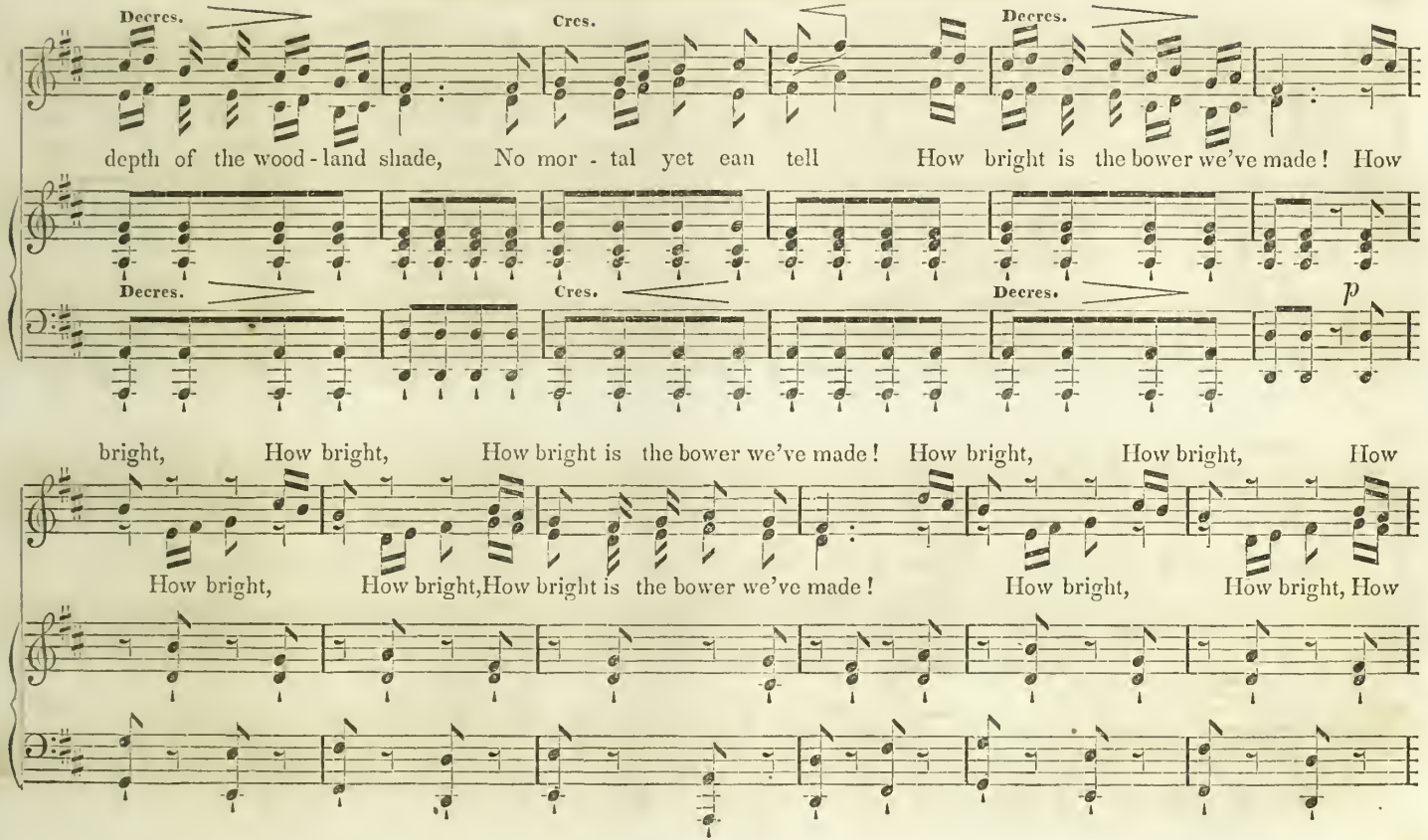

Two for - est sprites, we float,
Two for - est sprites, we float,
we
Two for - est sprites, we float,
Two for - est sprites, we float,
Two for - est sprites, we
Cres,
float,
We float in the sum - mer air.
Ped.
f
ff
*

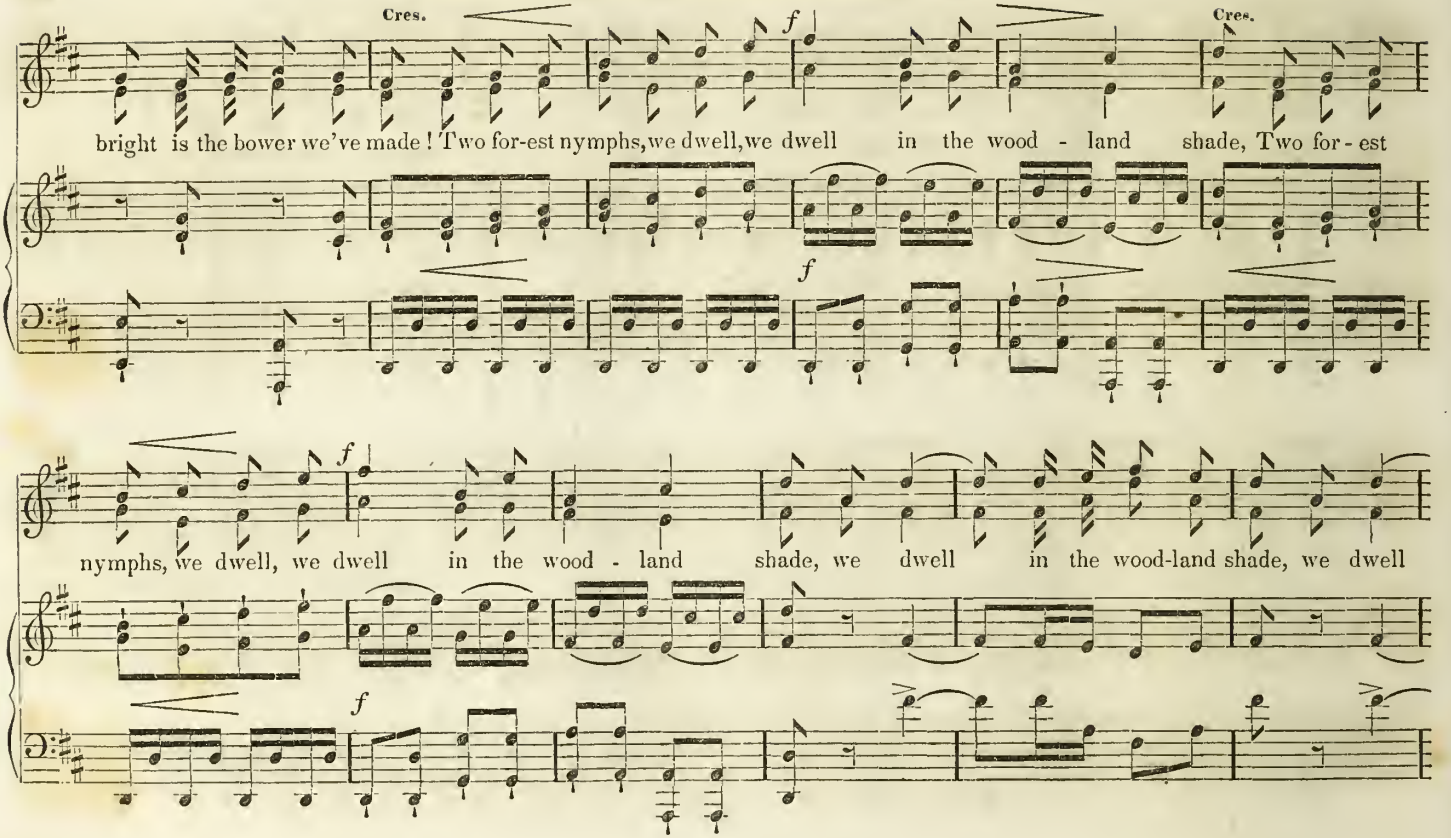
2d Voice. Allegretto.

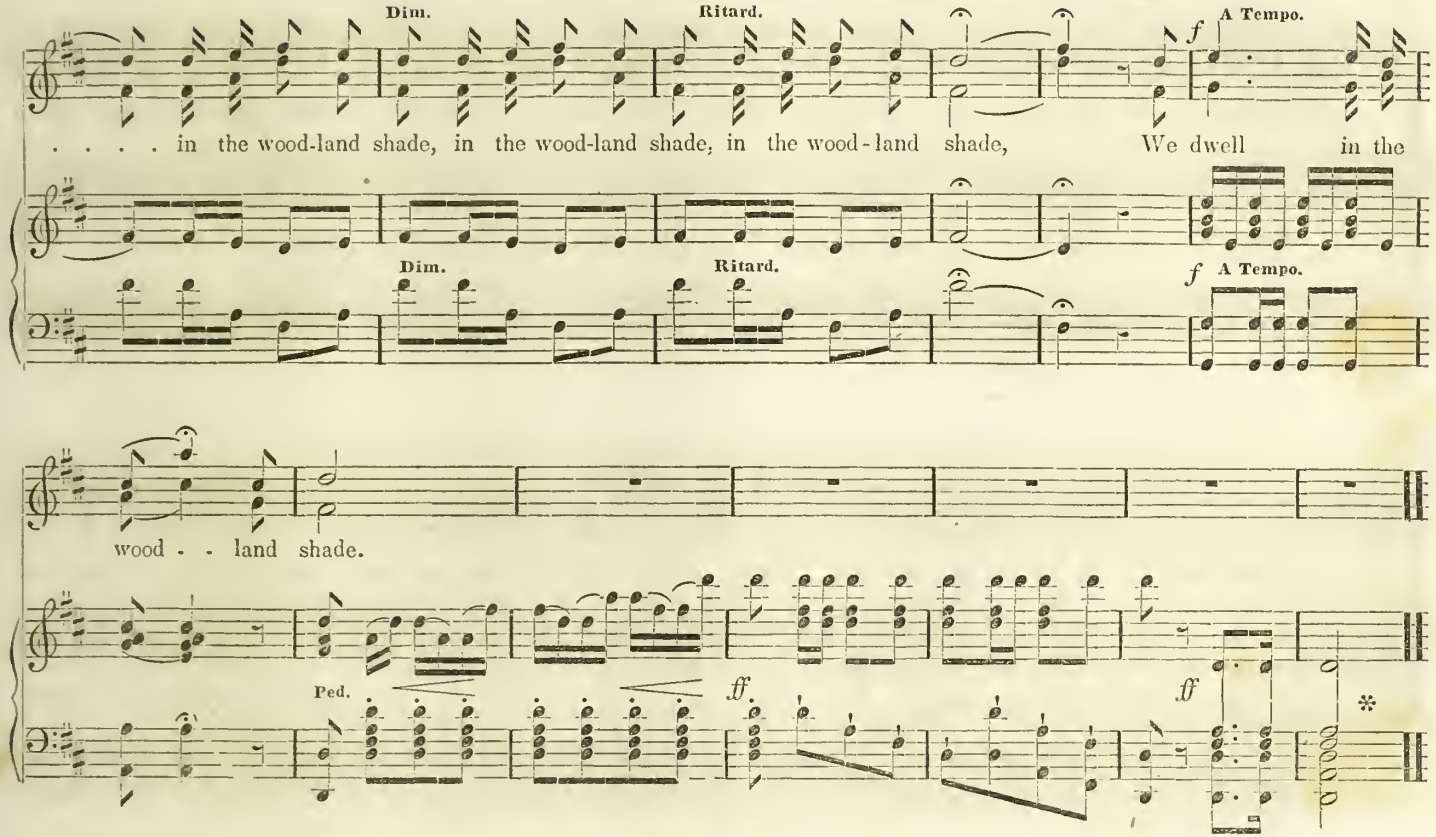


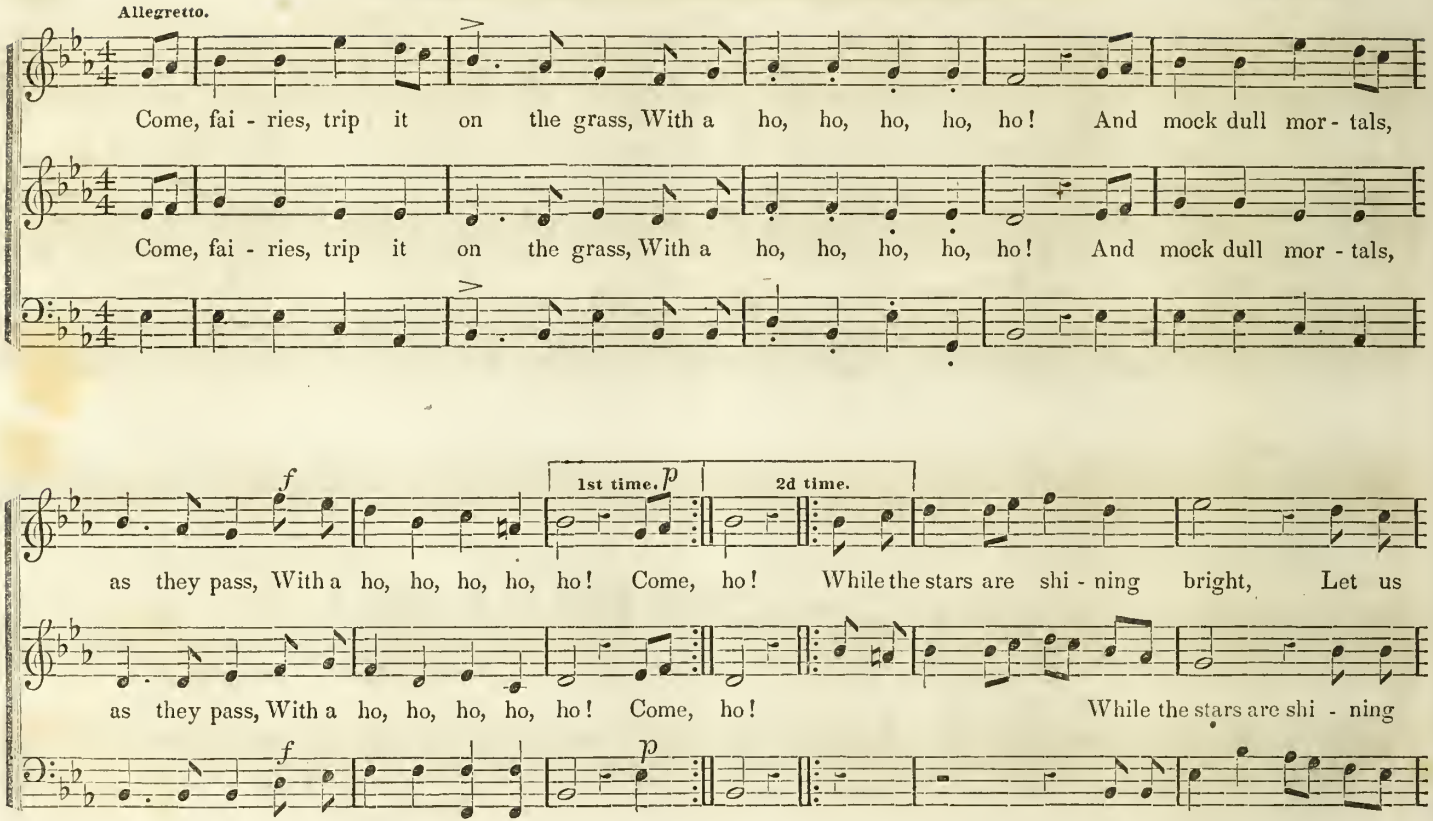

still be his and ours, And a fade - less youth Re - ward the truth Of a love in the fai - ry
Cres.
Dim.
Ritard.
bowers, And a fade - less youth Re - ward the truth Of a love in the fai - ry bowers.
Ritard.

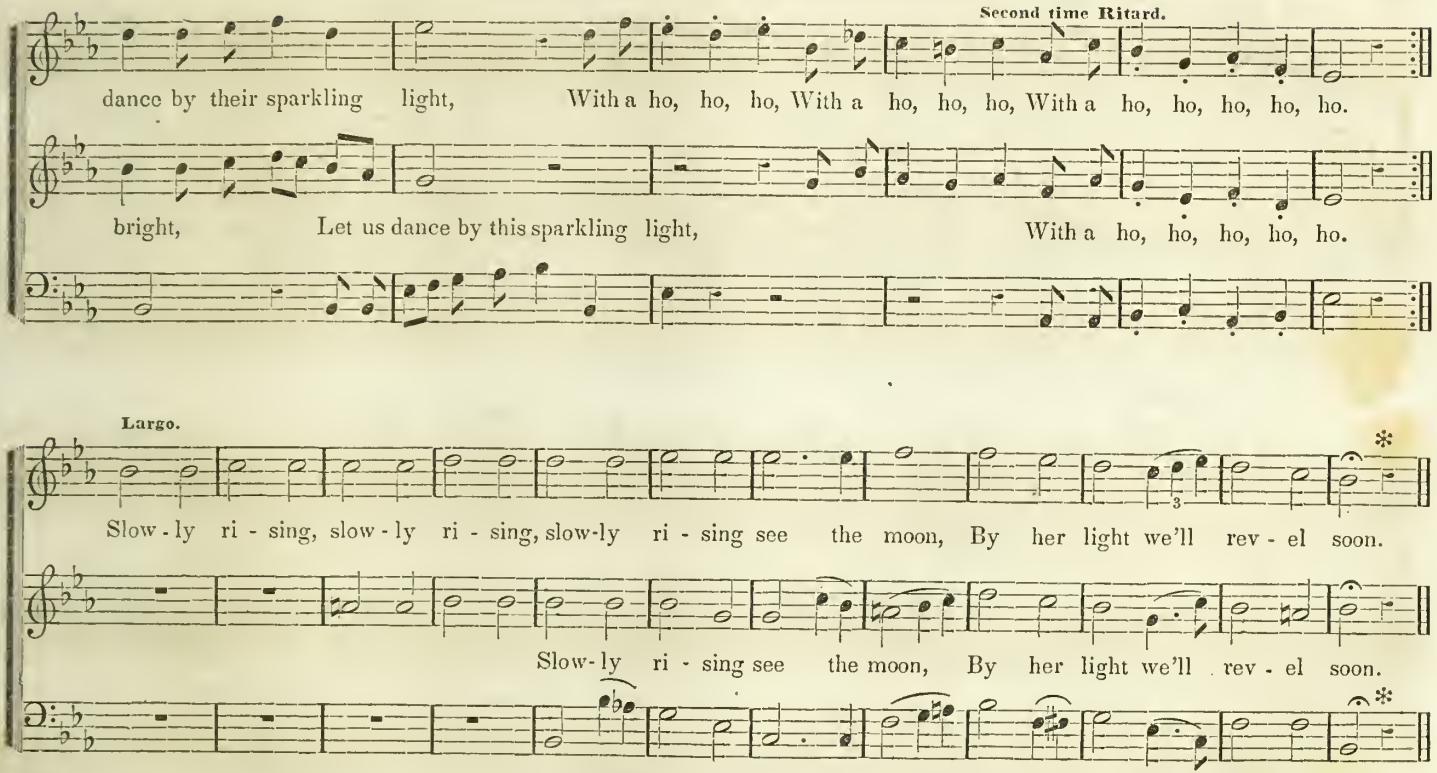

p
We are two for - est nymphs who dwell In the depth of the wood-land shade, But there is not a mor - tal
pp
yet can tell How bright is the bower we've made! Two for - est nymphs we dwell In the
Cres.
Cres.


Decres.
Cres.
Decres.
depth of the wood-land shade, No mor-tal yet can tell How bright is the bower we've made! How
Decres.
Cres.
Decres.
p
bright, How bright, How bright is the bower we've made! How bright, How bright, How
How bright, How bright, How bright is the bower we've made! How bright, How bright, How

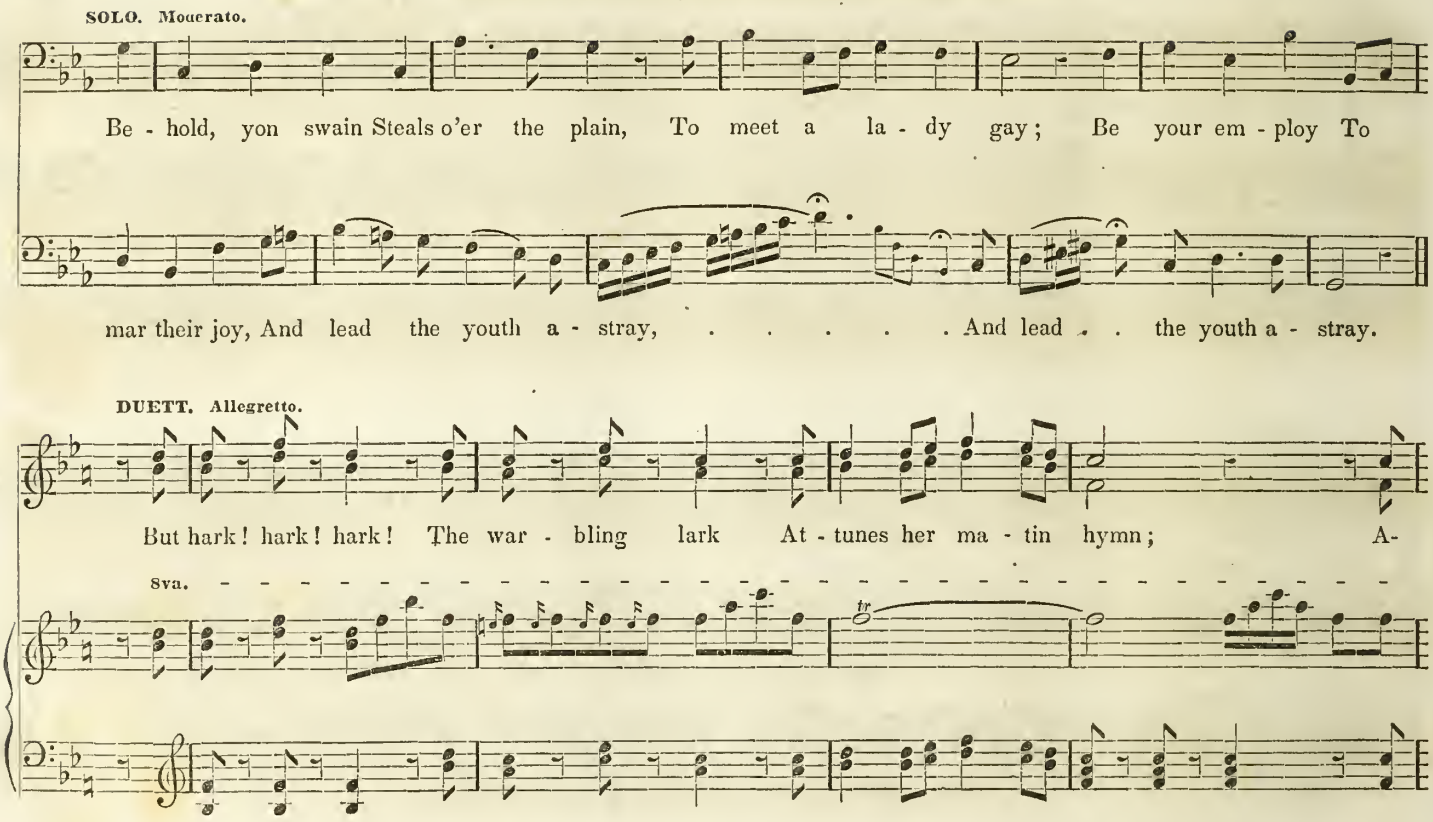

Cres.
f
Cres.
bright is the bower we've made! Two for-est nymphs, we dwell, we dwell in the wood - land shade, Two for - est
f
f
nymphs, we dwell, we dwell in the wood - land shade, we dwell in the wood-land shade, we dwell
f

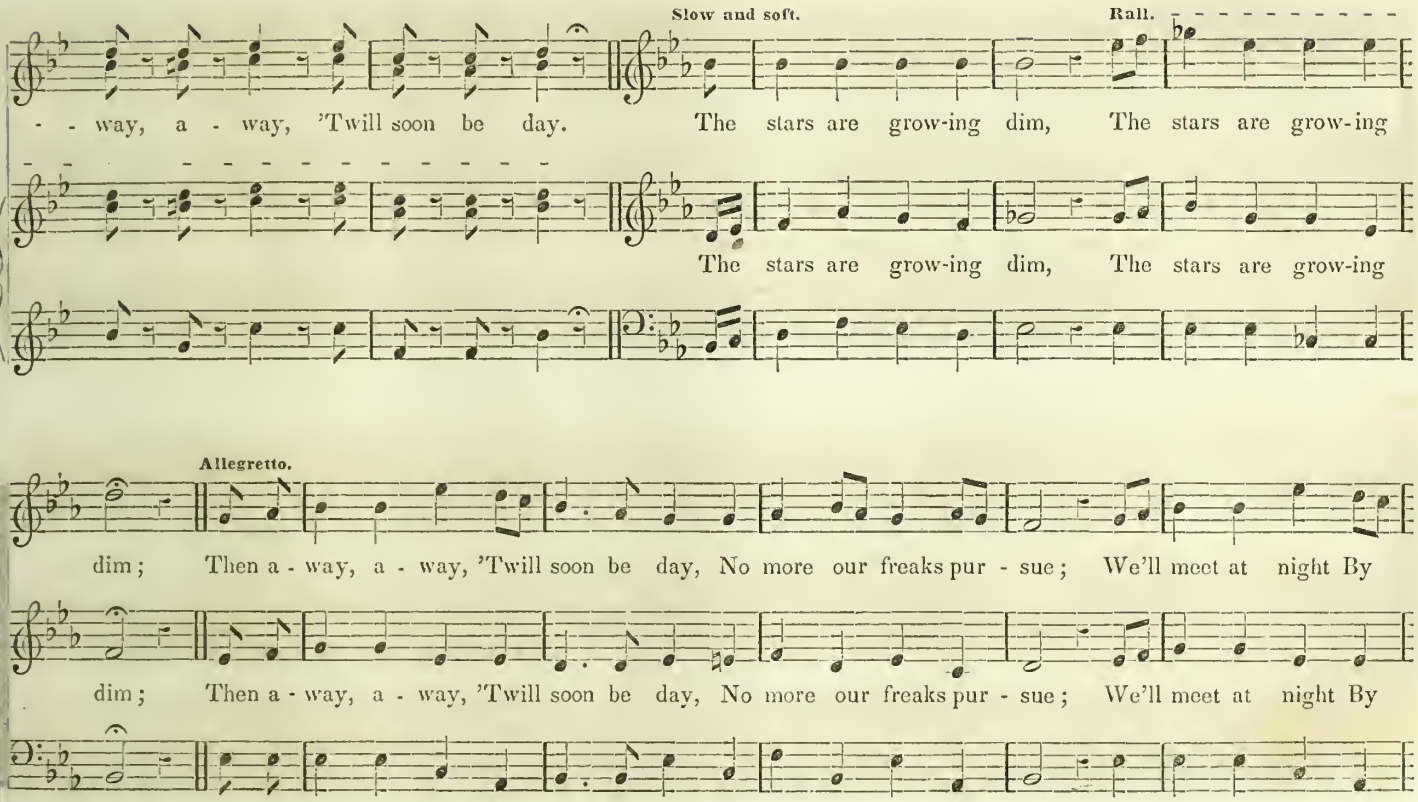

Dim.
Ritard.
f A Tempo.
. . . . in the wood-land shade, in the wood-land shade, in the wood-land shade, We dwell in the
Dim.
Ritard.
f A Tempo.
wood - - land shade.
Ped.
ff.
ff.
*

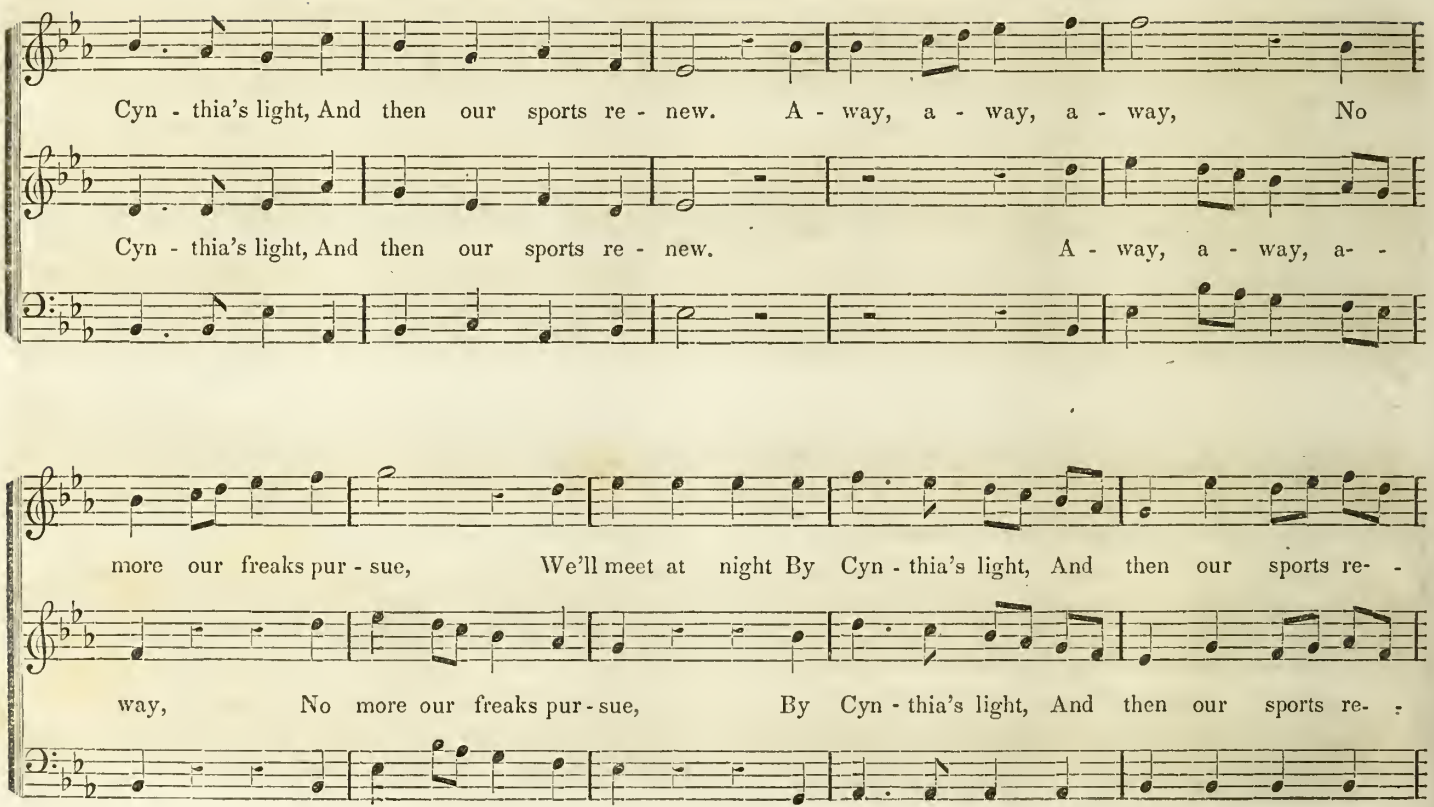

Allegretto.
Come, fai - ries, trip it on the grass, With a ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! And mock dull mor - tals,
Come, fai - ries, trip it on the grass, With a ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! And mock dull mor - tals,
f
1st time. p
2d time.
as they pass, With a ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! Come, ho! While the stars are shi - ning bright, Let us
as they pass, With a ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! Come, ho! While the stars are shi - ning
f
p

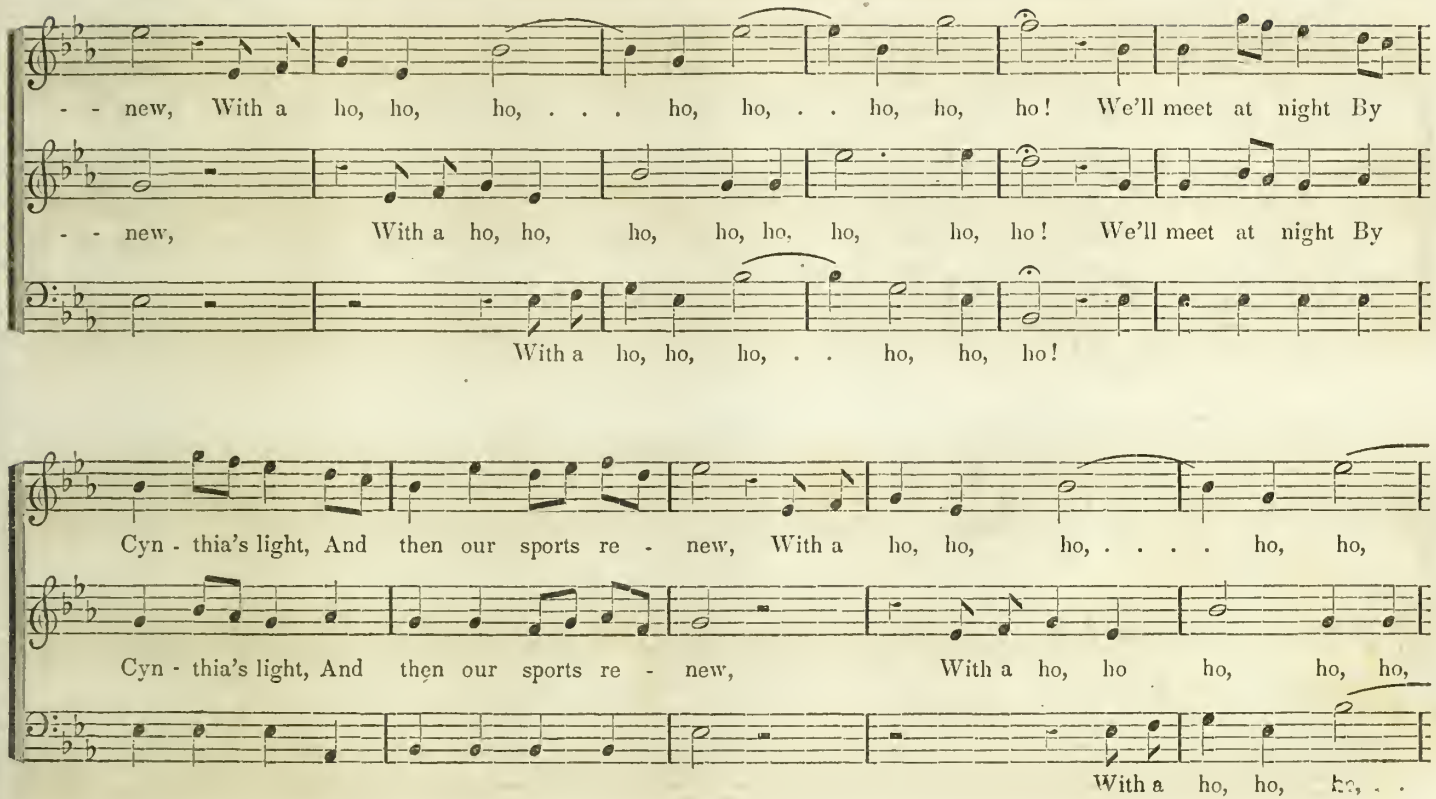


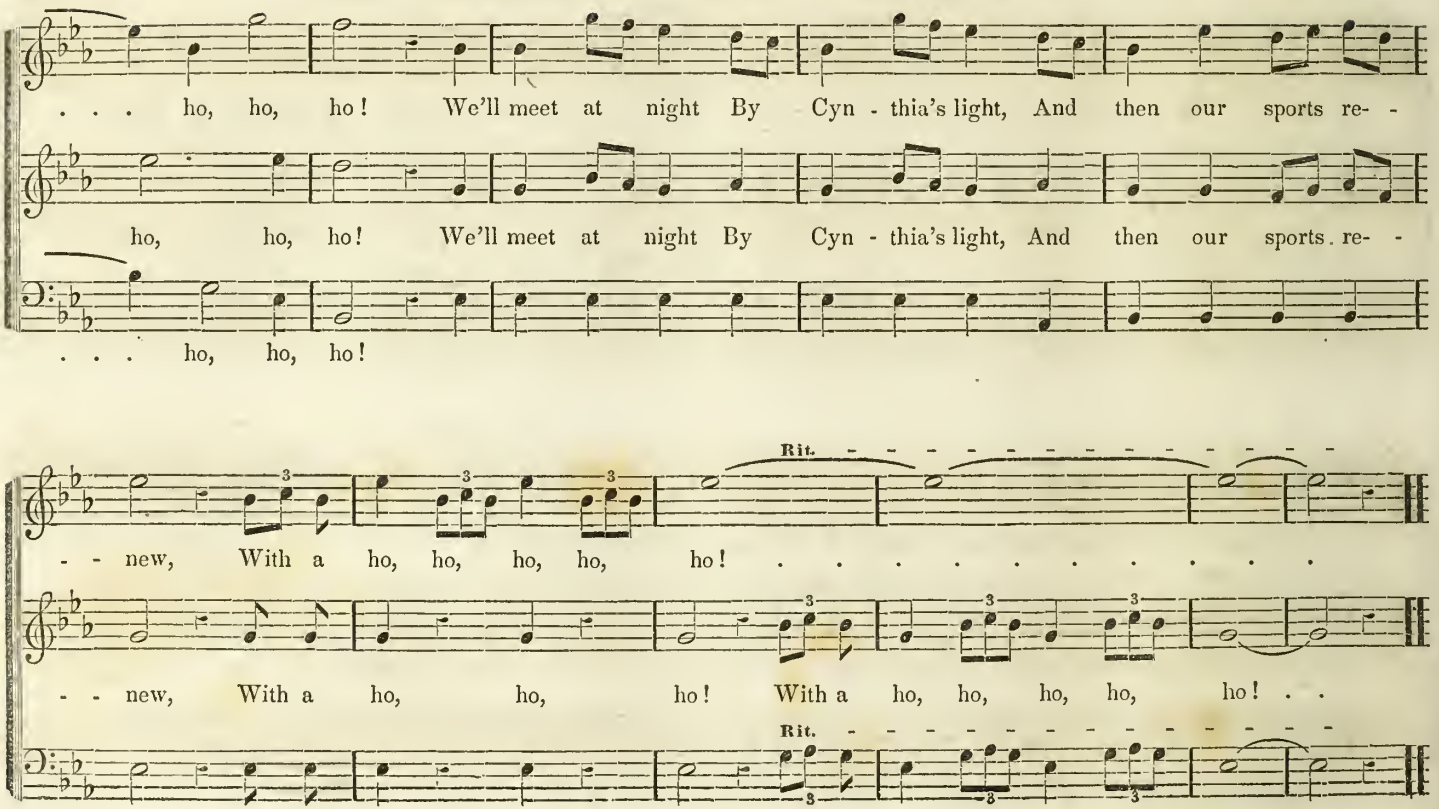
* Repeat first and second sections, then go to the following Solo.

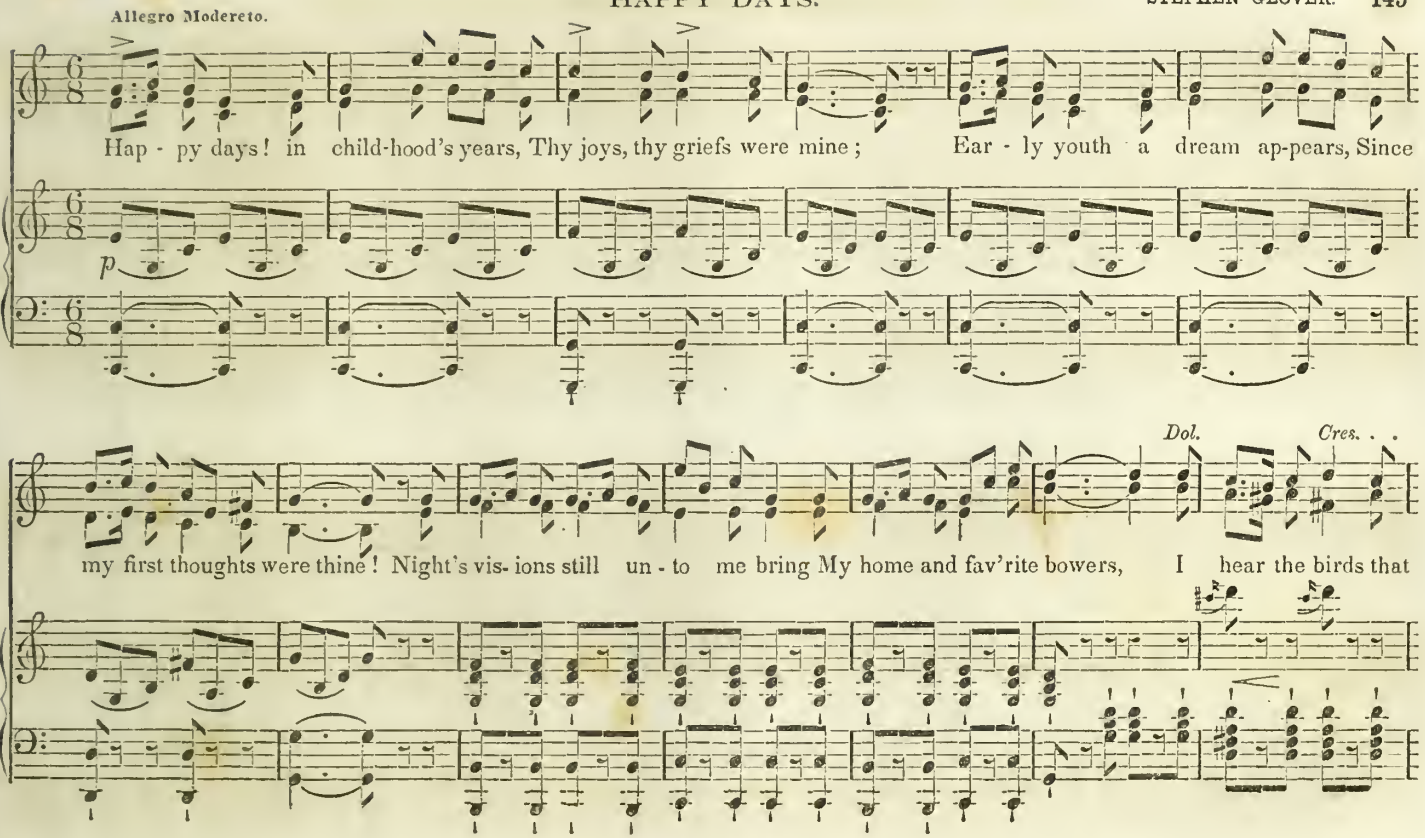

SOLO. Moderato.
Be - hold, yon swain Steals o'er the plain, To meet a la - dy gay; Be your em - ploy To
mar their joy, And lead the youth a - stray, ... And lead . . the youth a - stray.
DUETT. Allegretto.
But hark! hark! hark! The war - bling lark At - tunes her ma - tin hymn; A-
8va.
tr

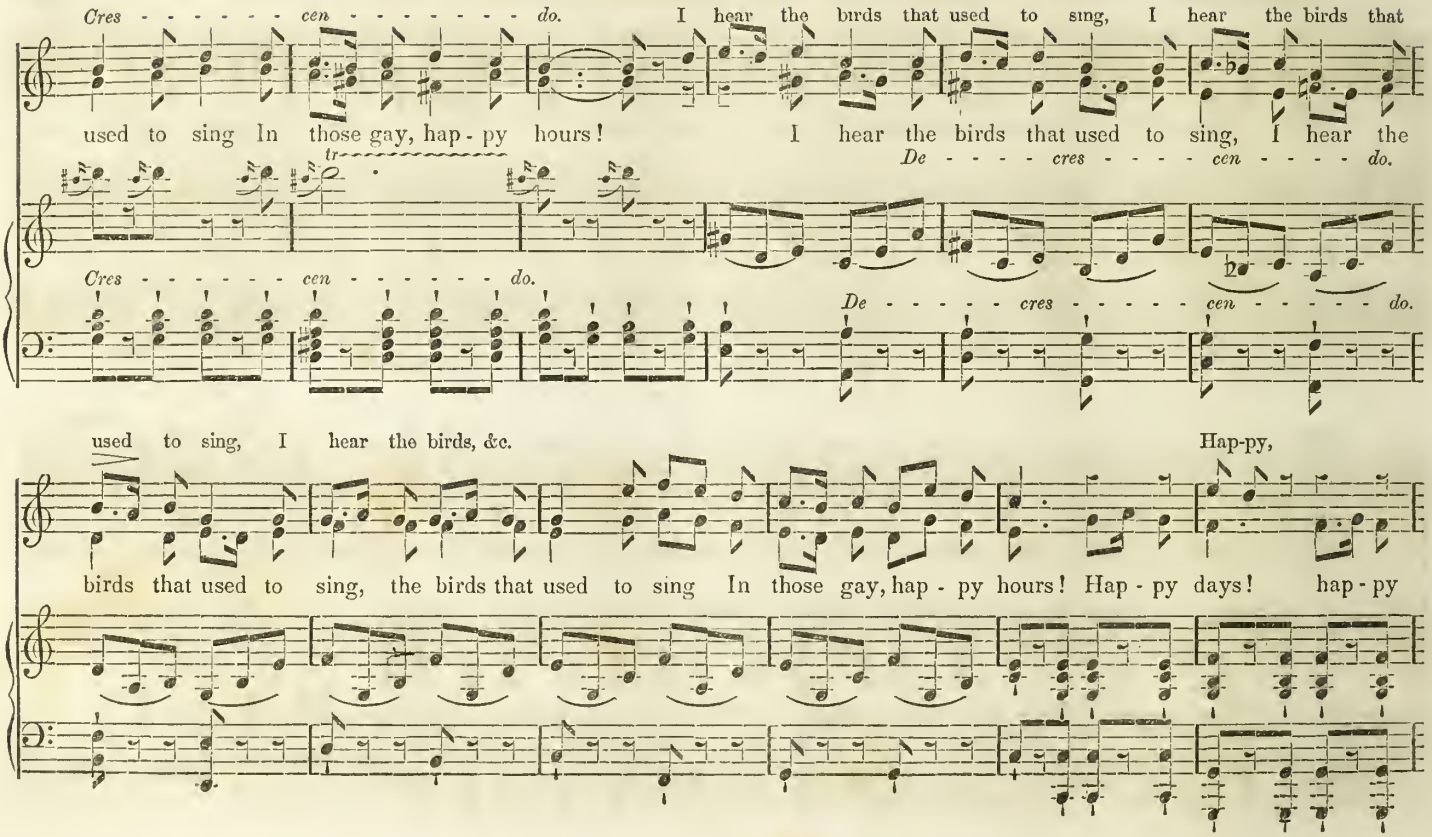

Slow and soft.
Rall.
- - way, a - way, 'Twill soon be day. The stars are grow-ing dim, The stars are grow-ing
The stars are grow-ing dim, The stars are grow-ing
Allegretto.
dim; Then a - way, a - way, 'Twill soon be day, No more our freaks pur - sue; We'll meet at night By
dim; Then a - way, a - way, 'Twill soon be day, No more our freaks pur - sue; We'll meet at night By


Cyn - thia's light, And then our sports re - new. A - way, a - way, a - way, No
Cyn - thia's light, And then our sports re - new. A - way, a - way, a- -
more our freaks pur - sue, We'll meet at night By Cyn - thia's light, And then our sports re- -
way, No more our freaks pur - sue, By Cyn - thia's light, And then our sports re- -

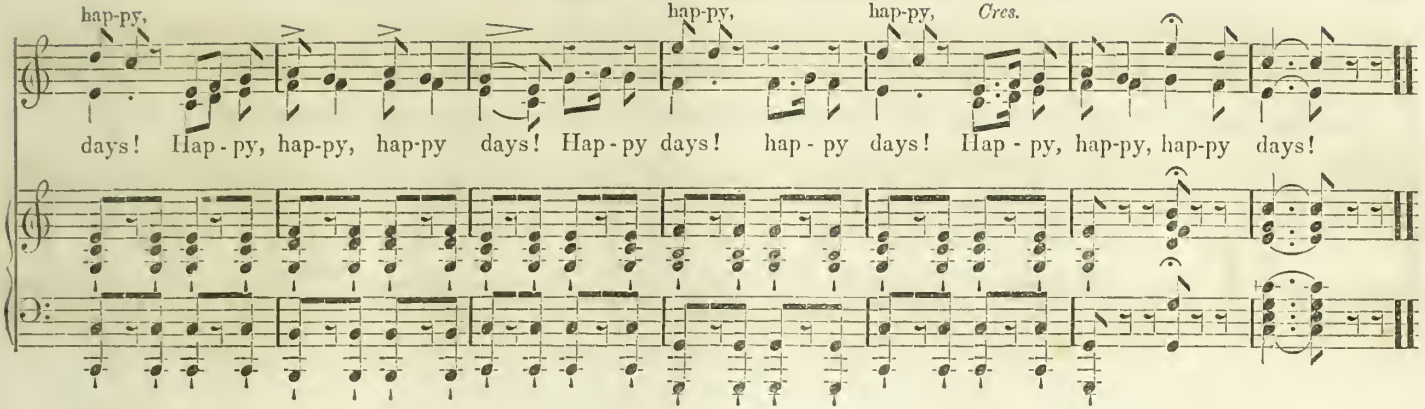

- - new, With a ho, ho, ho, . . . ho, ho, . . ho, ho, ho! We'll meet at night By
- - new, With a ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! We'll meet at night By
With a ho, ho, ho, . . ho, ho, ho!
Cyn - thia's light, And then our sports re - new, With a ho, ho, ho, ... ho, ho,
Cyn - thia's light, And then our sports re - new, With a ho, ho ho, ho, ho,
With a ho, ho, ho, . .


. . . ho, ho, ho! We'll meet at night By Cyn - thia's light, And then our sports re- -
ho, ho, ho! We'll meet at night By Cyn - thia's light, And then our sports re- -
. . . ho, ho, ho!
Rit.
- - new, With a ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! . . . . . .
- - new, With a ho, ho, ho! With a ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! . .
Rit.


Allegro Modereto.
Hap - py days! in child-hood's years, Thy joys, thy griefs were mine; Ear - ly youth a dream ap-pears, Since
p
Dol.
Cres. . .
my first thoughts were thine! Night's vis- ions still un - to me bring My home and fav'rite bowers, I hear the birds that

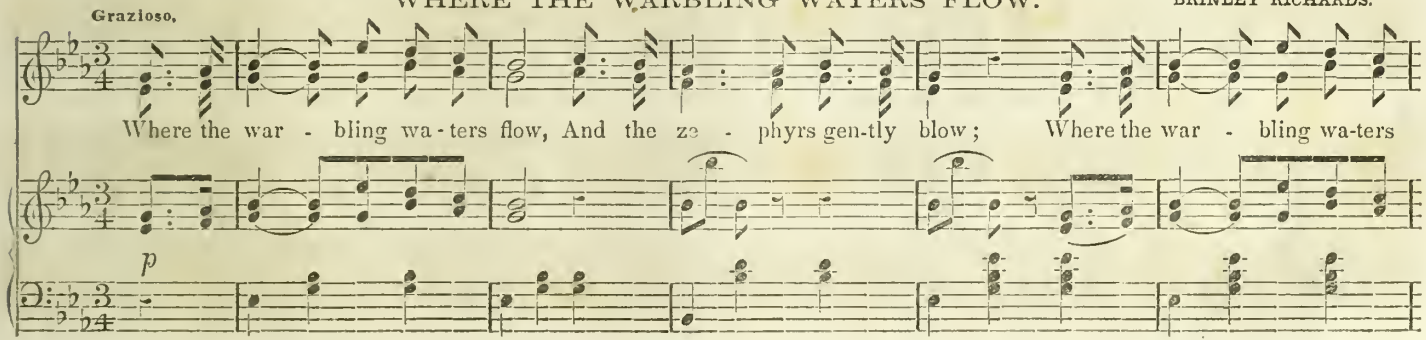

Cres - - - - - - cen - - - - - - - do. I hear the birds that used to sing, I hear the birds that
used to sing In those gay, hap - py hours! I hear the birds that used to sing, I hear the
tr
De - - - - cres - - - - cen - - - - do.
Cres - - - - - - cen - - - - - - - do.
De - - - - - - cres - - - - - - cen - - - - - - do.
used to sing, I hear the birds, &c.
Hap-py,
birds that used to sing, the birds that used to sing In those gay, hap - py hours! Hap - py days! hap - py

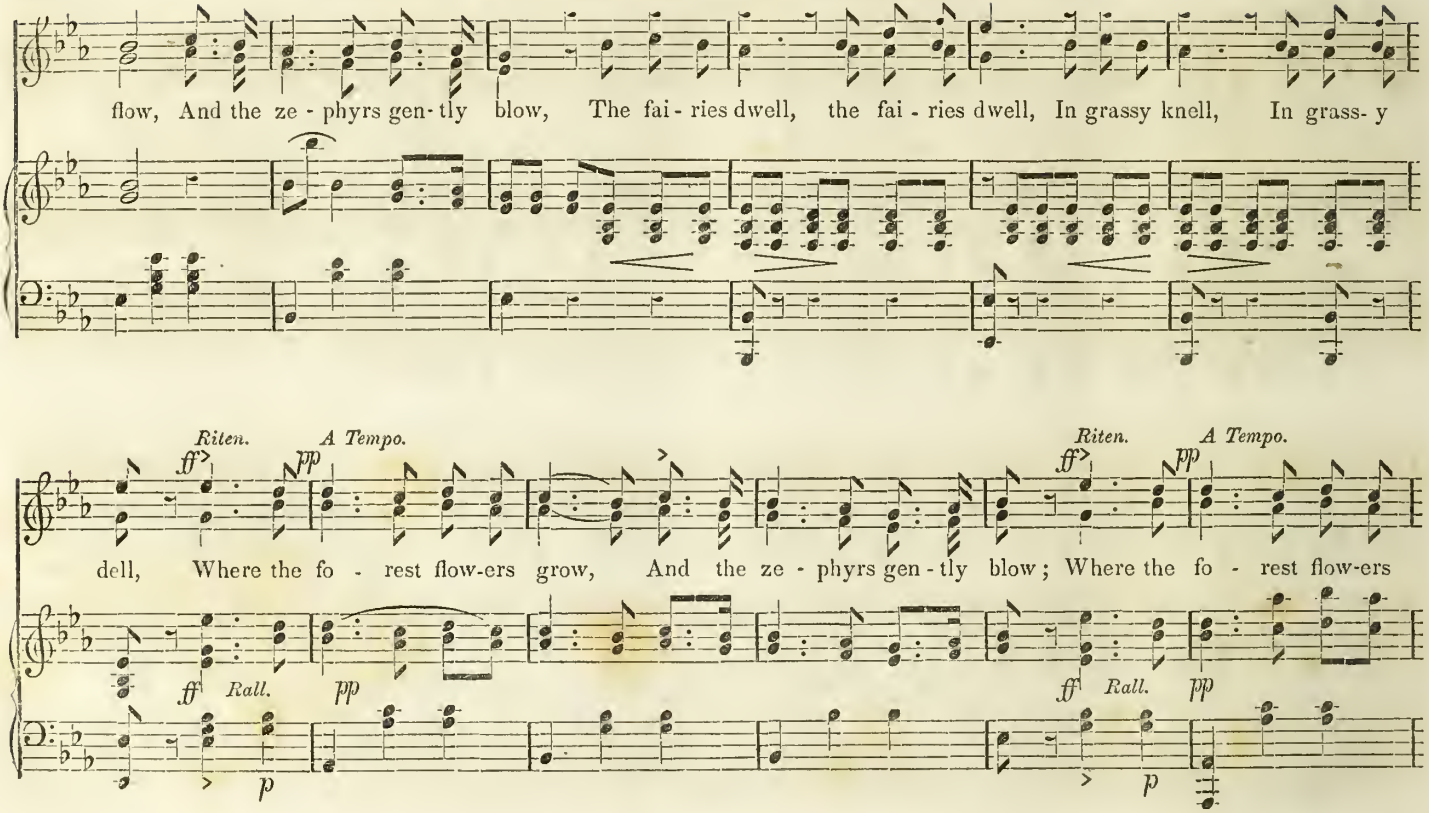
HAPPY DAYS. (Concluded.)

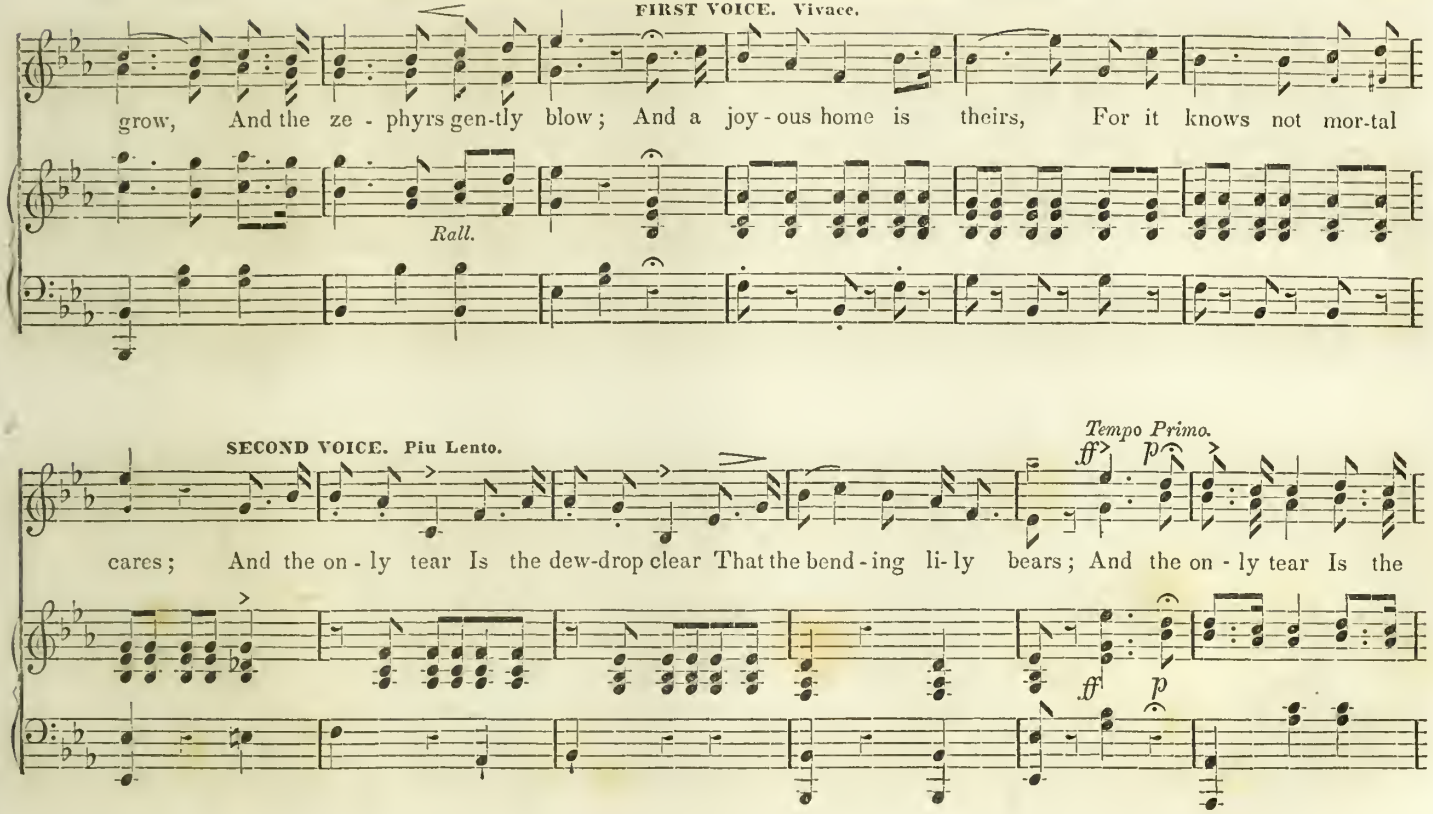


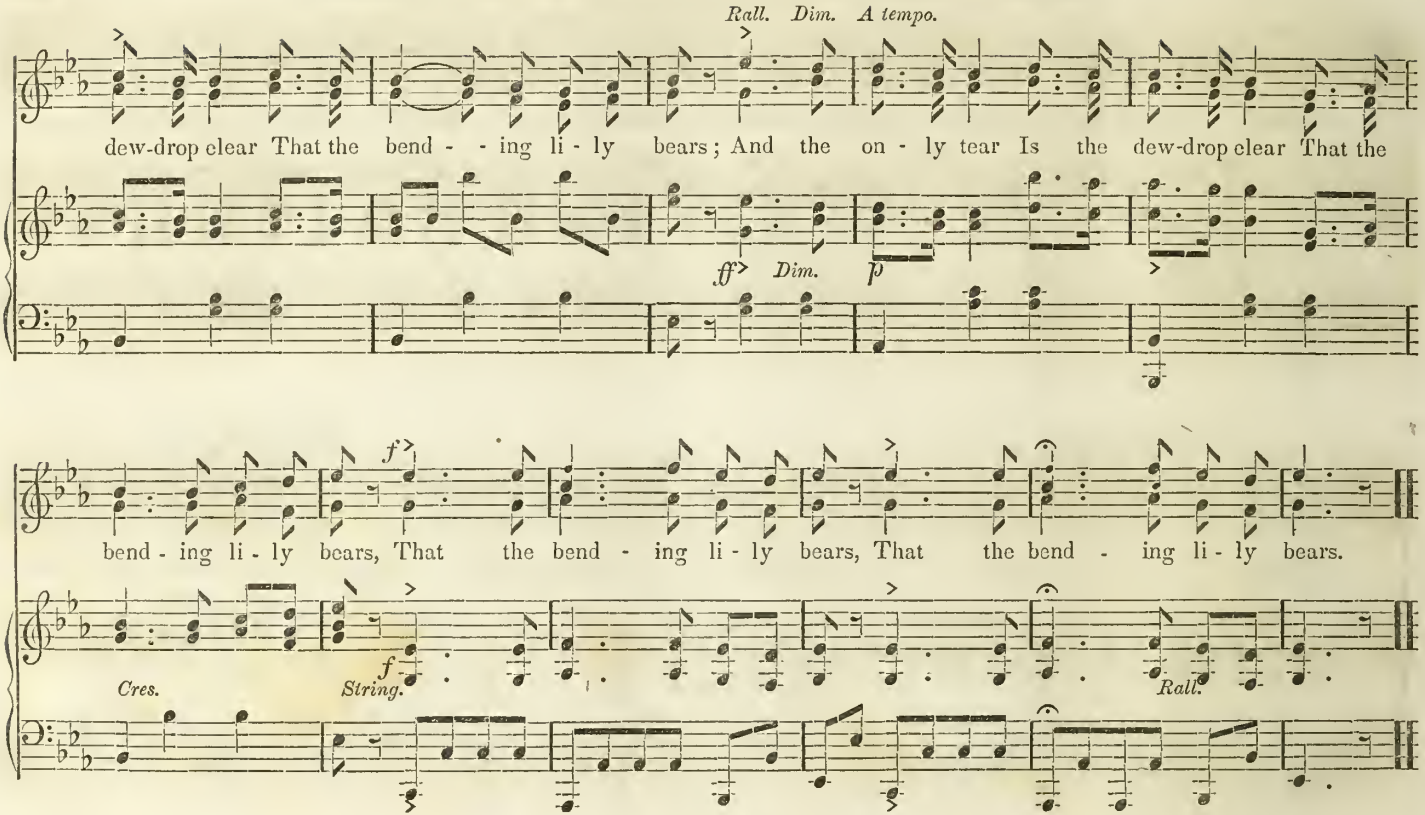
WHERE THE WARBLING WATERS FLOW.

BRINLEY RICHARDS.




flow, And the ze - phyrs gen-tly blow, The fai - ries dwell, the fai - ries dwell, In grassy knell, In grass- y
Riten.
A Tempo.
Riten.
A Tempo.
dell, Where the fo - rest flow-ers grow, And the ze - phyrs gen - tly blow; Where the fo - rest flow-ers
Rall.
Rall.

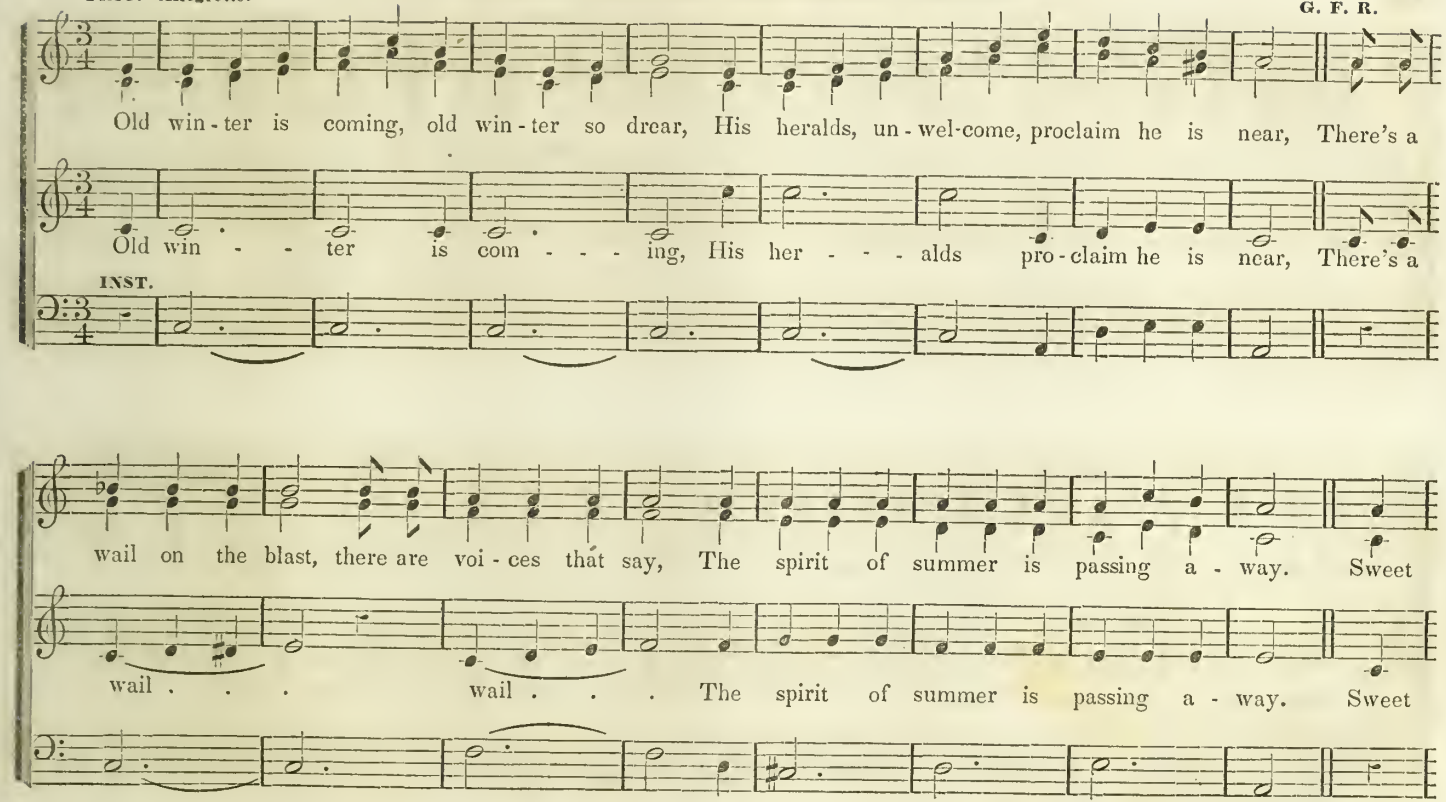

FIRST VOICE. Vivace.
grow, And the ze - phyrs gen-tly blow; And a joy - ous home is theirs, For it knows not mor-tal
Rall.
SECOND VOICE. Piu Lento.
Tempo Primo.
ff
p
cares; And the on - ly tear Is the dew-drop clear That the bend - ing li - ly bears; And the on - ly tear Is the
ff
p

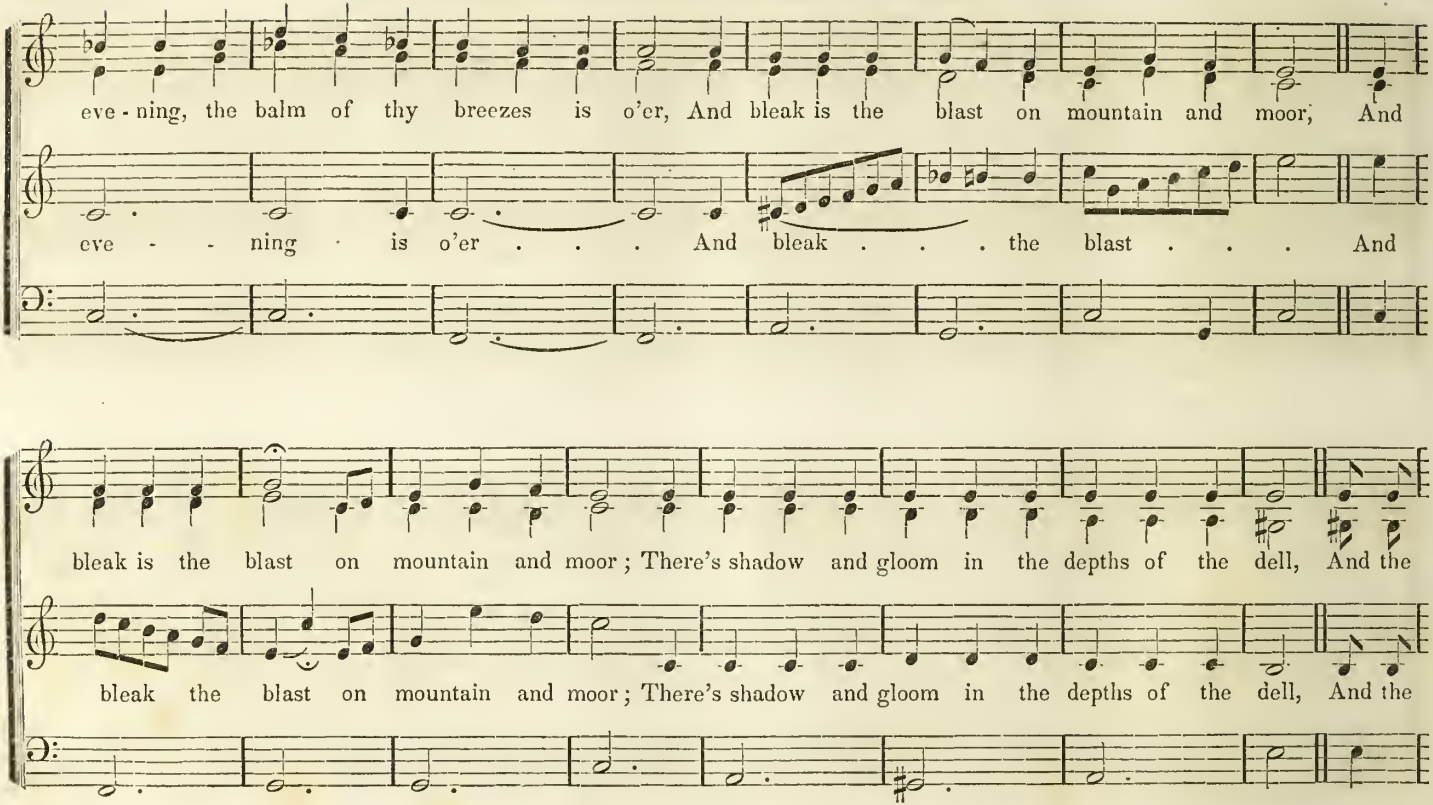

Rall. Dim. A tempo.
dew-drop clear That the bend - - ing li - ly bears; And the on - ly tear Is the dew-drop clear That the
ff Dim. p
bend - ing li - ly bears, That the bend - ing li - ly bears, That the bend - ing li - ly bears.
f
Cres.
f
String.
Rall.

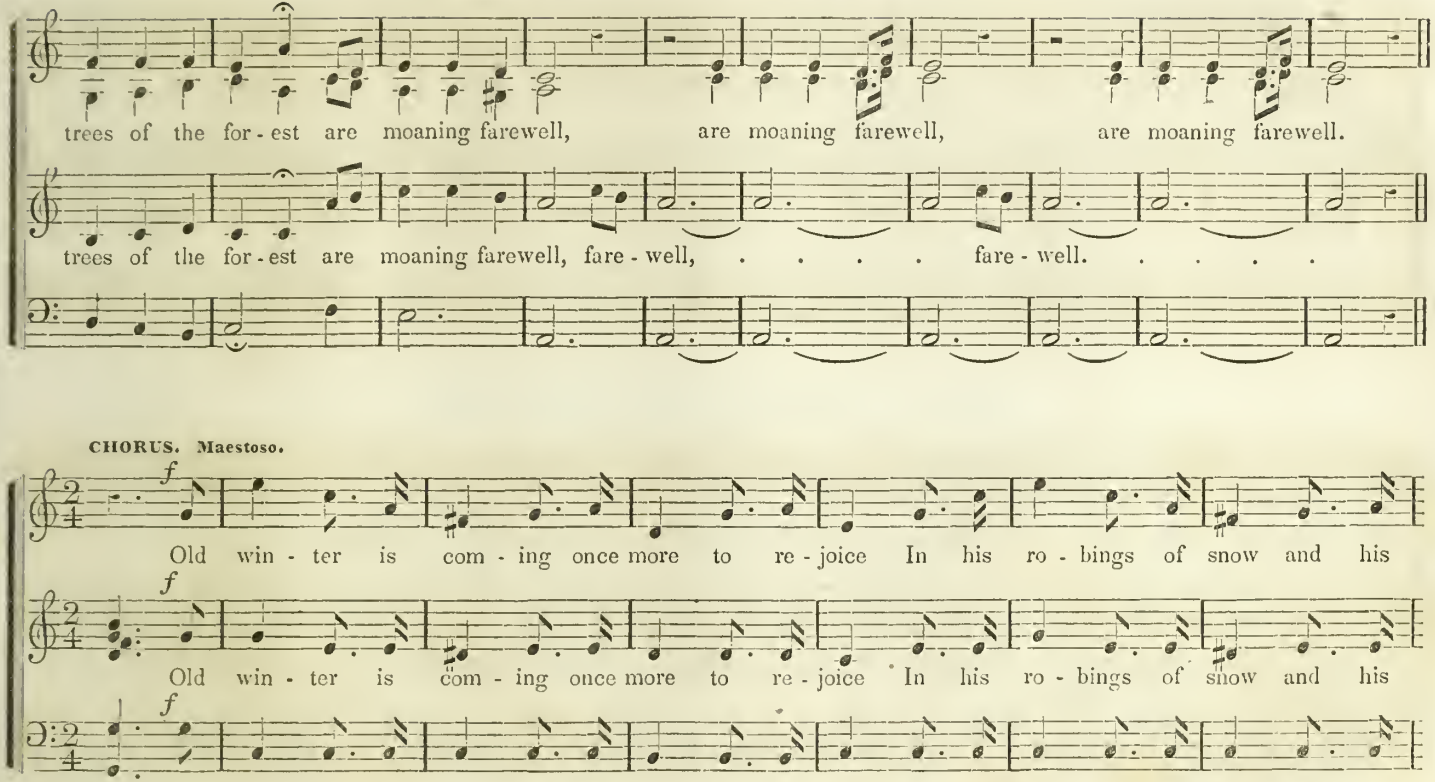
OLD WINTER IS COMING. (TRIO AND CHORUS.)

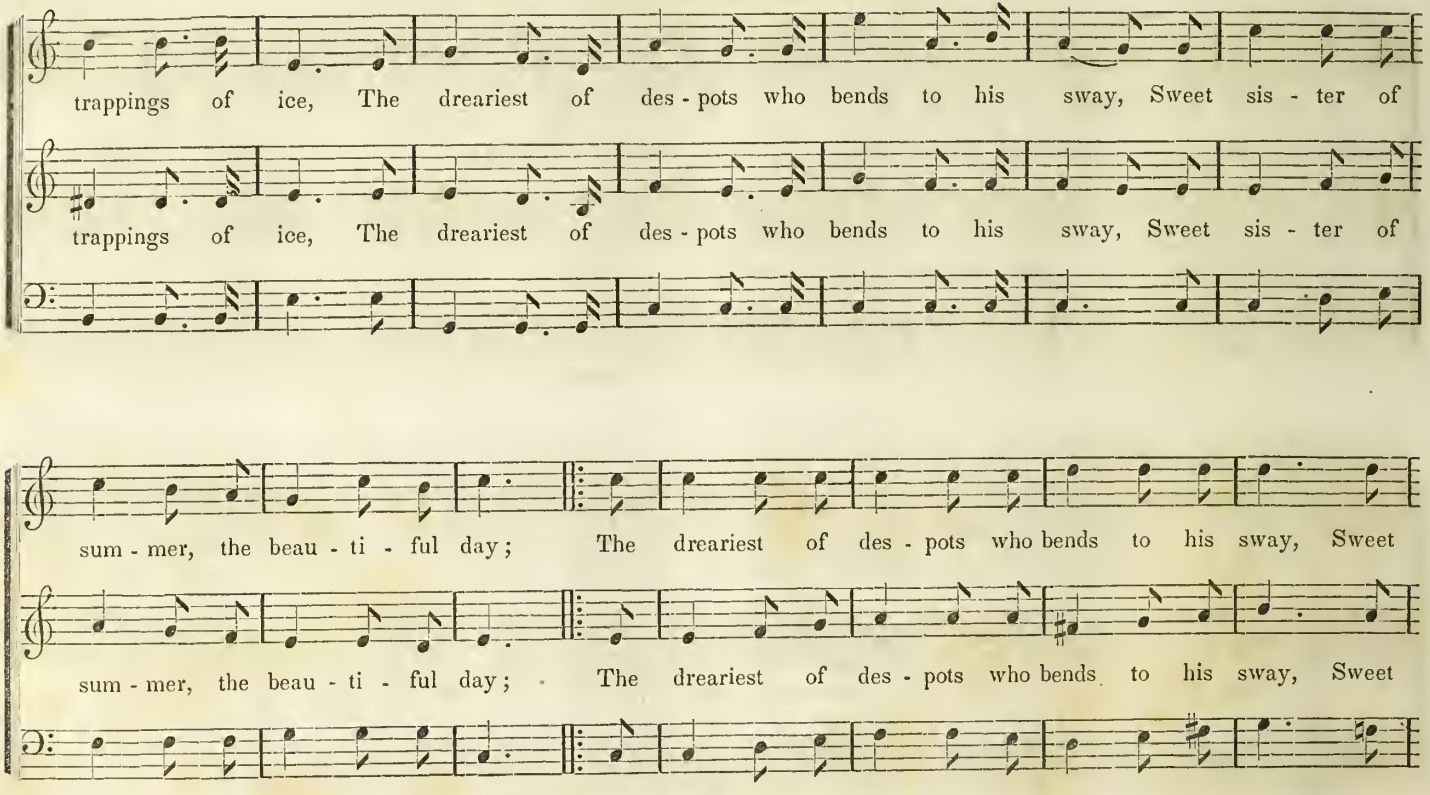
TRIO. Allegretto.

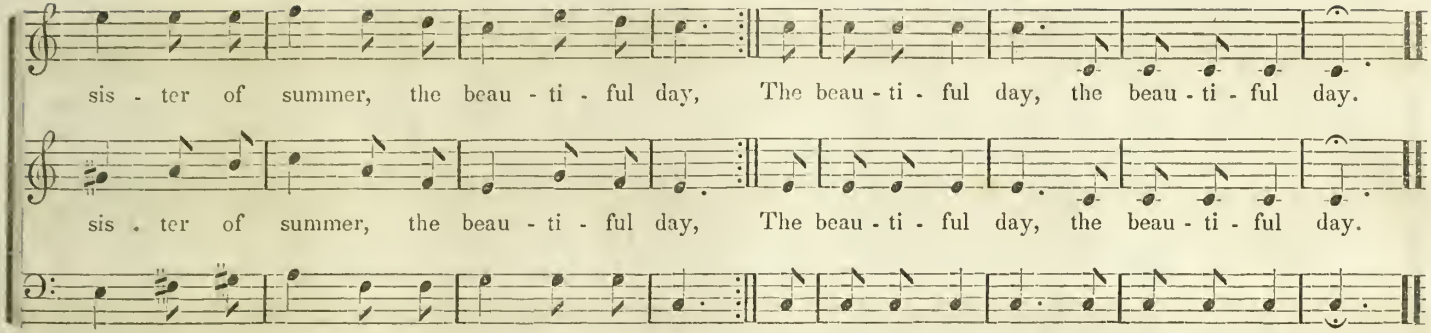
G. F. R.




eve - ning, the balm of thy breezes is o'er, And bleak is the blast on mountain and moor, And
eve - - ning · is o'er . . . And bleak . . . the blast . . . And
bleak is the blast on mountain and moor; There's shadow and gloom in the depths of the dell, And the
bleak the blast on mountain and moor; There's shadow and gloom in the depths of the dell, And the

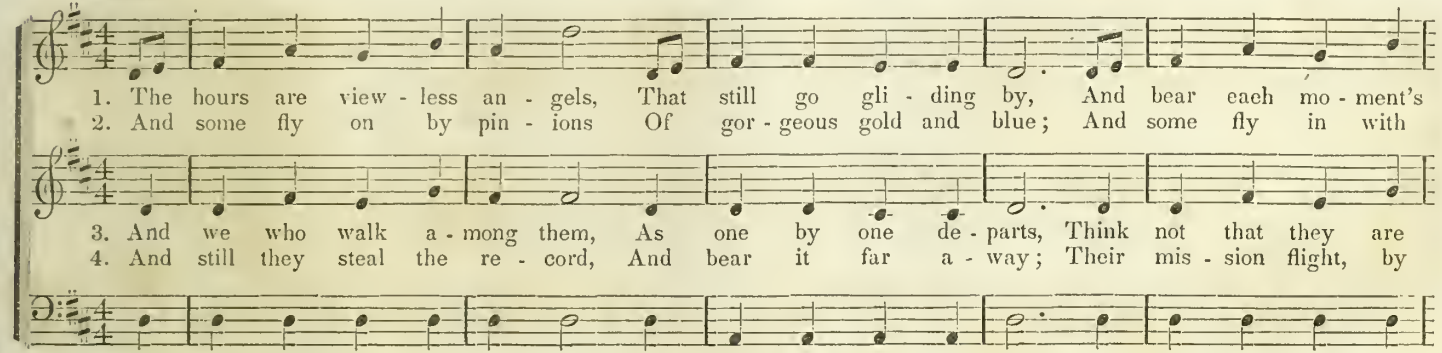

trees of the for - est are moaning farewell, are moaning farewell, are moaning farewell.
trees of the for - est are moaning farewell, fare - well, ... fare - well. . . . .
CHORUS. Maestoso.
f
Old win - ter is com - ing once more to re - joice In his ro - bings of snow and his
f
Old win - ter is com - ing once more to re - joice In his ro - bings of snow and his
f

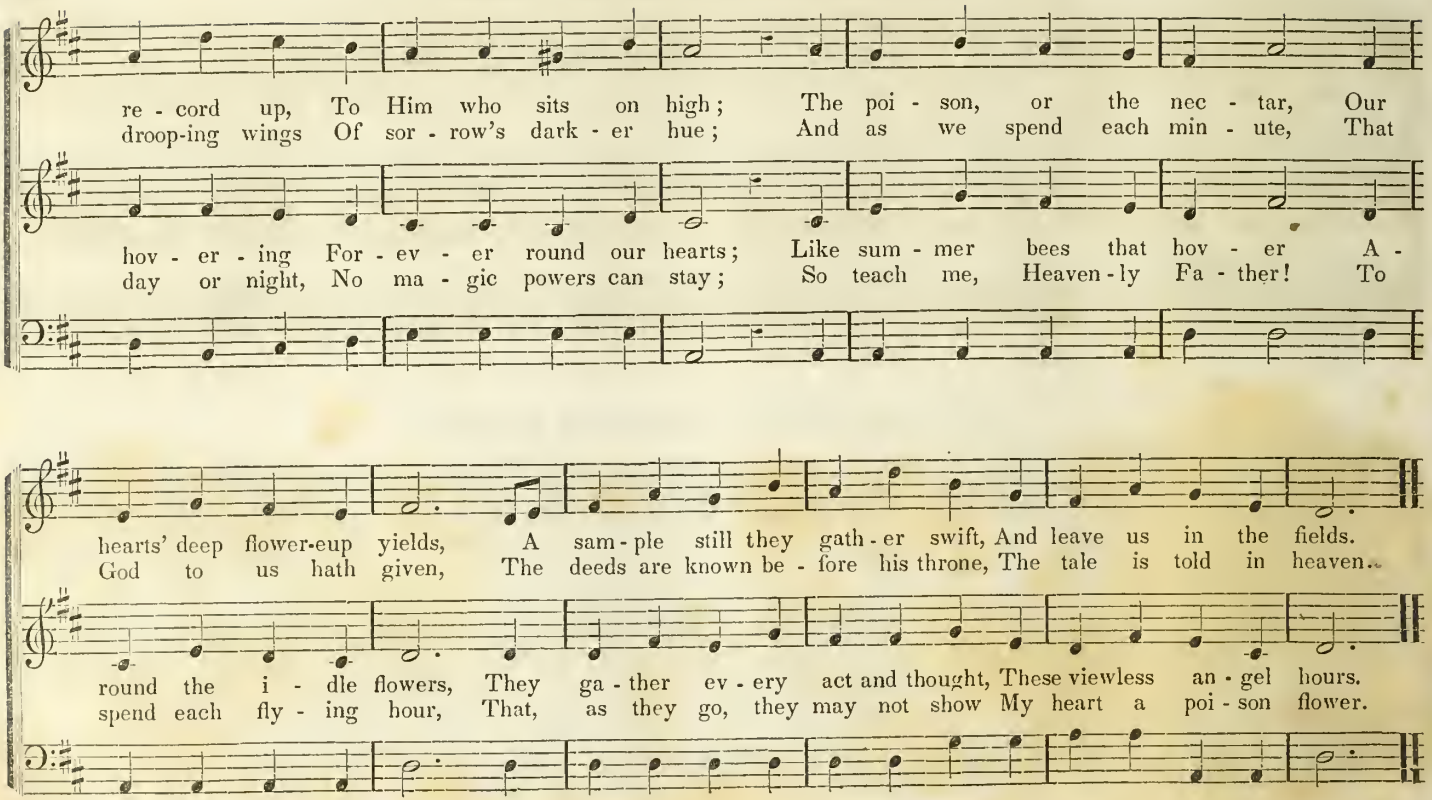

trappings of ice, The dreariest of des - pots who bends to his sway, Sweet sis - ter of
trappings of ice, The dreariest of des - pots who bends to his sway, Sweet sis - ter of
sum - mer, the beau - ti - ful day; The dreariest of des - pots who bends to his sway, Sweet
sum - mer, the beau - ti - ful day; The dreariest of des - pots who bends to his sway, Sweet



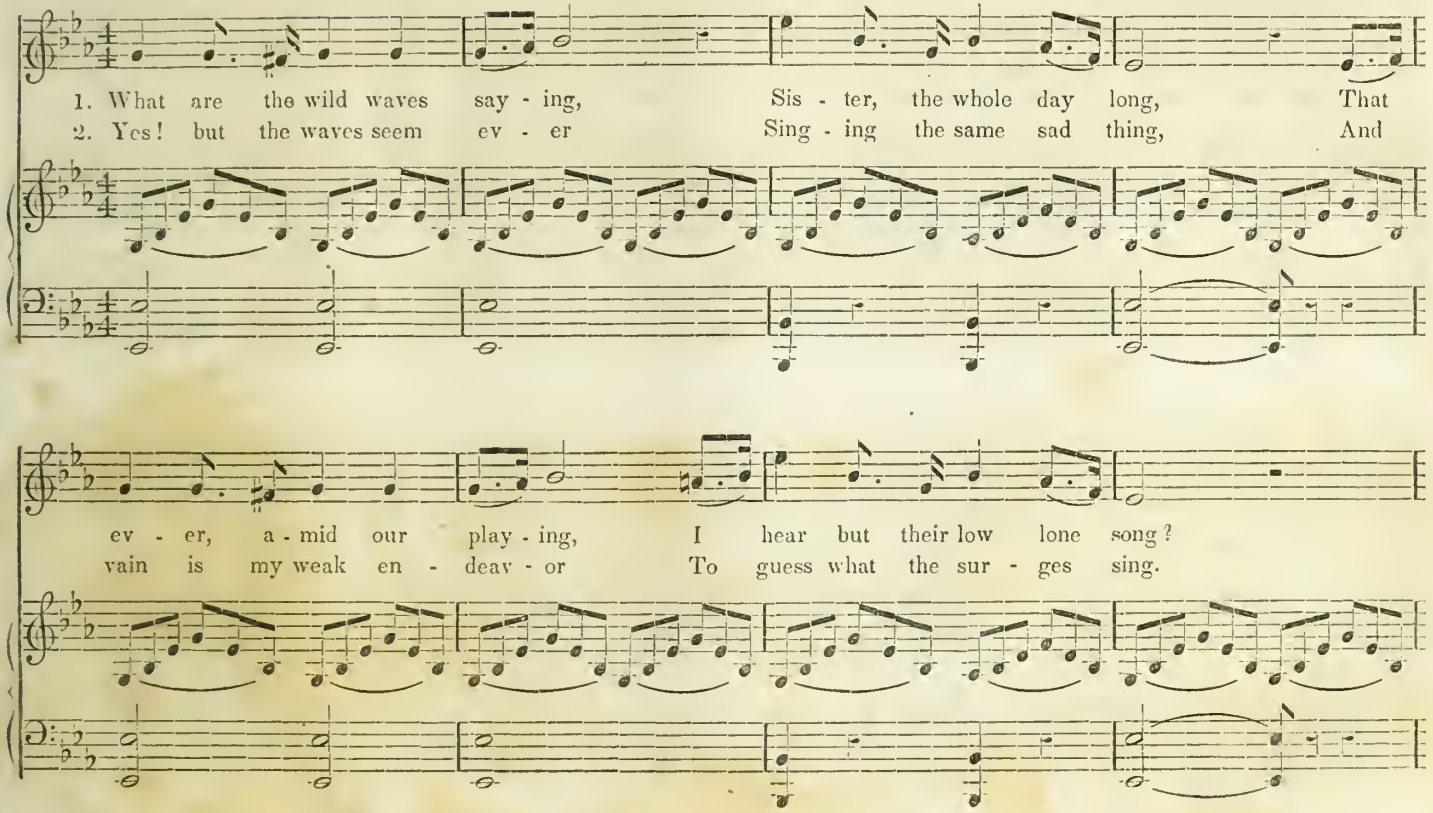
THE HOURS ARE VIEWLESS ANGELS.

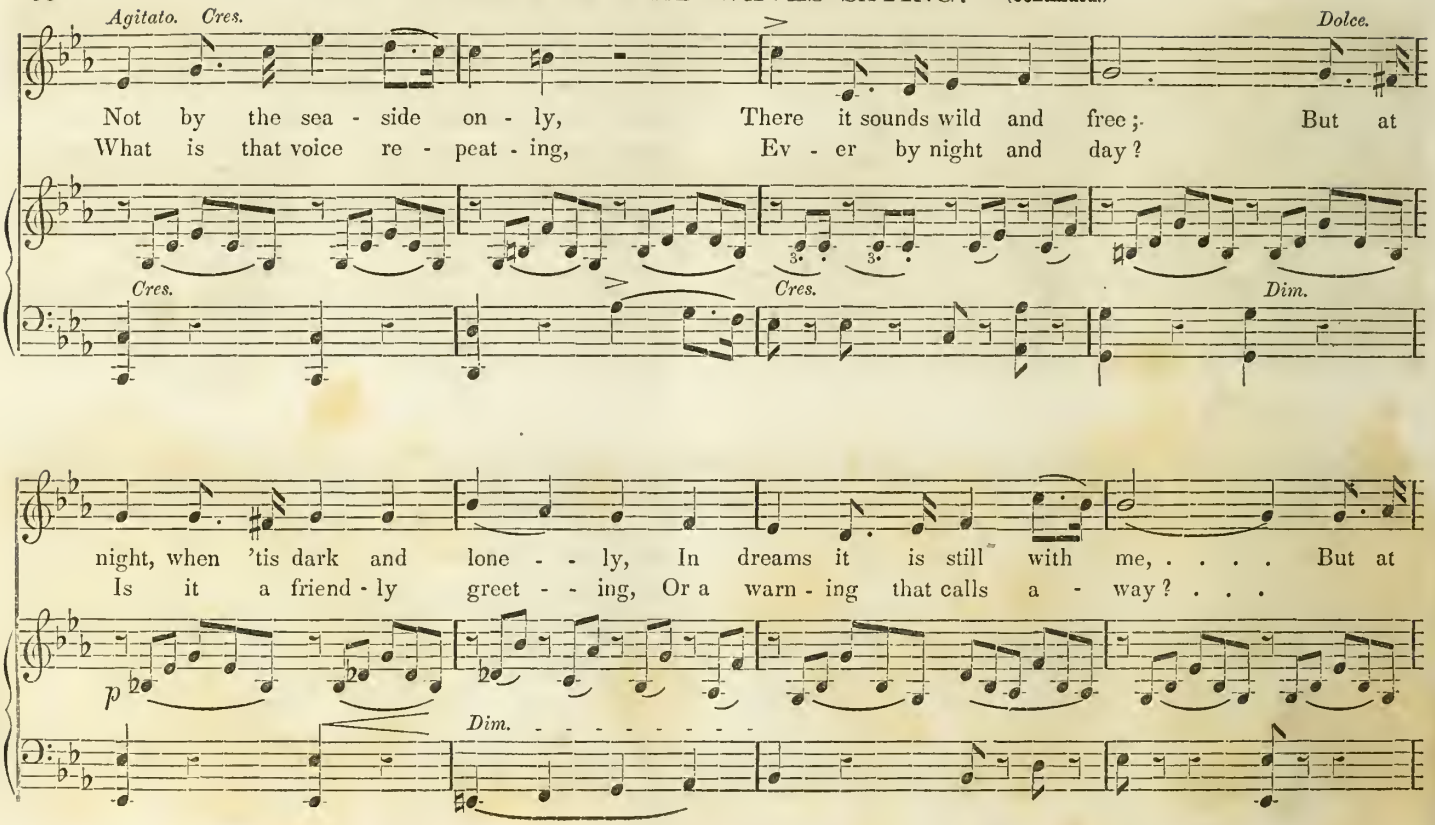
Moderato. G. F. R.

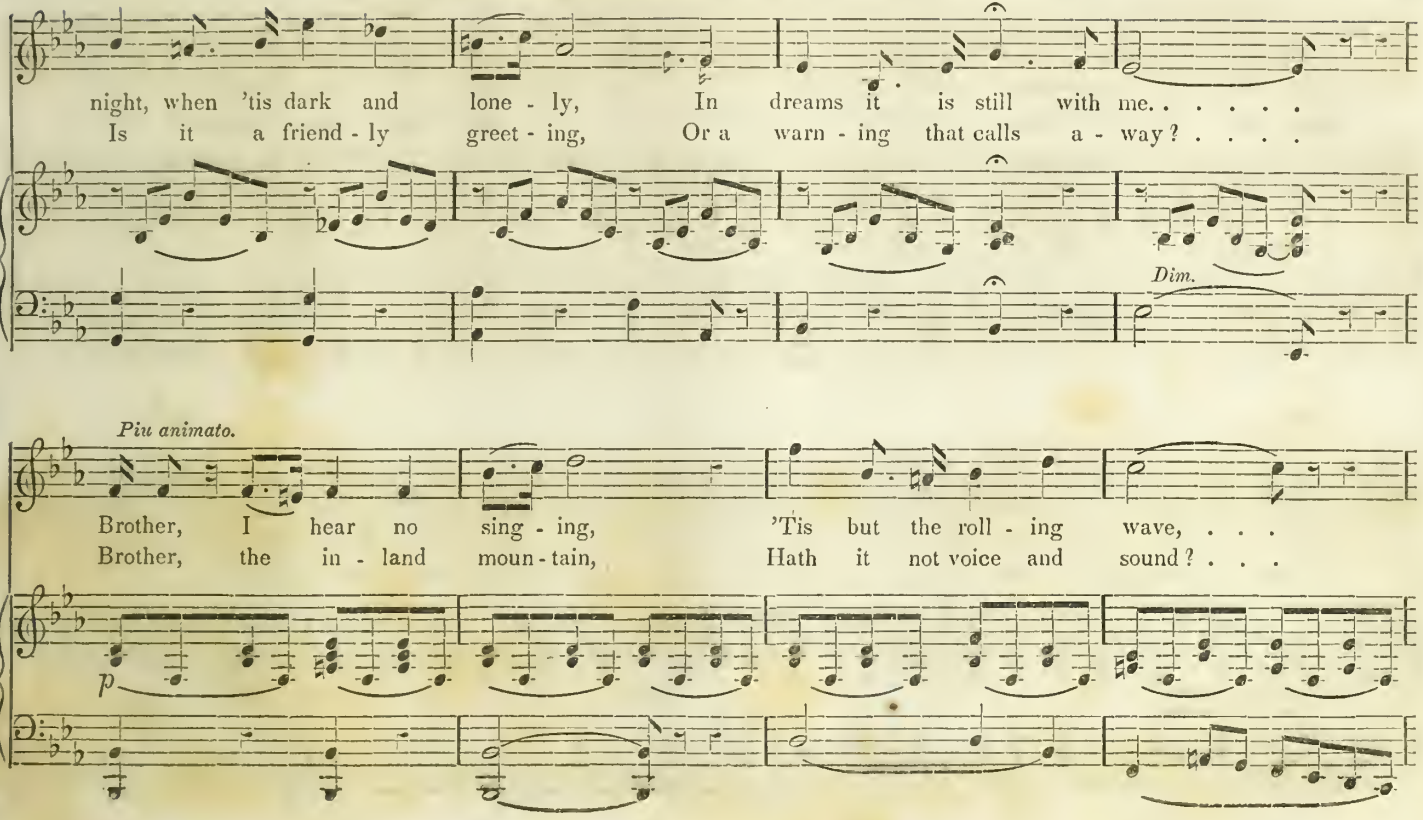


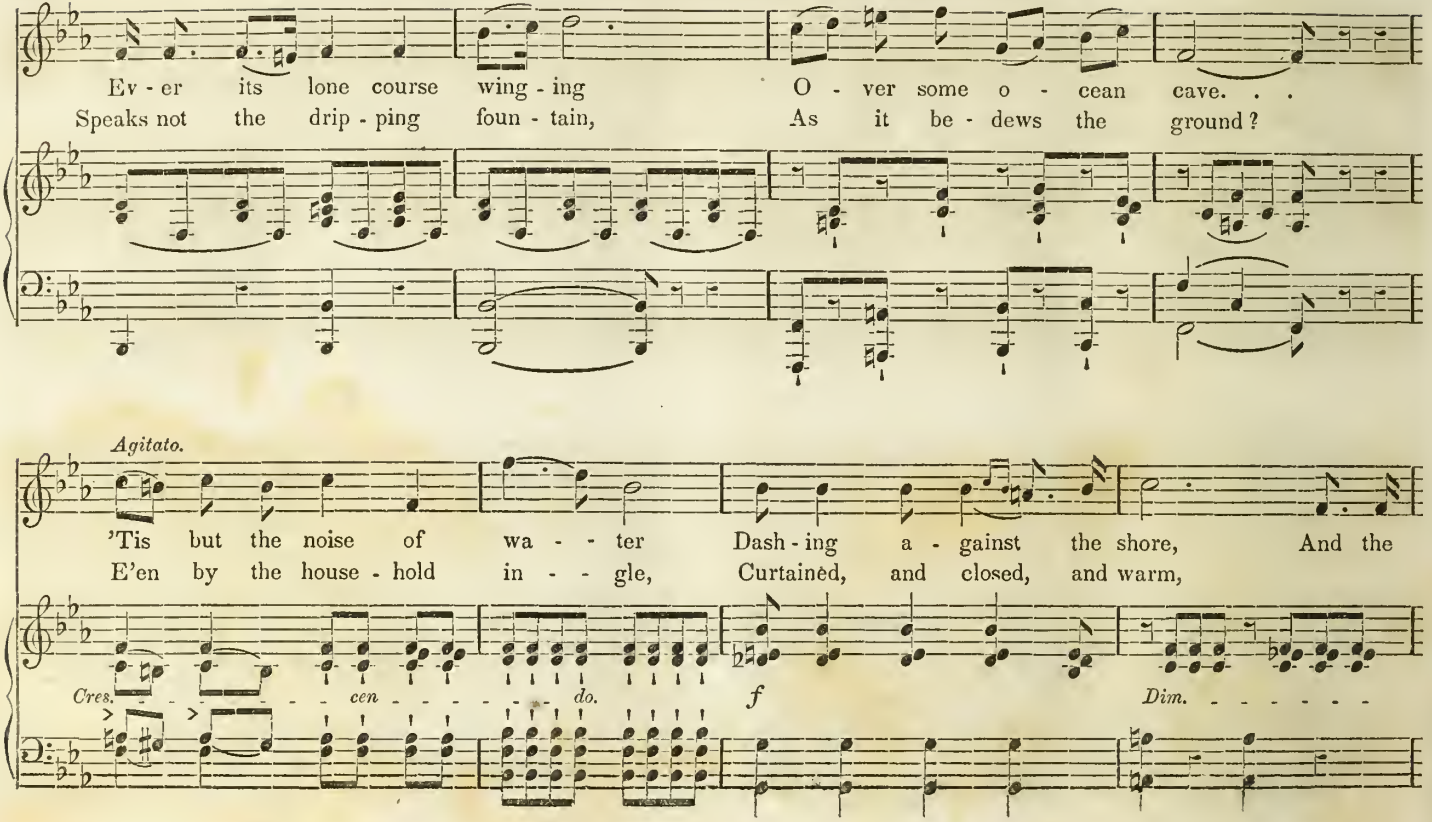

re - cord up, To Him who sits on high; The poi - son, or the nec - tar, Our
droop-ing wings Of sor - row's dark - er hue; And as we spend each min - ute, That
hov - er - ing For - ev - er round our hearts; Like sum - mer bees that hov - er A -
day or night, No ma - gic powers can stay; So teach me, Heaven - ly Fa - ther! To
hearts' deep flower-eup yields, A sam - ple still they gath - er swift, And leave us in the fields.
God to us hath given, The deeds are known be - fore his throne, The tale is told in heaven.
round the i - dle flowers, They ga - ther ev - ery act and thought, These viewless an - gel hours.
spend each fly - ing hour, That, as they go, they may not show My heart a poi - son flower.

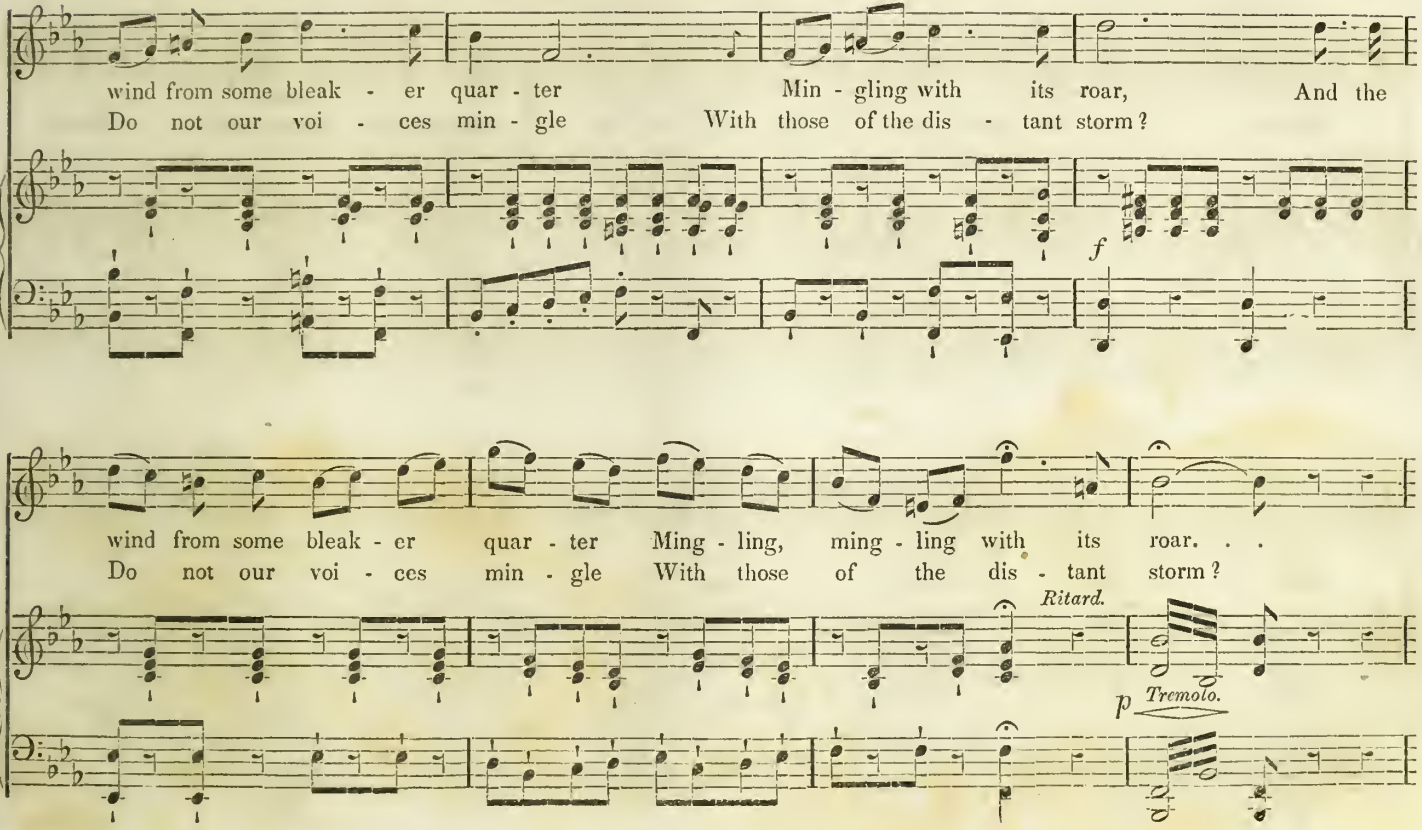
Andante.

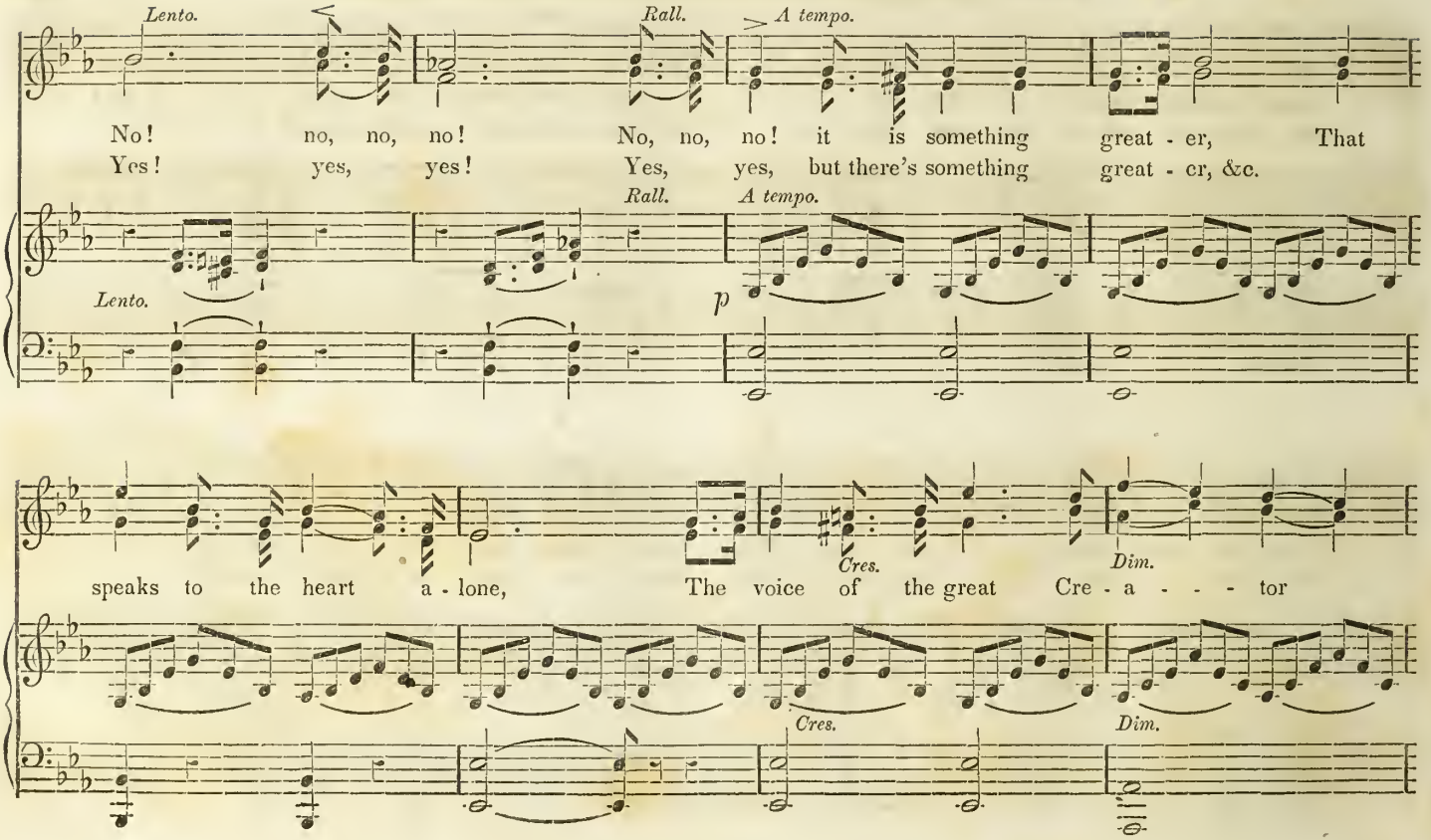

1. What are the wild waves say - ing, Sis - ter, the whole day long, That
2. Yes! but the waves seem ev - er Sing - ing the same sad thing, And
ev - er, a - mid our play - ing, I hear but their low lone song?
vain is my weak en - deav - or To guess what the sur - ges sing.

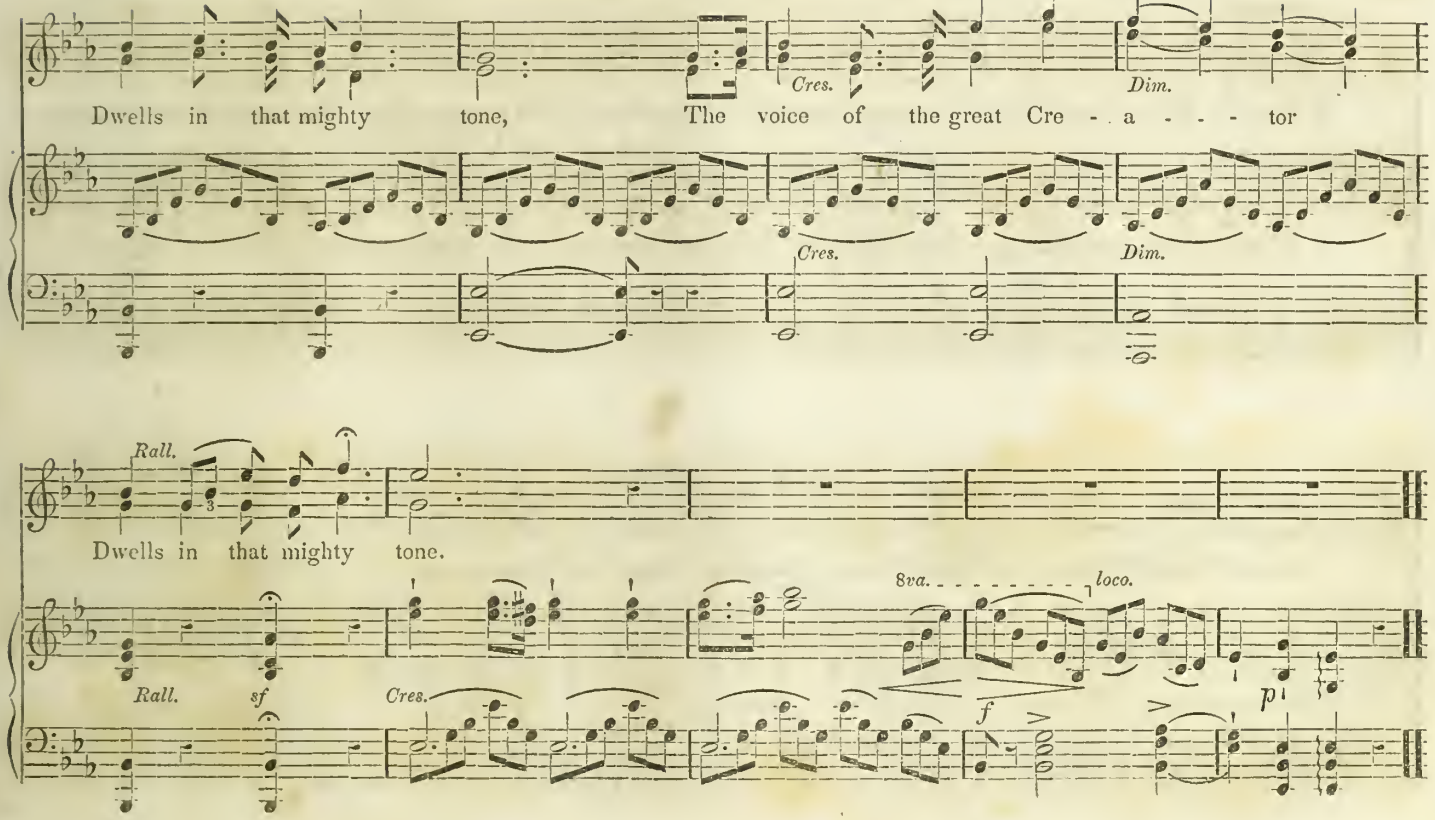

Agitato. Cres.
Dolce.
Not by the sea - side on - ly, There it sounds wild and free; But at
What is that voice re - peat - ing, Ev - er by night and day?
Cres.
Cres.
Dim.
night, when 'tis dark and lone - - ly, In dreams it is still with me, ... But at
Is it a friend - ly greet - - ing, Or a warn - ing that calls a - way? . . .
p
Dim.


night, when 'tis dark and lone - ly, In dreams it is still with me. . . . . .
Is it a friend - ly greet - ing, Or a warn - ing that calls a - way? . . . .
Dim.
Piu animato.
Brother, I hear no sing - ing, 'Tis but the roll - ing wave, . . .
Brother, the in - land moun - tain, Hath it not voice and sound? . . .
p


Ev - er its lone course wing - ing O - ver some o - cean cave. . .
Speaks not the drip - ping foun - tain, As it be - dews the ground?
Agitato.
'Tis but the noise of wa - - ter Dash - ing a - gainst the shore, And the
E'en by the house - hold in - - gle, Curtained, and closed, and warm,
Cres. cen - - - - - do.
f
Dim.

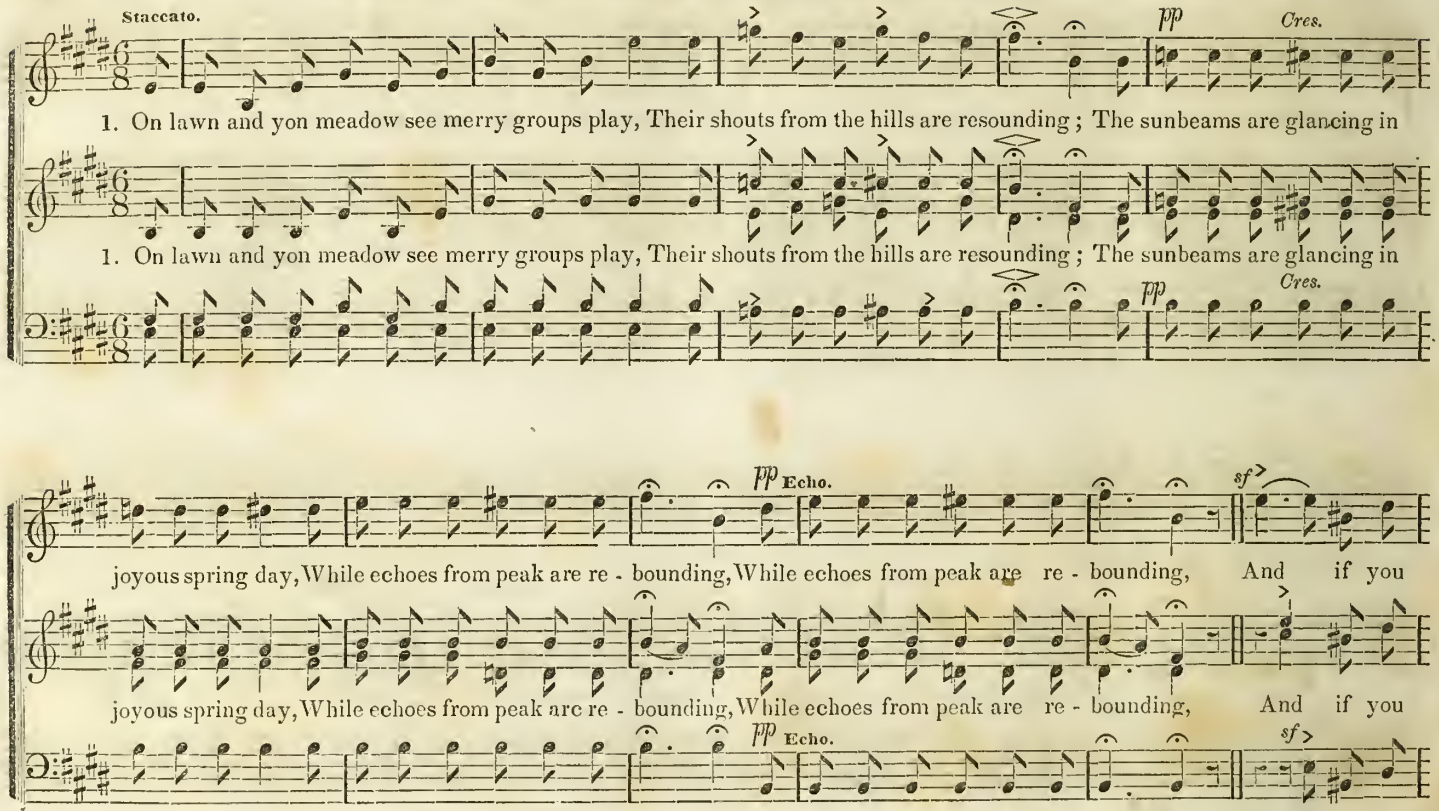

wind from some bleak - er quar - ter Min - gling with its roar, And the
Do not our voi - ces min - gle With those of the dis - tant storm?
f
wind from some bleak - er quar - ter Ming - ling, ming - ling with its roar. . .
Do not our voi - ces min - gle With those of the dis - tant storm?
Ritard.
p Tremolo.

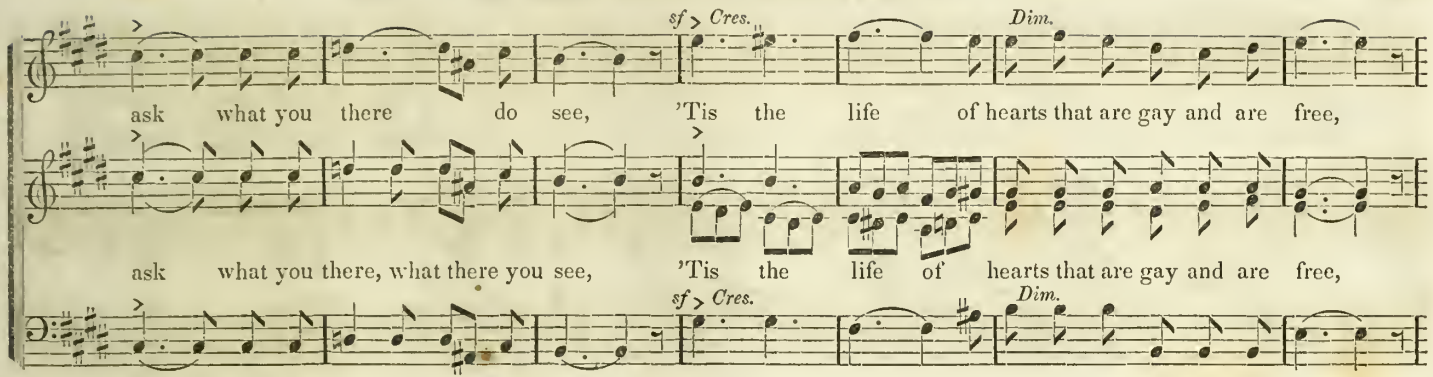

Lento.
Rall.
A tempo.
No! no, no, no! No, no, no! it is something great - er, That
Yes! yes, yes! Yes, yes, but there's something great - er, &c.
Rall.
A tempo.
Lento.
p
speaks to the heart a - lone, The voice of the great Cre - a - - - tor
Cres.
Dim.
Cres.
Dim.

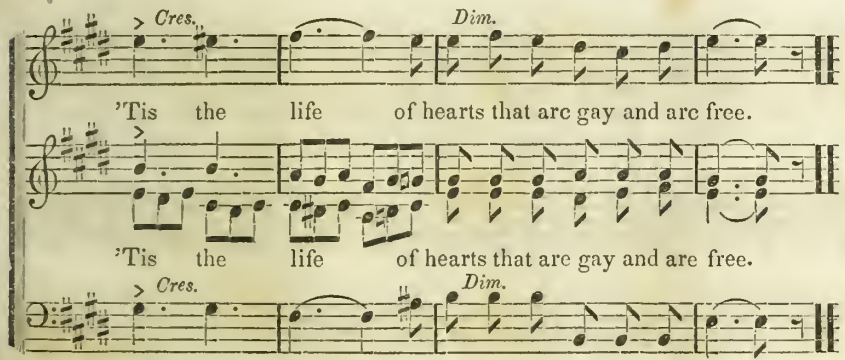

Cres.
Dim.
Dwells in that mighty tone, The voice of the great Cre - a - - - tor
Cres.
Dim.
Rall.
Dwells in that mighty tone.
8va.
loco.
Rall.
sf
Cres.
f
p

ON LAWN AND YON MEADOW.

Words and Music by H. A. POND.





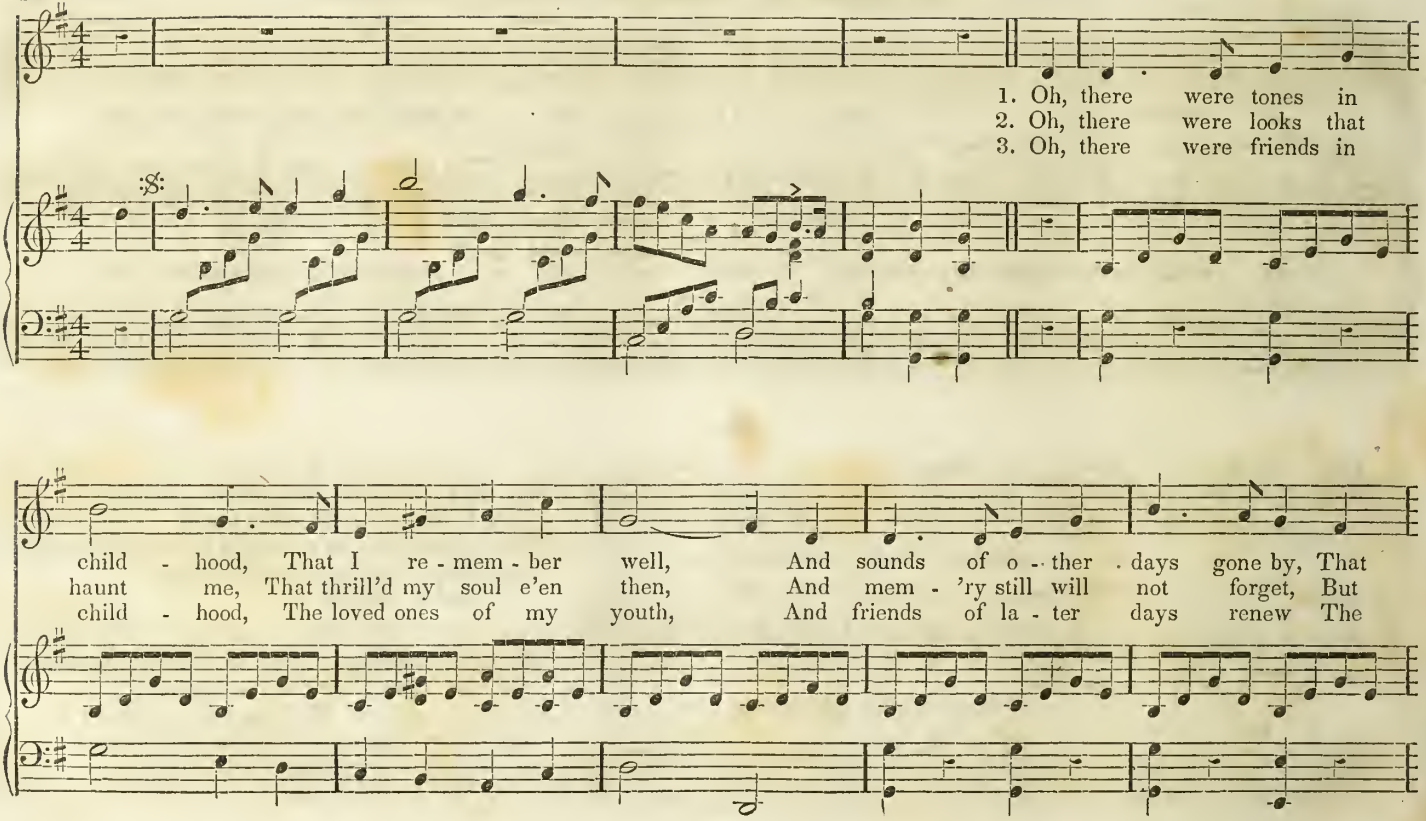


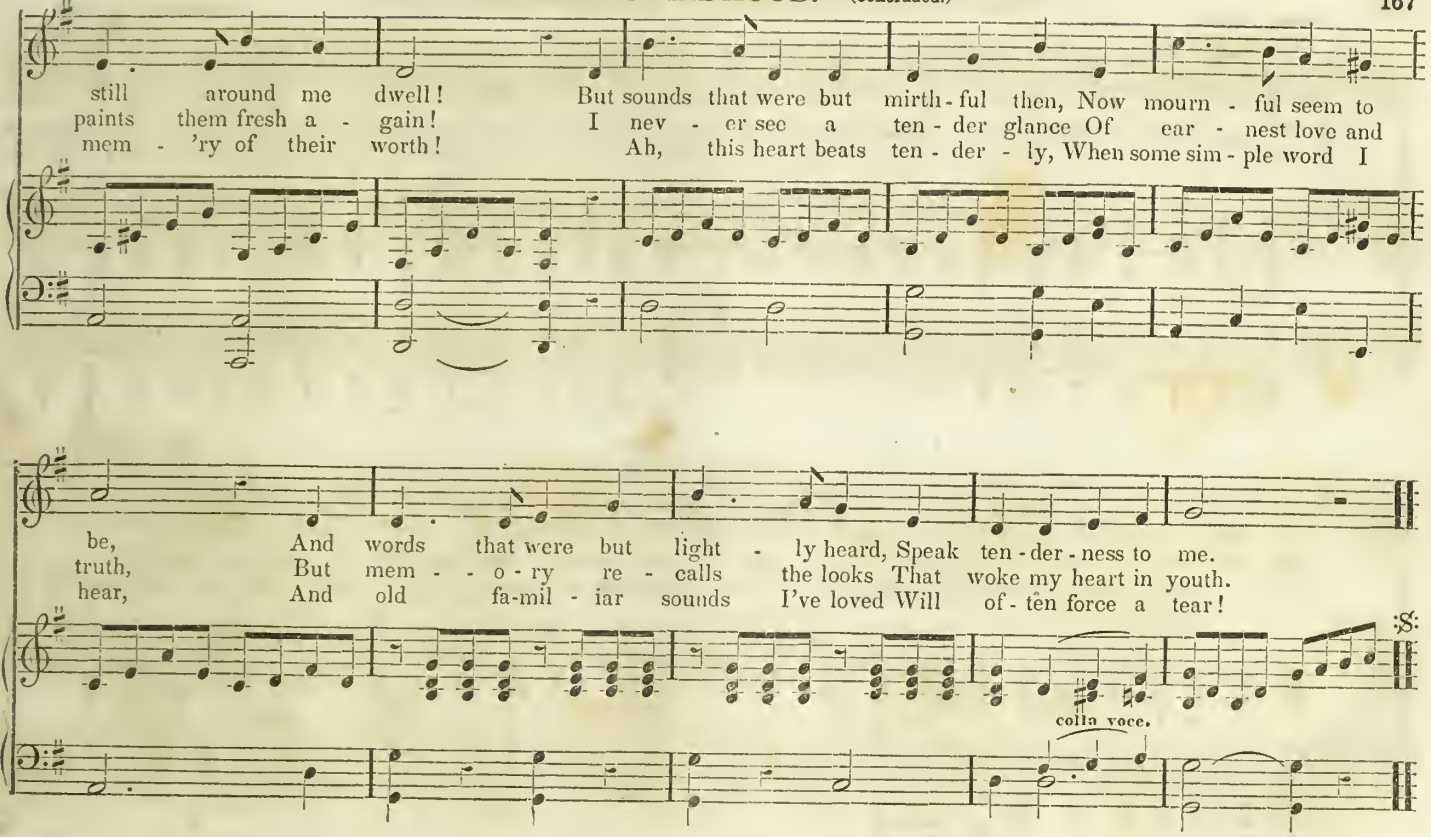
2.

Why over yon lea do they merrily bound,
And do gambol in innocent play?
Their hearts know no care, and joy reigns around,
As bright as the merry spring day.
And if you ask, &c.

3.

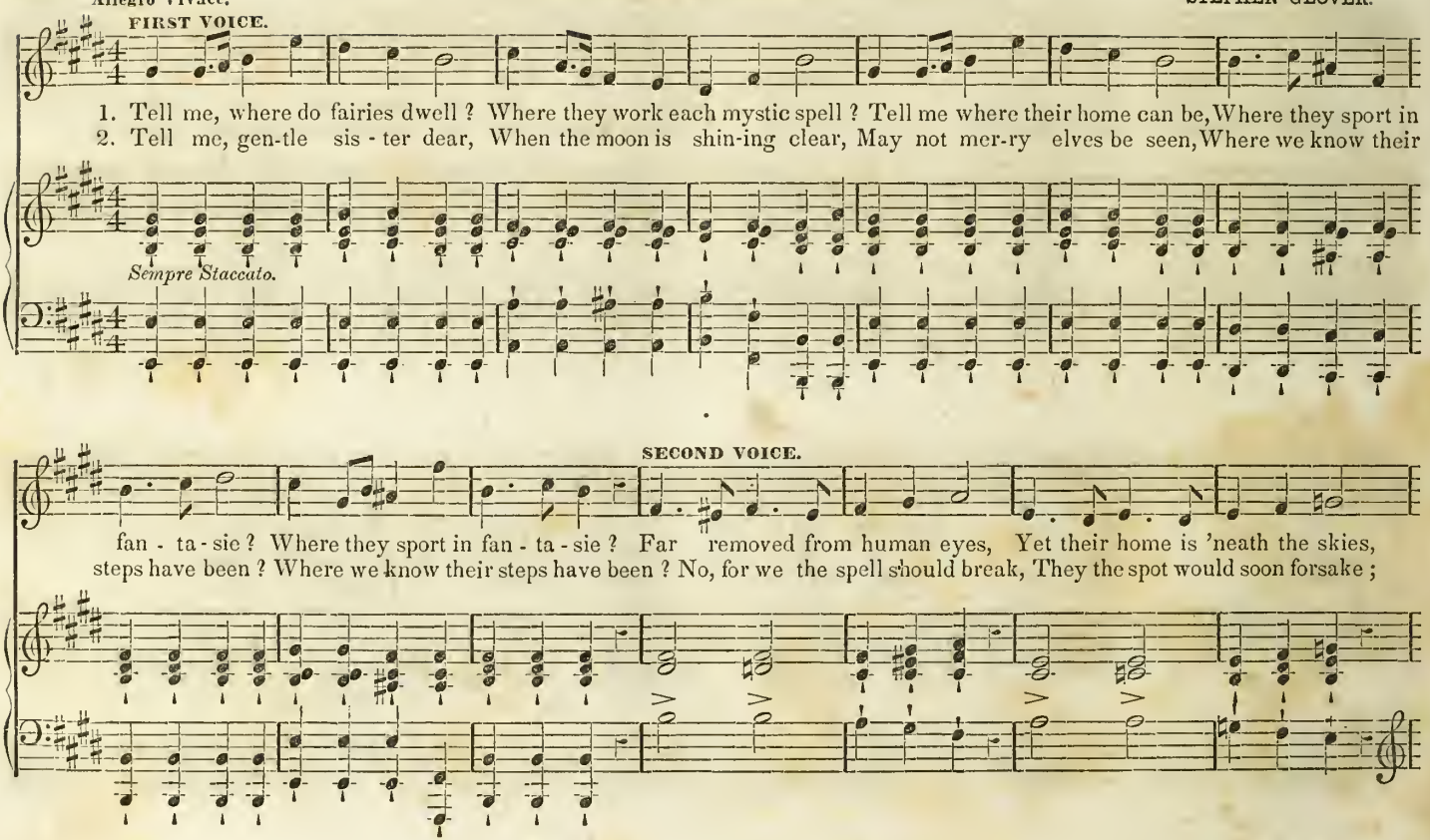
'Tis hearts reared like these, our country doth fill,
Who with pride her freedom proclaim;
And, while aught of life lives, we love liberty still,
And from youth to old age we're the same.
From clime to clime it will ever be,
Long life to America, land of the free.

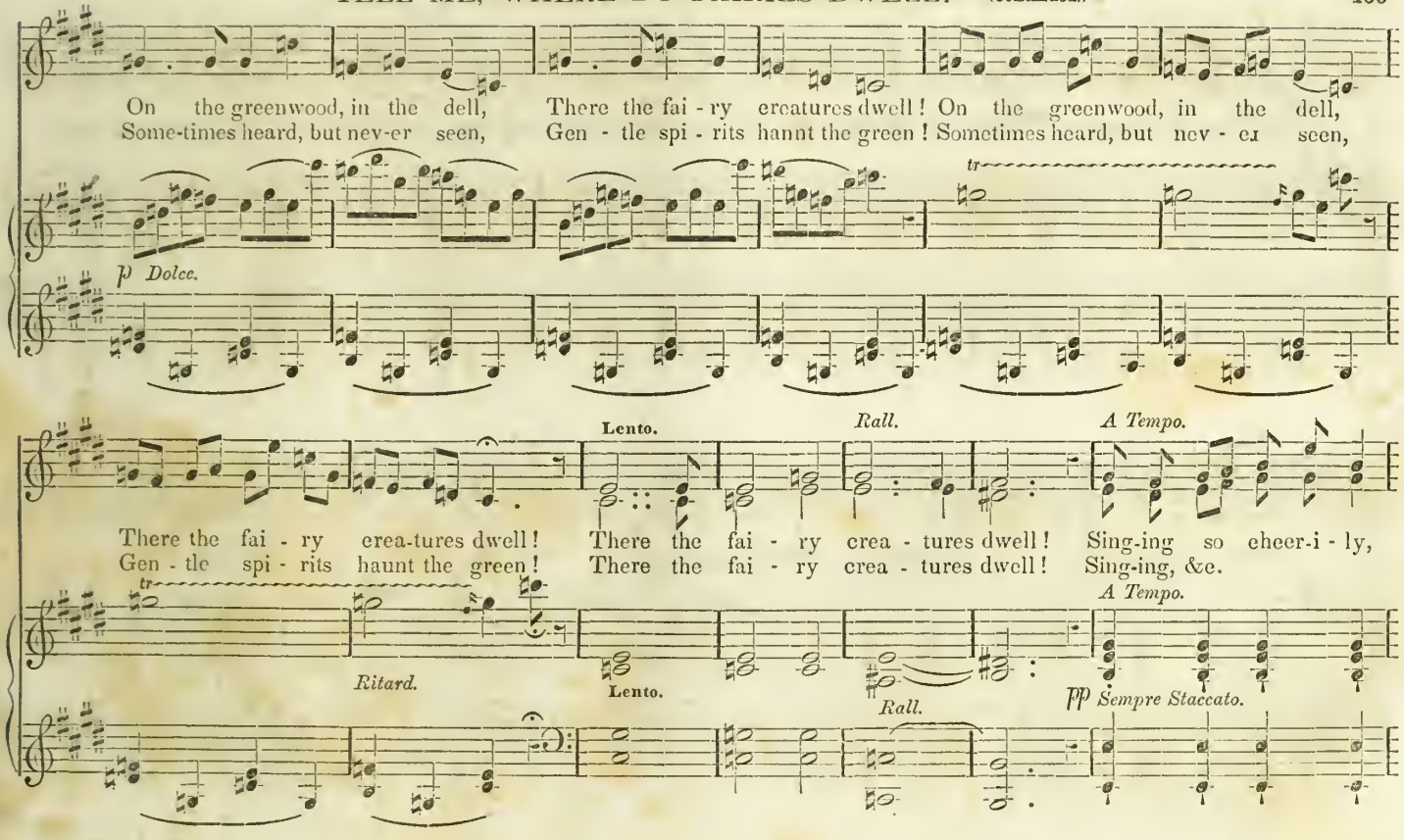

1. Oh, there were tones in
2. Oh, there were looks that
3. Oh, there were friends in
child - hood, That I re - mem - ber well, And sounds of o - ther days gone by, That
haunt me, That thrill'd my soul e'en then, And mem - 'ry still will not forget, But
child - hood, The loved ones of my youth, And friends of la - ter days renew The

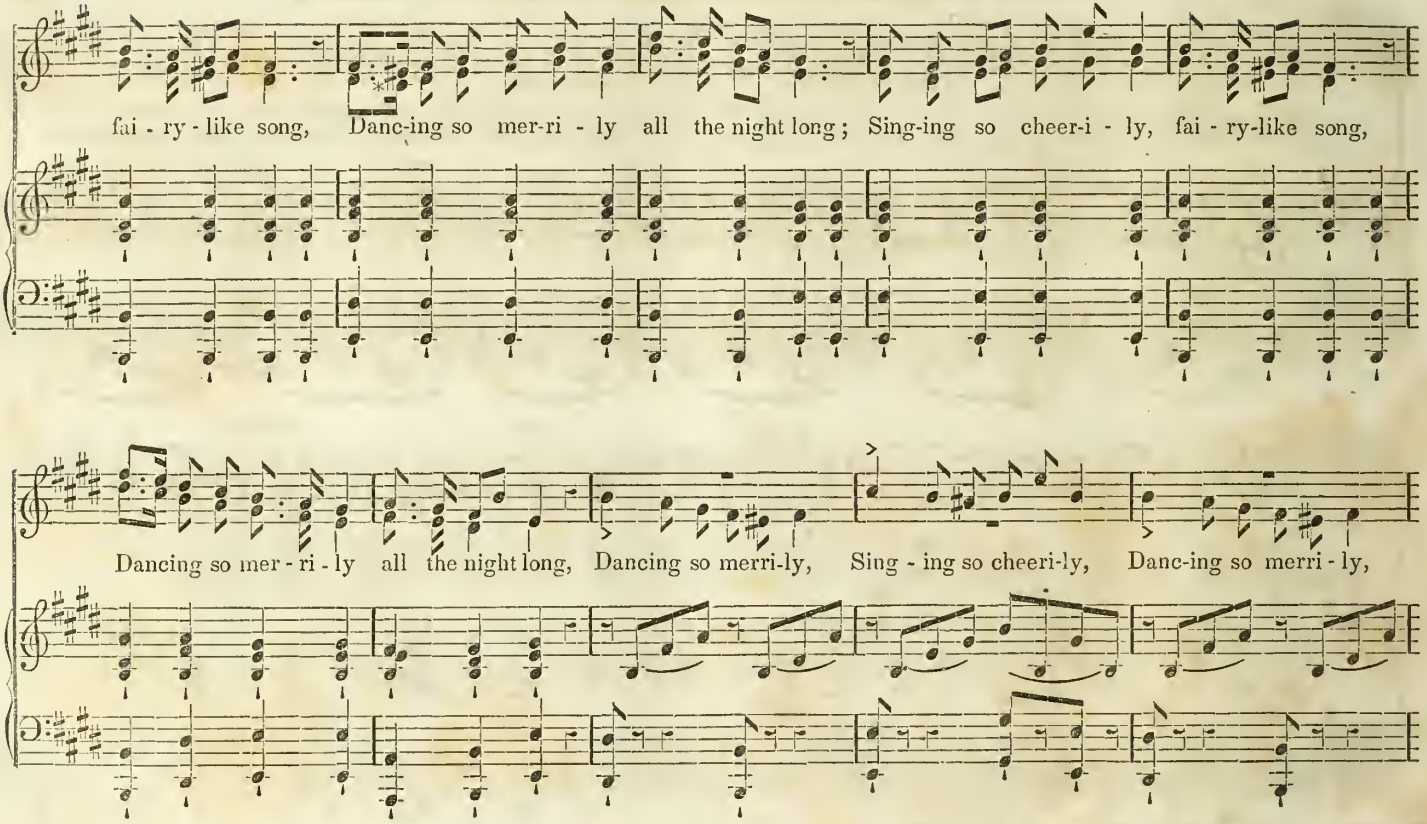

still around me dwell! But sounds that were but mirth-ful then, Now mourn - ful seem to
paints them fresh a - gain! I nev - er see a ten - der glance Of ear - nest love and
mem - 'ry of their worth! Ah, this heart beats ten - der - ly, When some sim - ple word I
be, And words that were but light - ly heard, Speak ten-der-ness to me.
truth, But mem - - o - ry re - calls the looks That woke my heart in youth.
hear, And old fa-mil - iar sounds I've loved Will of - ten force a tear!
:S:
colla voce.

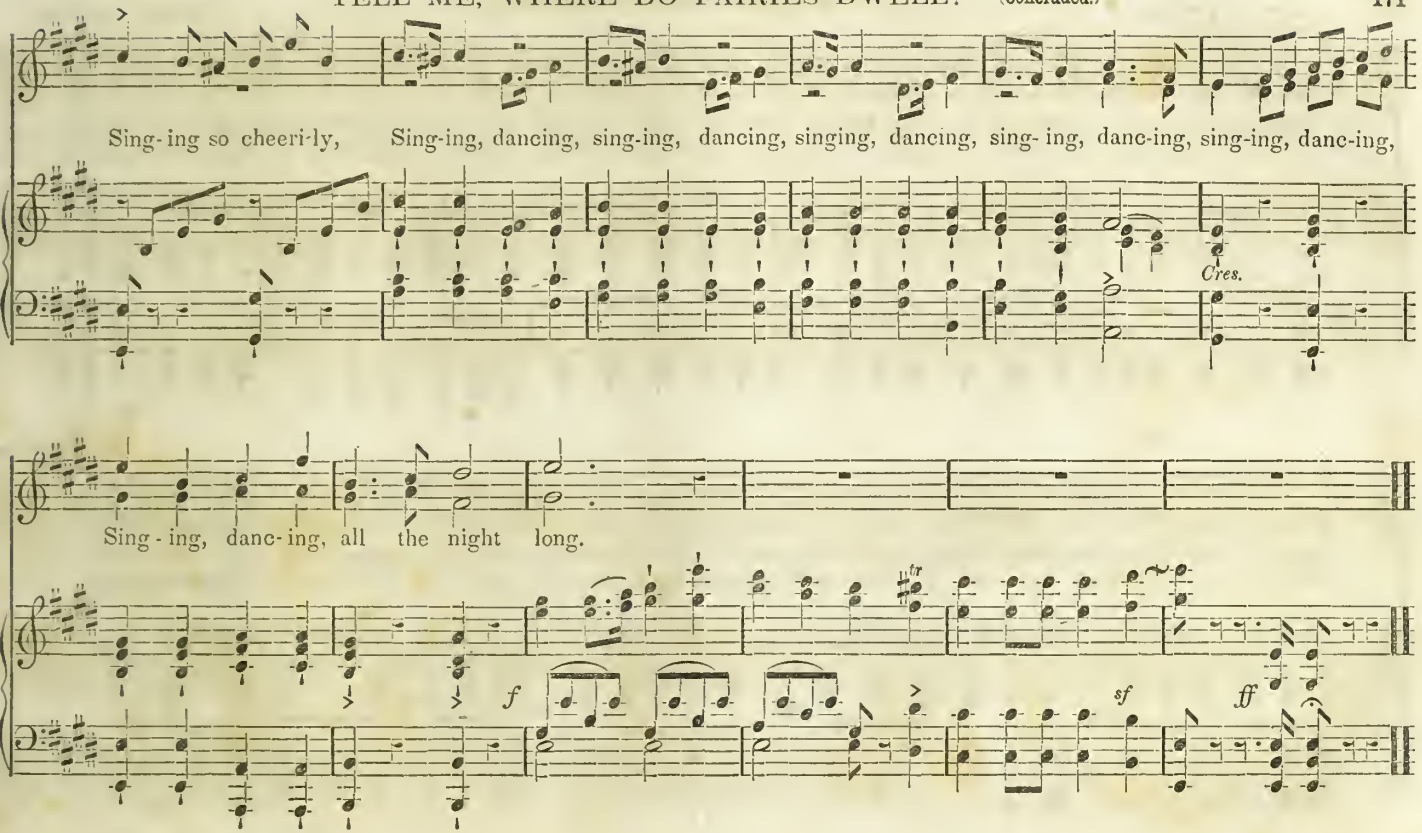
TELL ME, WHERE DO FAIRIES DWELL?

STEPHEN GLOVER.




On the greenwood, in the dell, There the fai - ry creatures dwell! On the greenwood, in the dell,
Some-times heard, but nev-er seen, Gen - tle spi - rits haunt the green! Sometimes heard, but nev - er seen,
tr
p Dolce.
Lento.
Rall.
A Tempo.
There the fai - ry erea-tures dwell! There the fai - ry crea - tures dwell! Sing-ing so cheer-i - ly,
Gen - tle spi - rits haunt the green! There the fai - ry crea - tures dwell! Sing-ing, &c.
A Tempo.
Ritard.
Lento.
Rall.
pp Sempre Staccato.


fai - ry - like song, Danc-ing so mer-ri - ly all the night long; Sing-ing so cheer-i - ly, fai - ry-like song,
Dancing so mer - ri - ly all the night long, Dancing so merri-ly, Sing - ing so cheeri-ly, Danc-ing so merri - ly,


Sing-ing so cheeri-ly, Sing-ing, dancing, sing-ing, dancing, singing, dancing, sing-ing, danc-ing, sing-ing, danc-ing,
Cres.
Sing-ing, danc-ing, all the night long.
f
sf
ff

THE MURMURING SEA.

STEPHEN GLOVER.

Andante Grazioso.

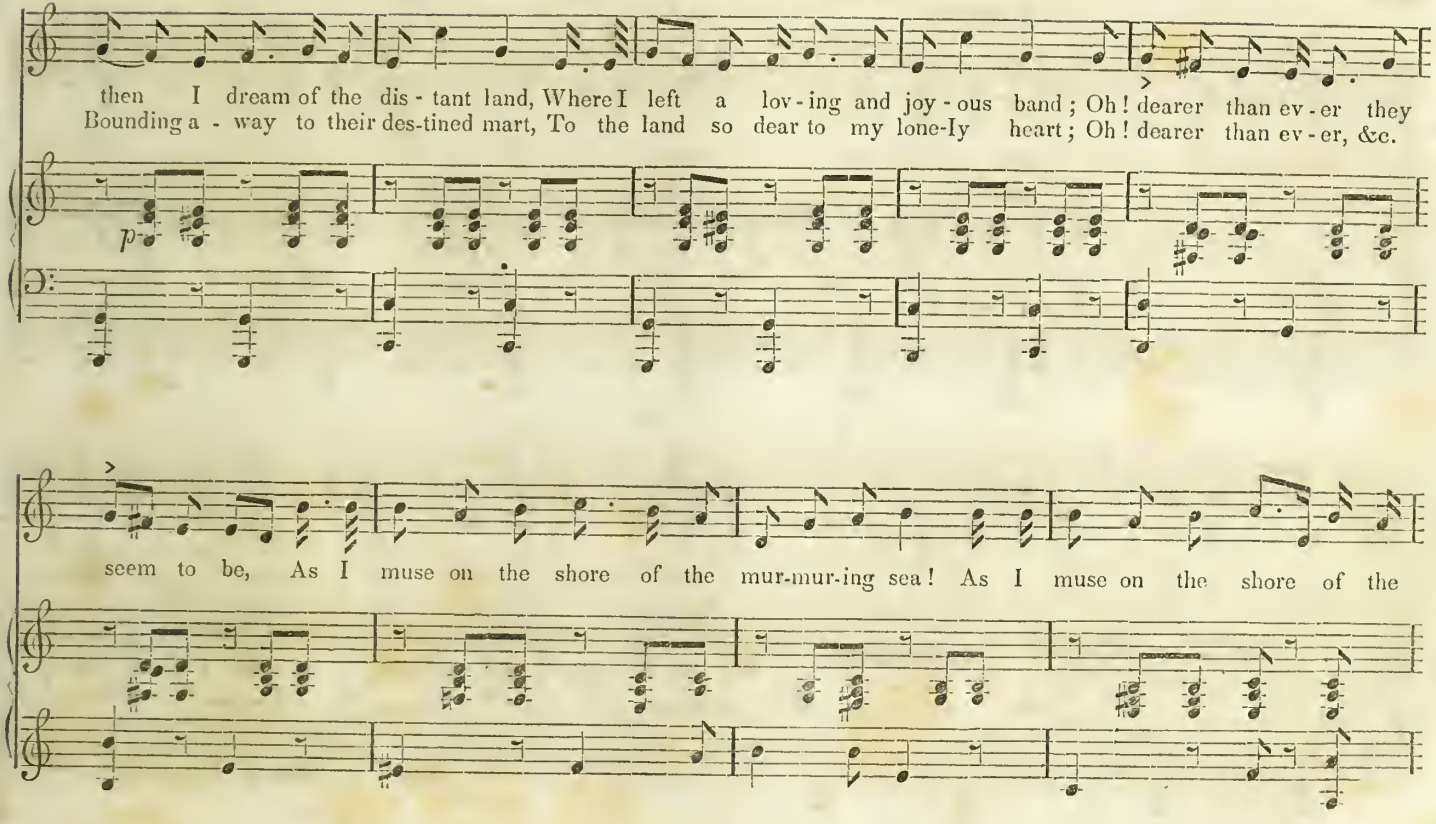
FIRST VOICE.

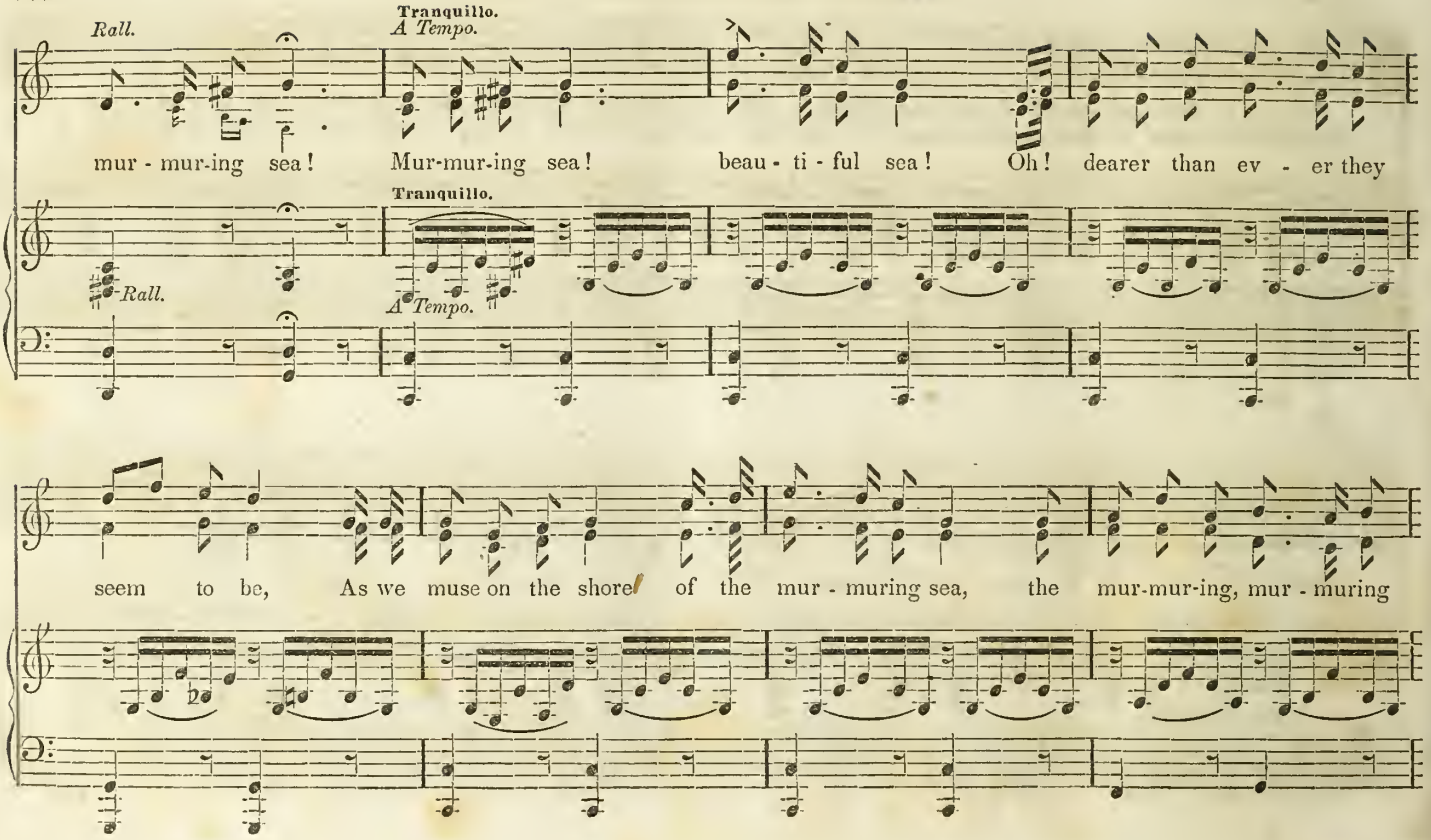
1. Murmur-ing sea! beau - ti- ful sea! How I love to list to thy mel - o - dy, When the winds are still in thy
2. Murmur-ing sea! beau - ti- ful sea! I no more shall sail o'er thy wa - ters free; But I watch the ships till they

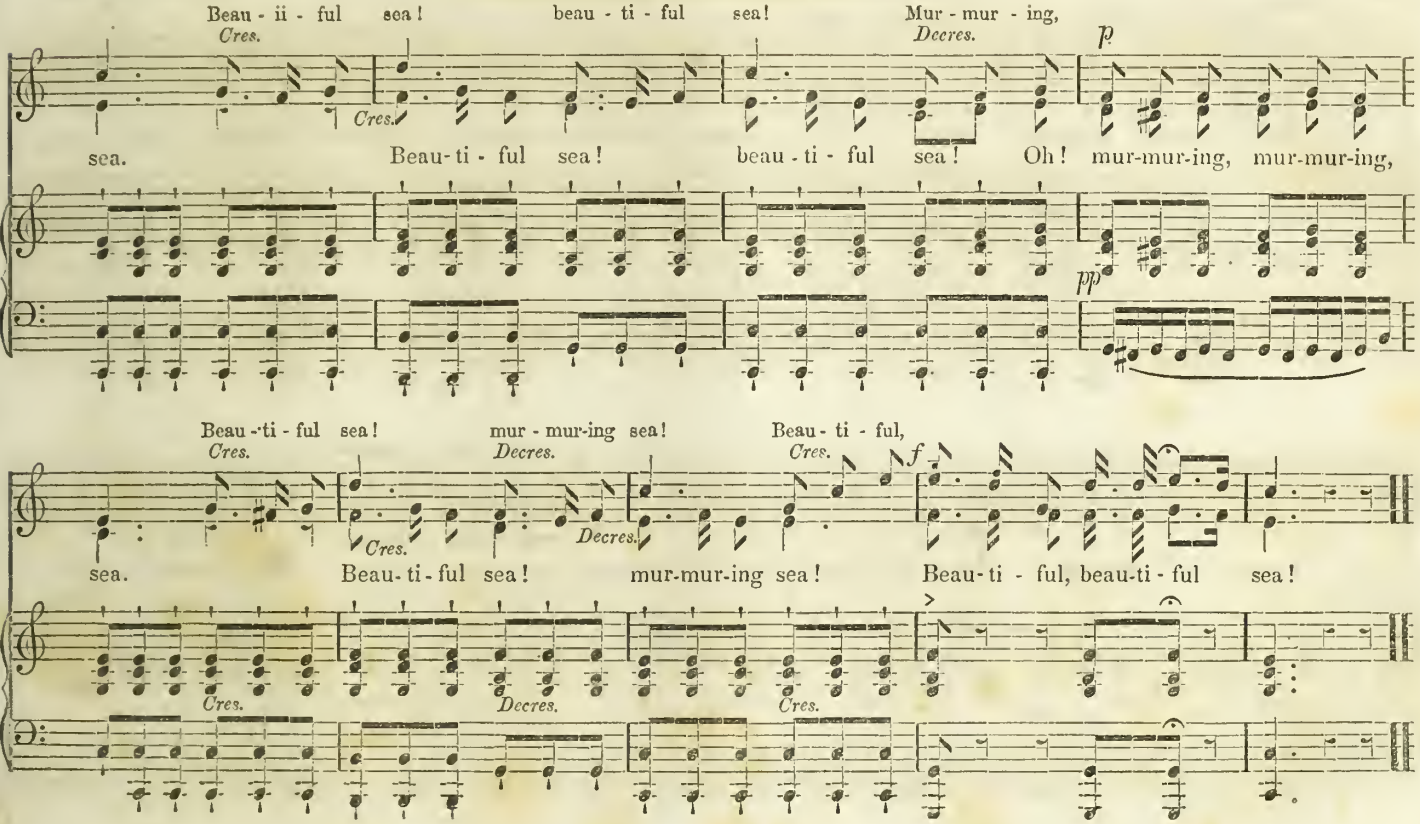
SECOND VOICE.

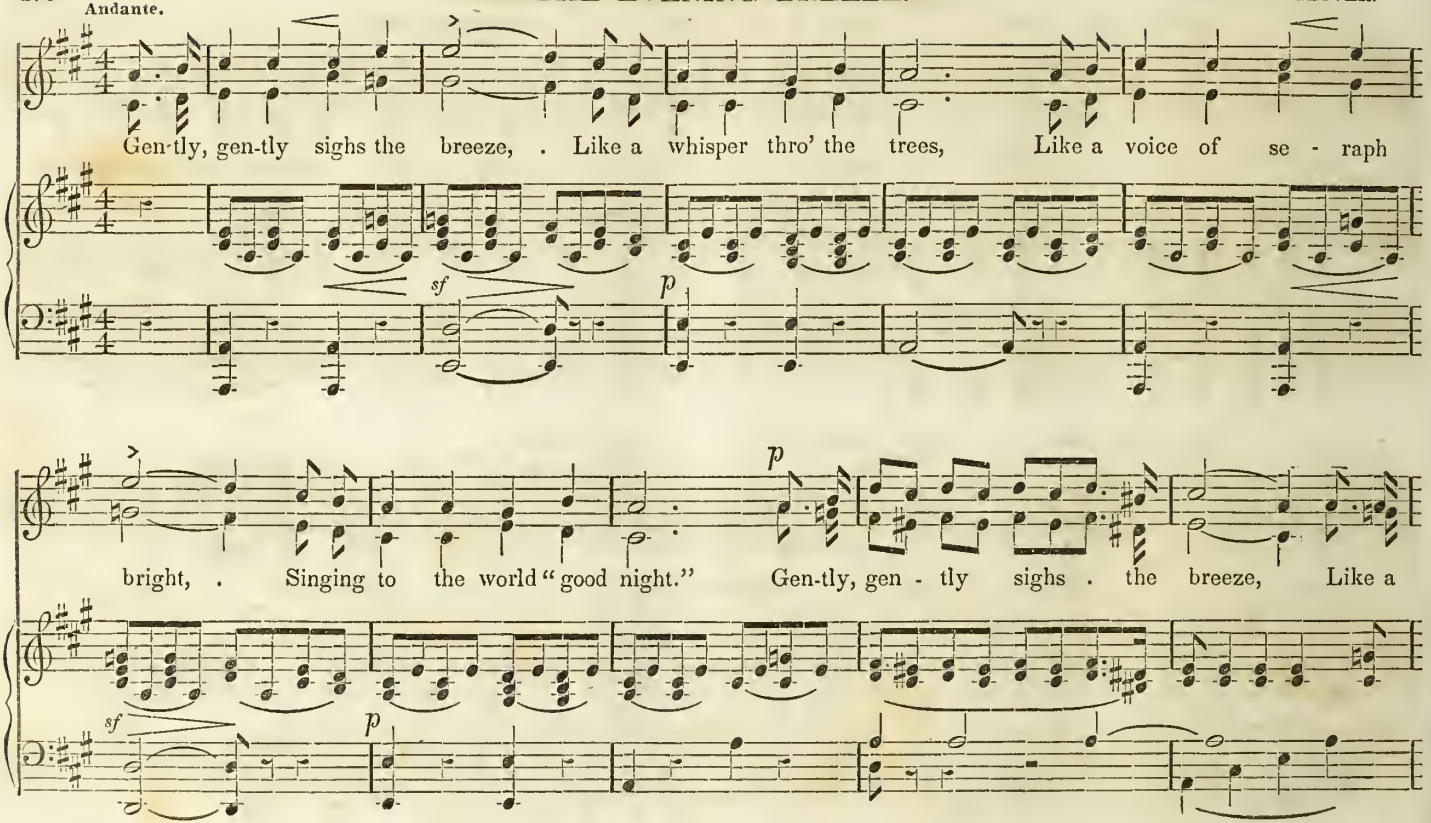
rock - y caves, And the sweet stars glance on thy pur-ple waves; And the sweet stars glance on thy pur - ple waves. 'Tis
fade from sight, And my fan - cy fol - lows their trackless flight, And my fan - cy fol - lows their trackless flight,

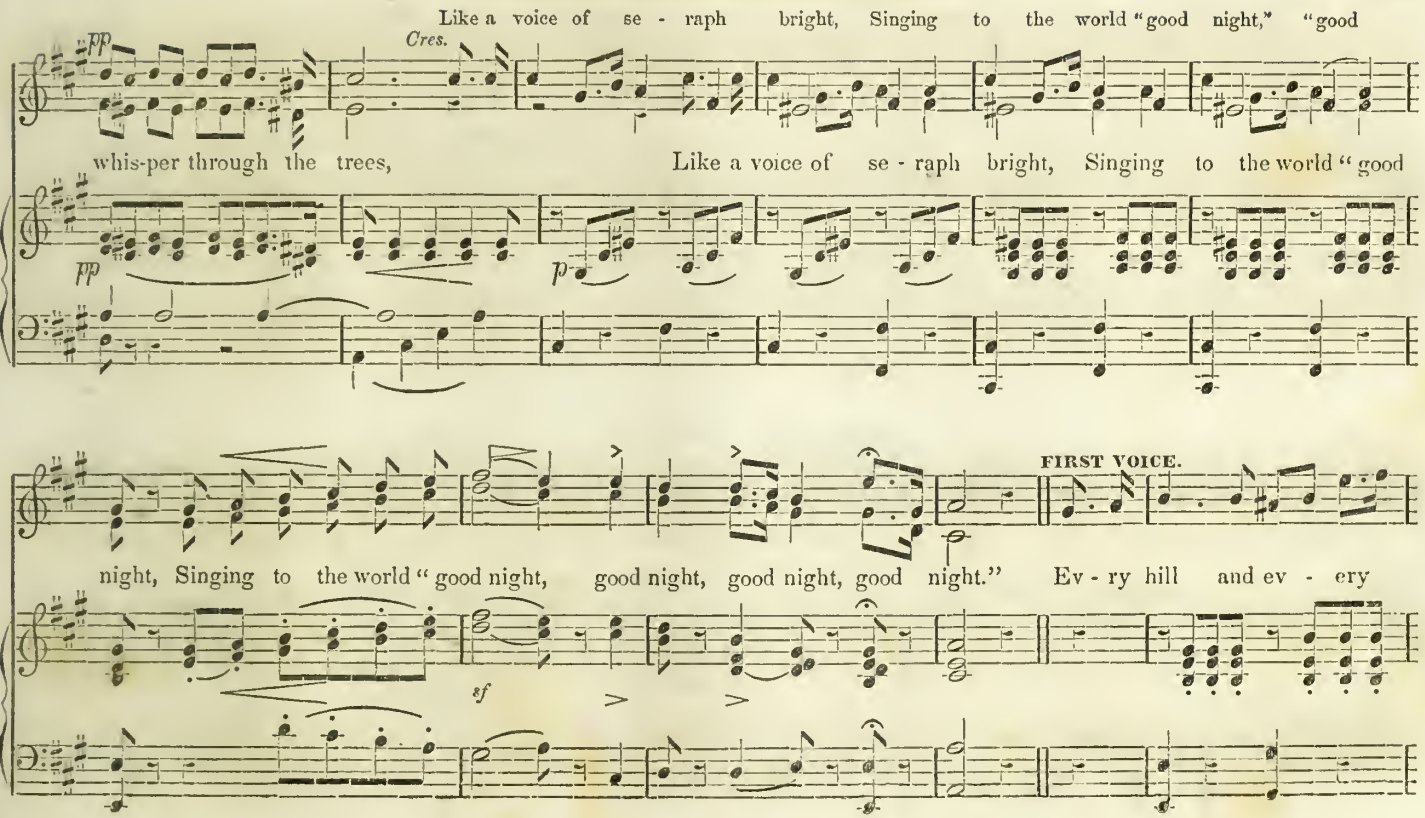
Cres.

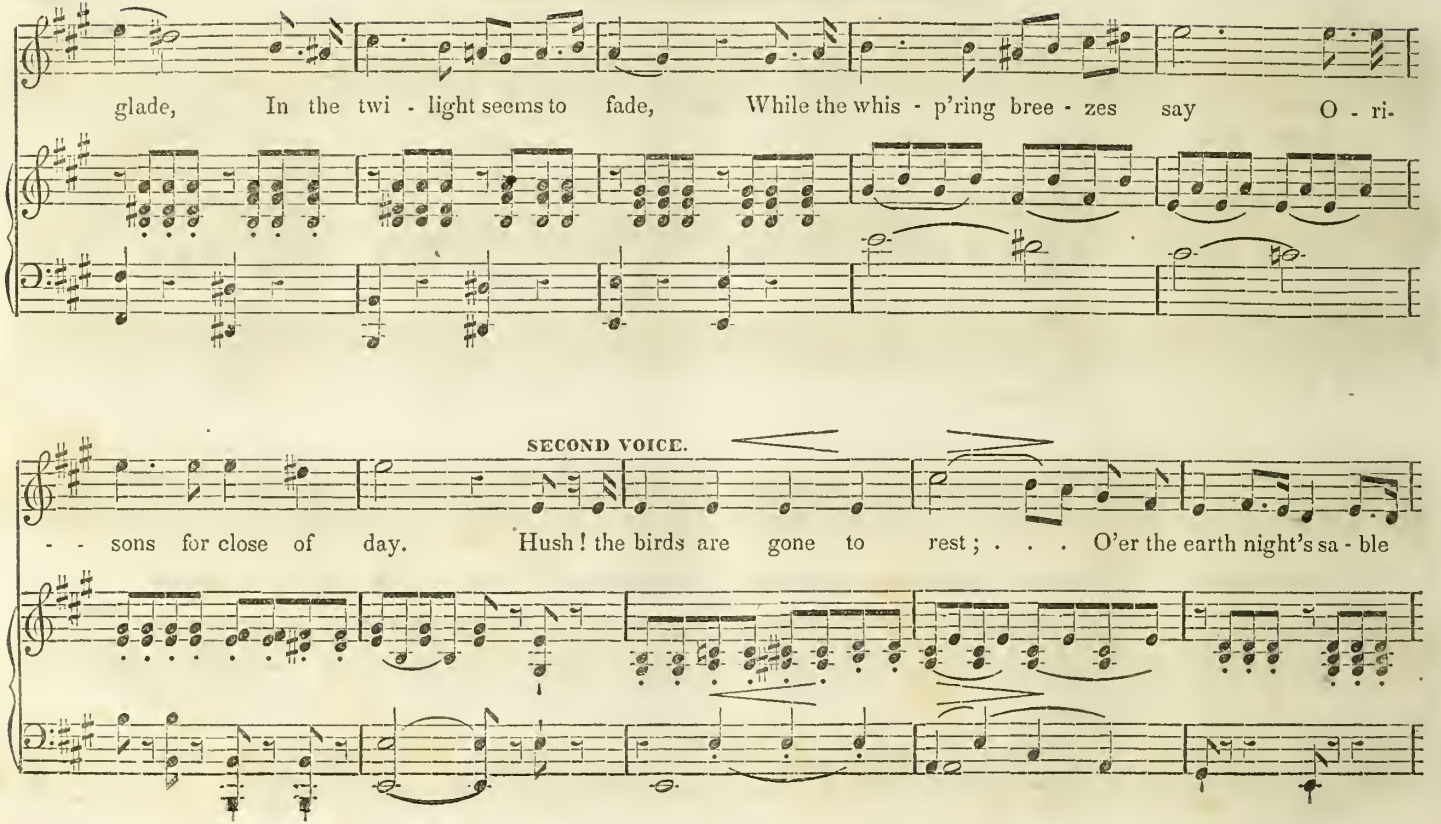

then I dream of the dis - tant land, Where I left a lov - ing and joy - ous band; Oh! dearer than ev - er they
Bounding a - way to their des-tined mart, To the land so dear to my lone-ly heart; Oh! dearer than ev - er, &c.
p
seem to be, As I muse on the shore of the mur-mur-ing sea! As I muse on the shore of the

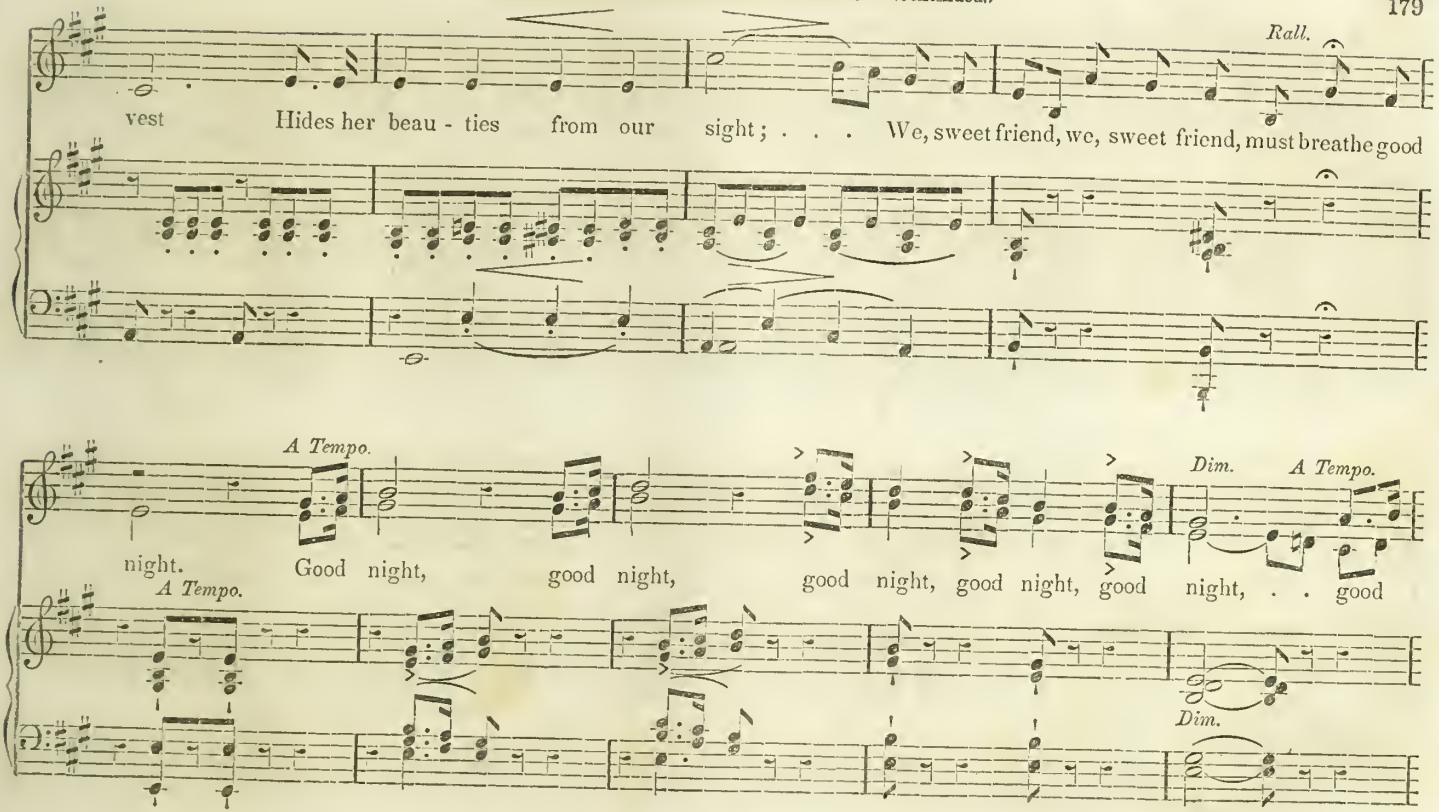

Rall.
Tranquillo.
A Tempo.
mur - mur-ing sea! Mur-mur-ing sea! beau - ti - ful sea! Oh! dearer than ev - er they
Rall.
Tranquillo.
A Tempo.
seem to be, As we muse on the shore of the mur - muring sea, the mur-mur-ing, mur - muring

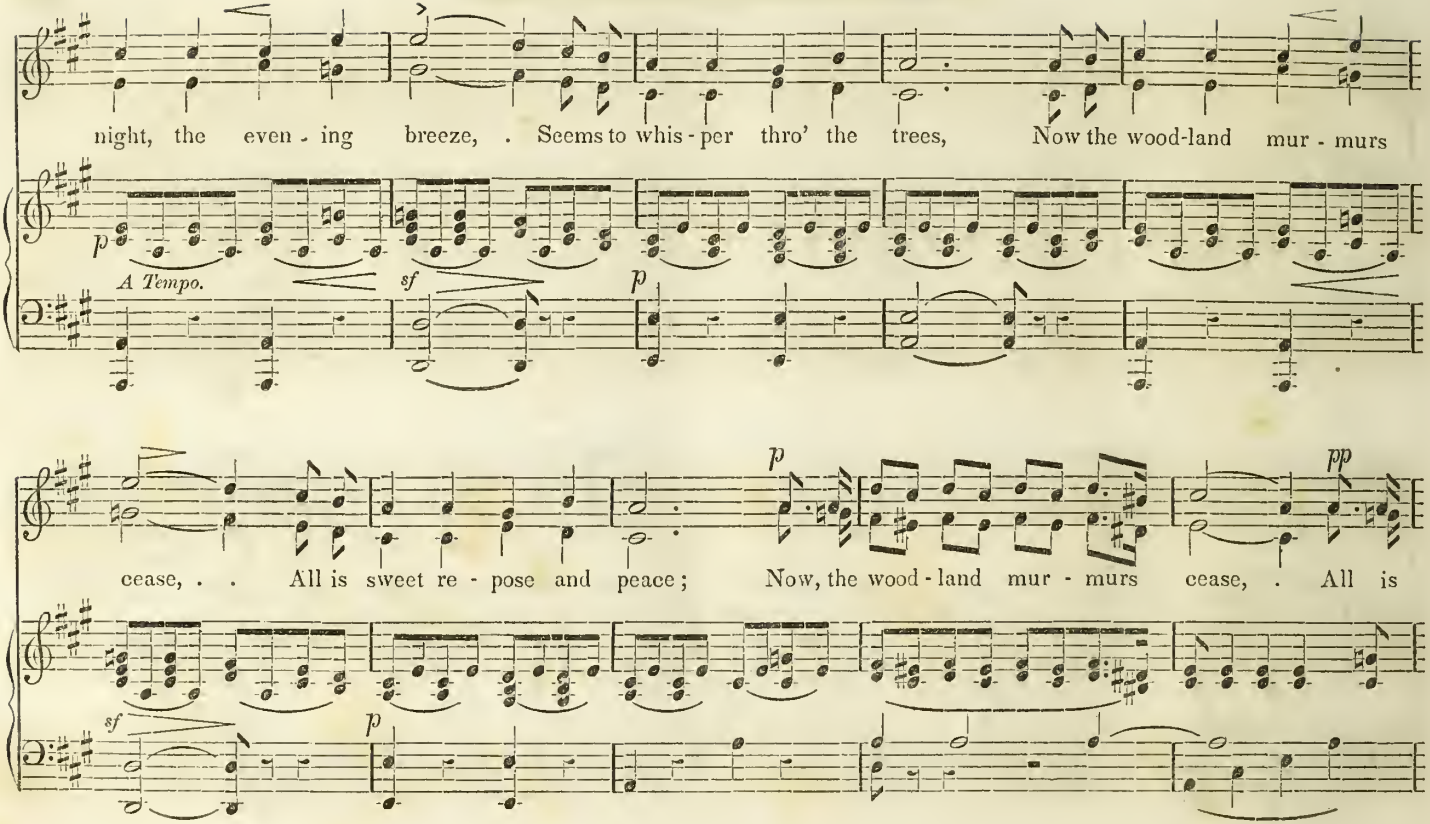

Beau - ii - ful sea! beau - ti - ful sea! Mur - mur - ing,
Cres. Decres. p
sea. Beau-ti - ful sea! beau - ti - ful sea! Oh! mur-mur-ing, mur-mur-ing,
pp
Beau - ti - ful sea! mur - mur-ing sea! Beau - ti - ful,
Cres. Decres. Cres. f
sea. Beau-ti-ful sea! mur-mur-ing sea! Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful sea!
Cres. Decres. Cres.

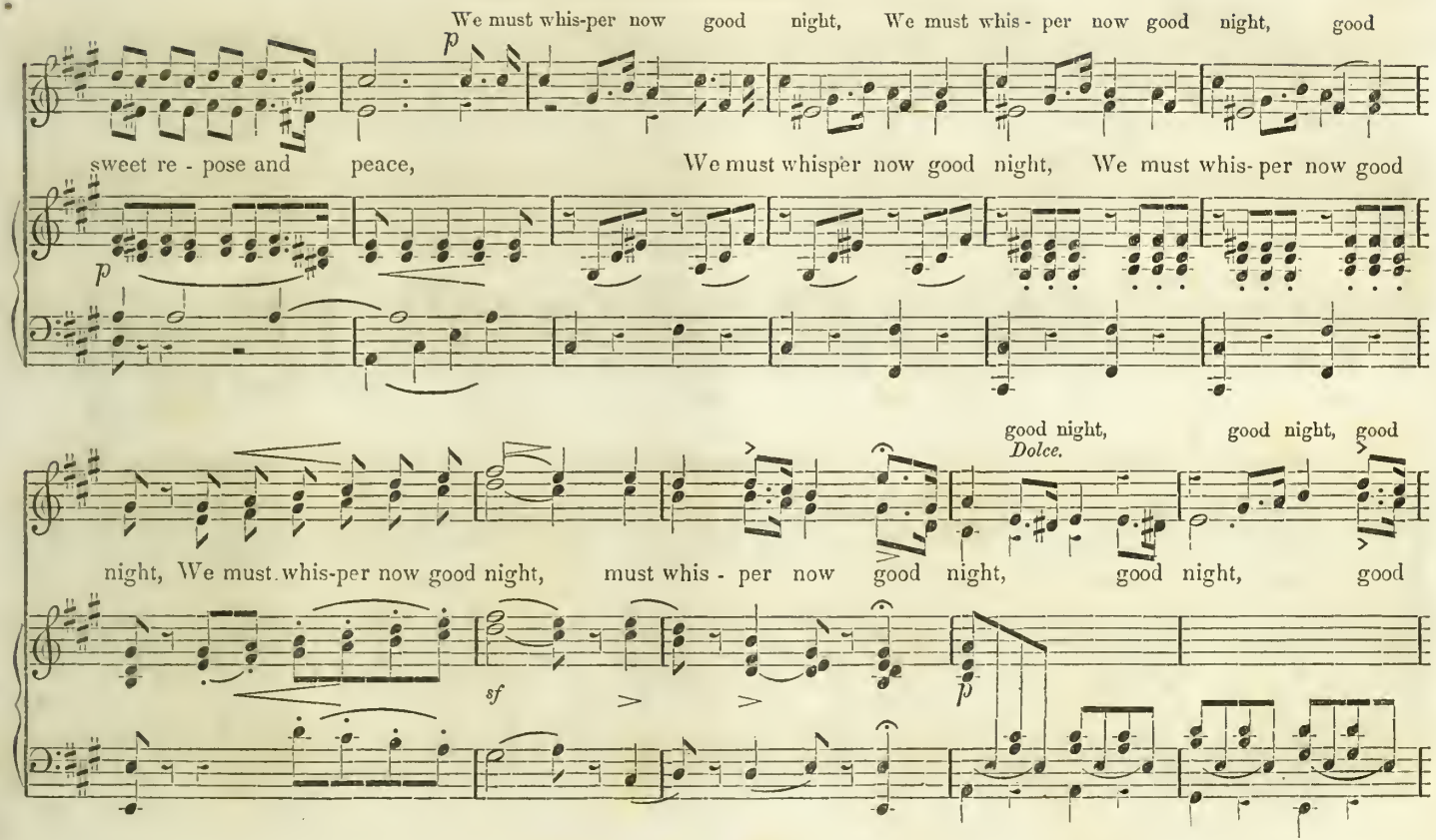

Andante.
Gen-tly, gen-tly sighs the breeze, . Like a whisper thro' the trees, Like a voice of se - raph
sf
p
bright, . Singing to the world "good night." Gen-tly, gen - tly sighs . the breeze, Like a
p
sf
p

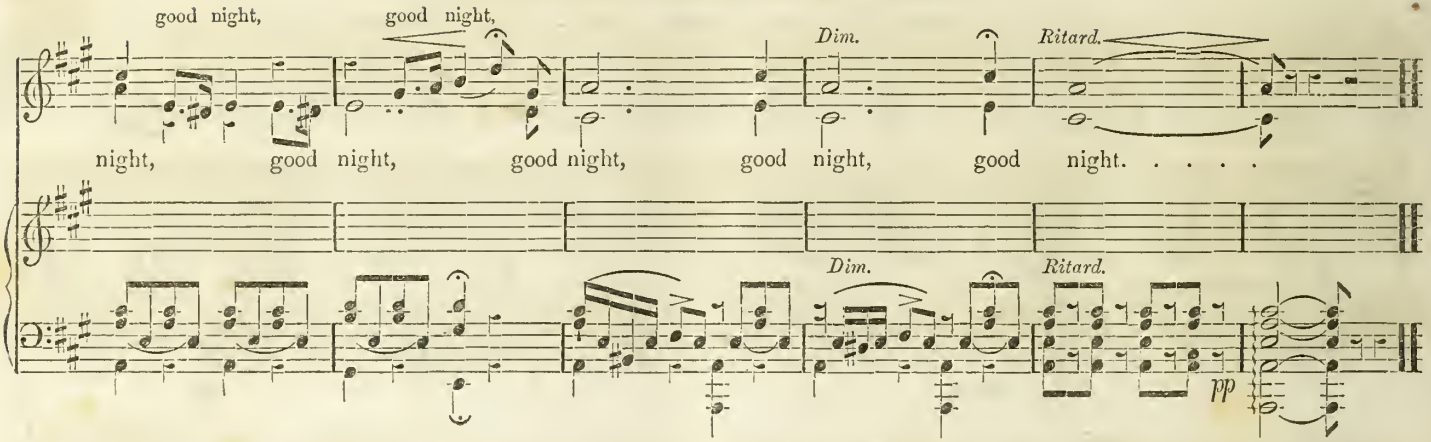

Like a voice of se - raph bright, Singing to the world "good night," "good
pp
Cres.
whis-per through the trees, Like a voice of se - raph bright, Singing to the world "good
pp
p
FIRST VOICE.
night, Singing to the world "good night, good night, good night, good night." Ev - ry hill and ev - ery
sf


glade, In the twi - light seems to fade, While the whis - p'ring bree - zes say O - ri-
SECOND VOICE.
- - sons for close of day. Hush! the birds are gone to rest; . . . O'er the earth night's sa - ble


Rall.
vest Hides her beau - ties from our sight; . . . We, sweet friend, we, sweet friend, must breathe good
A Tempo.
Dim.
A Tempo.
night. Good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, . . good
A Tempo.
Dim.


night, the even - ing breeze, . Seems to whis - per thro' the trees, Now the wood-land mur - murs
p
A Tempo.
sf
p
cease, . . All is sweet re - pose and peace; Now, the wood - land mur - murs cease, . All is
p
pp
sf
p

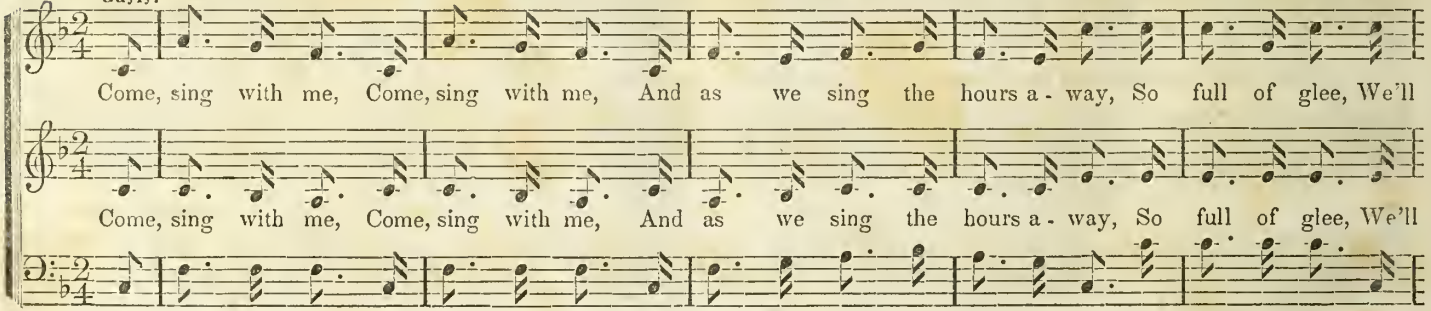

We must whis-per now good night, We must whis - per now good night, good
p
sweet re - pose and peace, We must whisper now good night, We must whis - per now good
p
good night, good night, good
Dolce.
night, We must whis-per now good night, must whis - per now good night, good night, good
sf
p

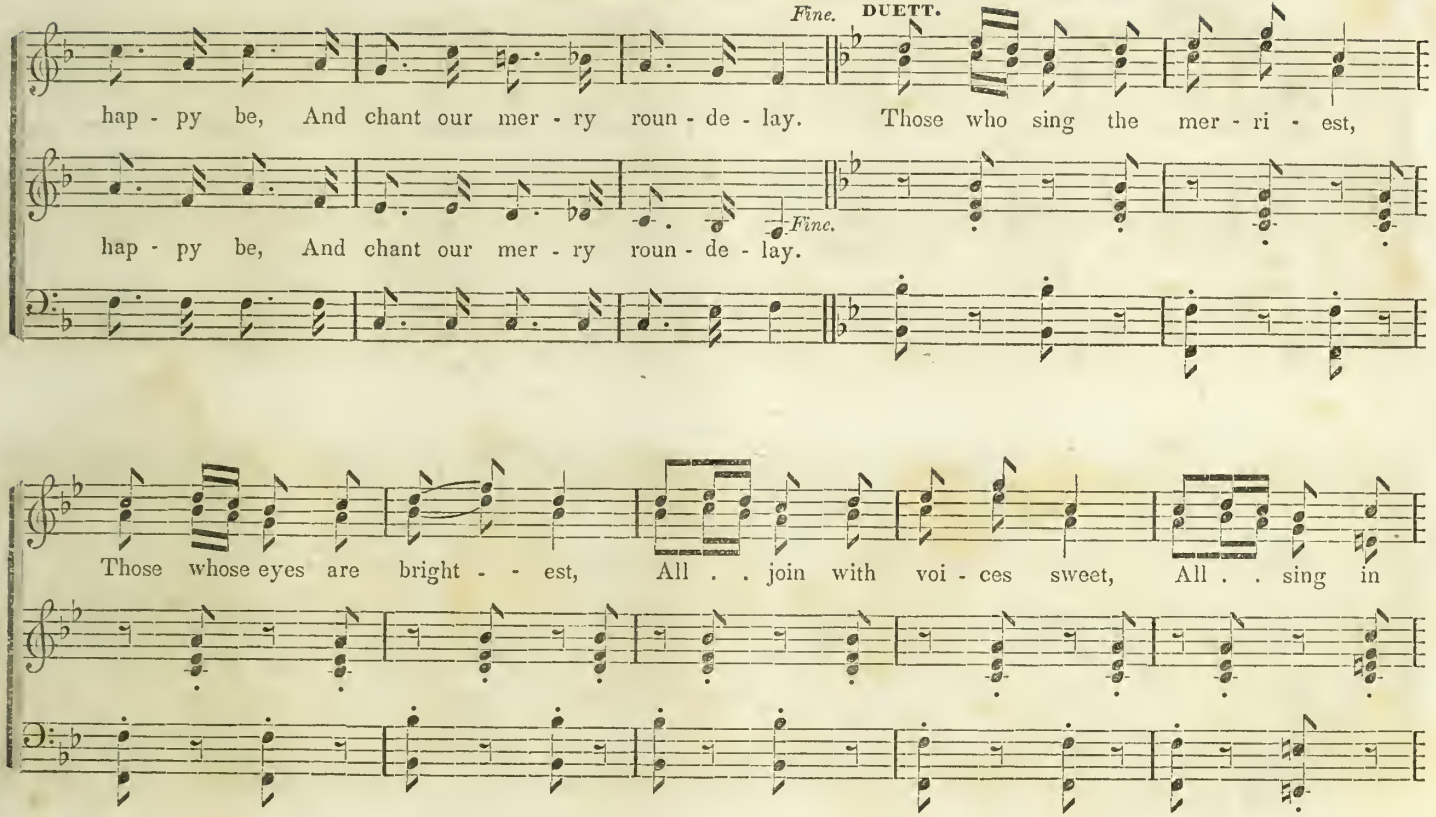


Words by H. A. POND.

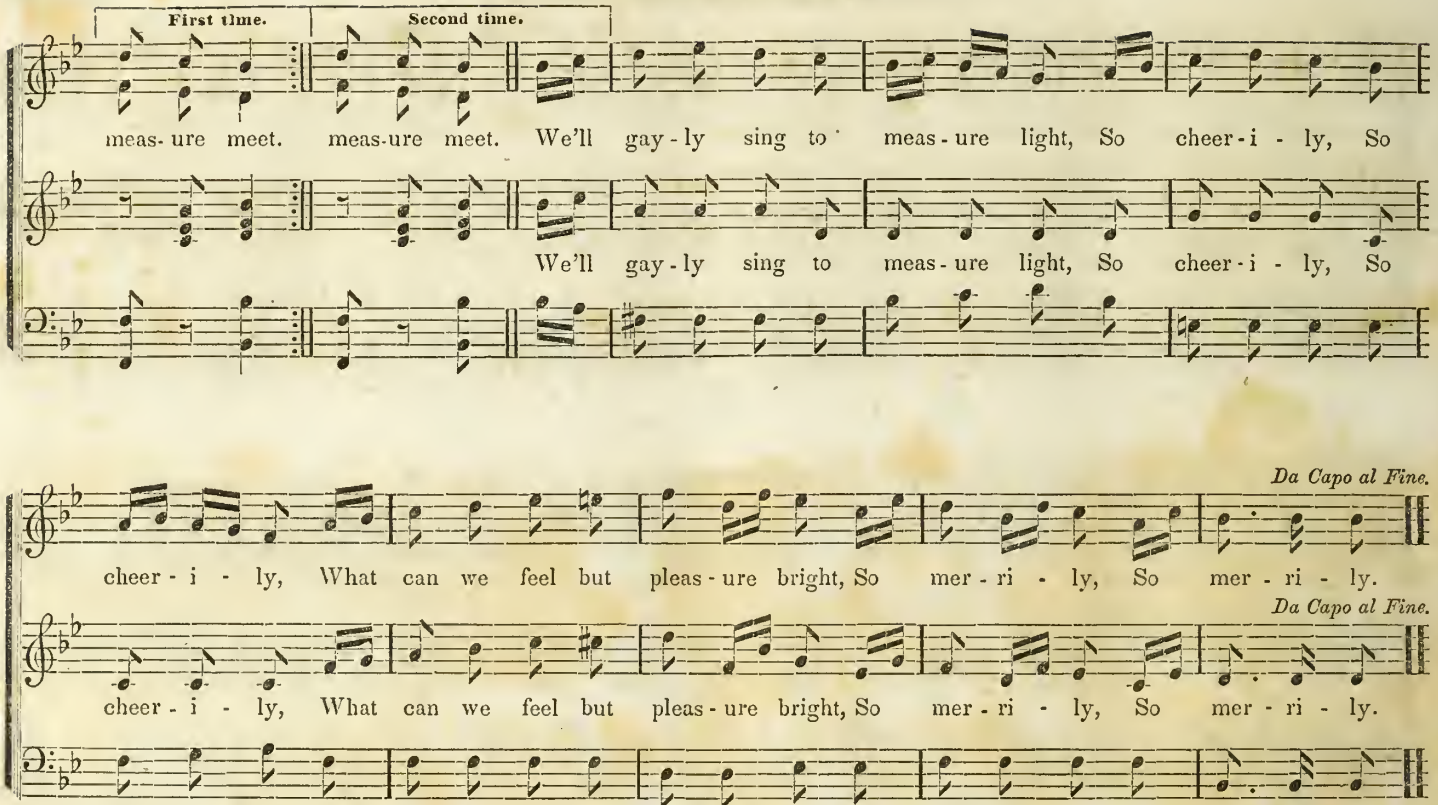
HOLIDAY SONG.

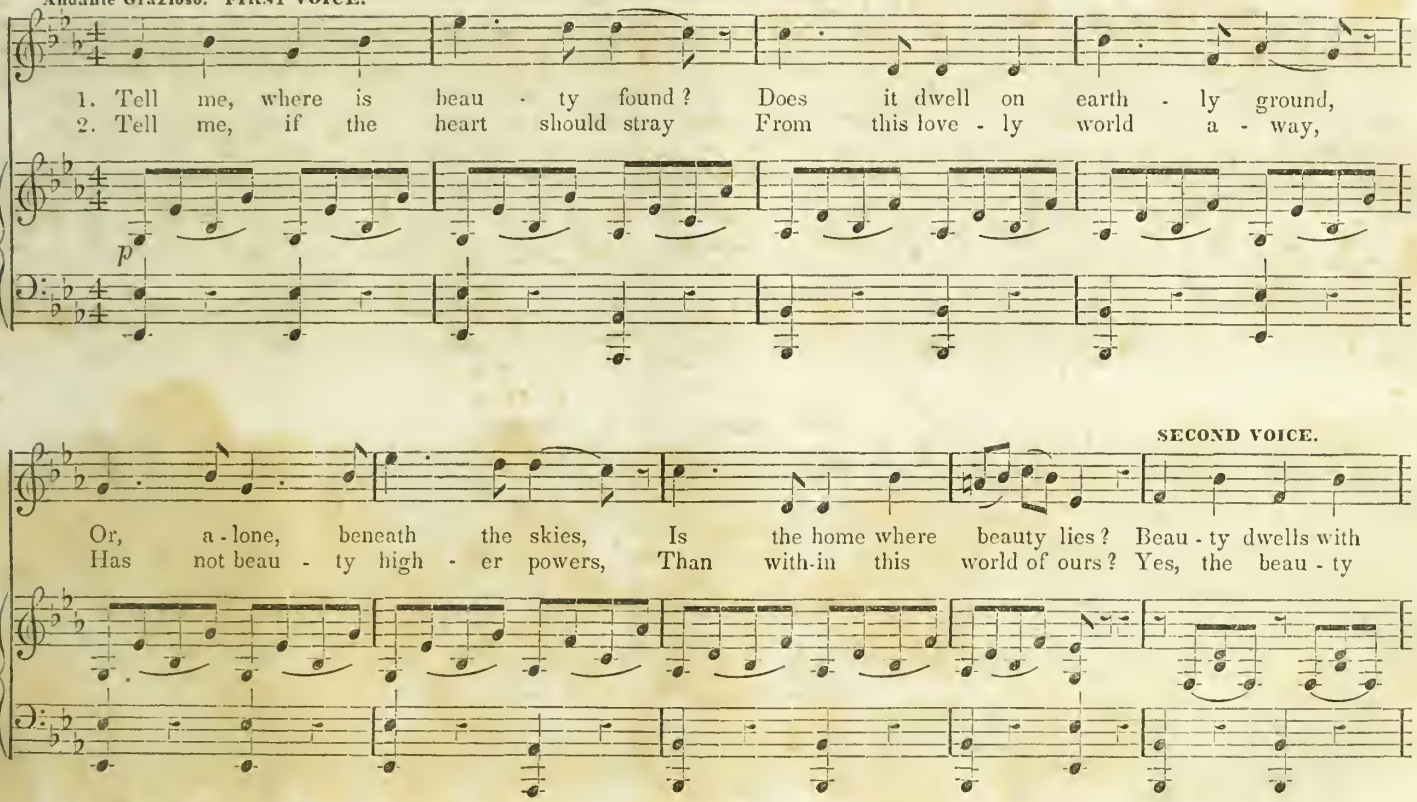
Music arranged from AUBER, by H. A. POND.

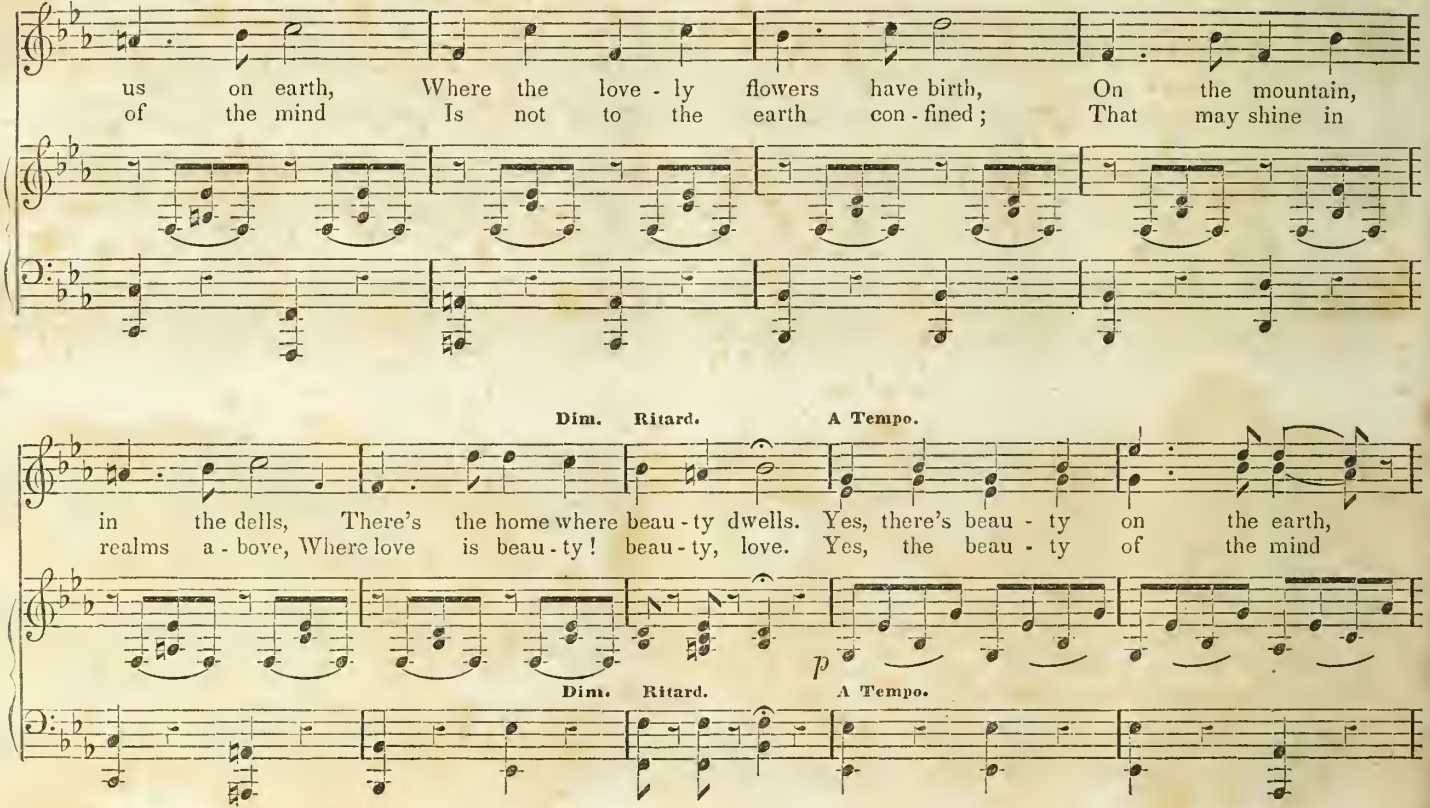


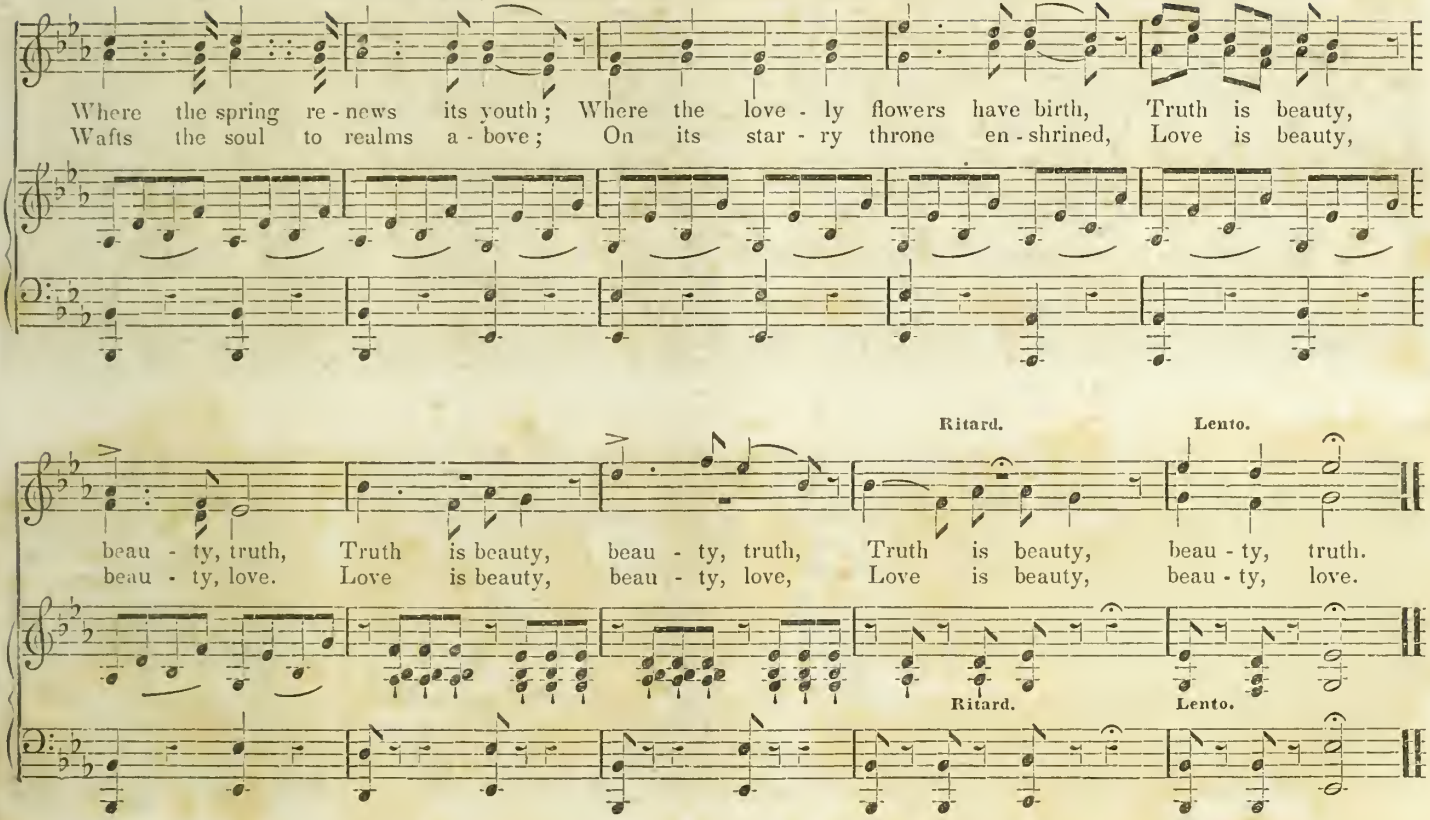

Fine.
DUETT.
hap - py be, And chant our mer - ry roun - de - lay. Those who sing the mer - ri - est,
Fine.
hap - py be, And chant our mer - ry roun - de - lay.
Those whose eyes are bright - - est, All . . join with voi - ces sweet, All . . sing in

HOLIDAY SONG. (Concluded.)




Andante Grazioso. FIRST VOICE.
1. Tell me, where is beau - ty found? Does it dwell on earth - ly ground,
2. Tell me, if the heart should stray From this love - ly world a - way,
p
SECOND VOICE.
Or, a - lone, beneath the skies, Is the home where beauty lies? Beau - ty dwells with
Has not beau - ty high - er powers, Than with-in this world of ours? Yes, the beau - ty

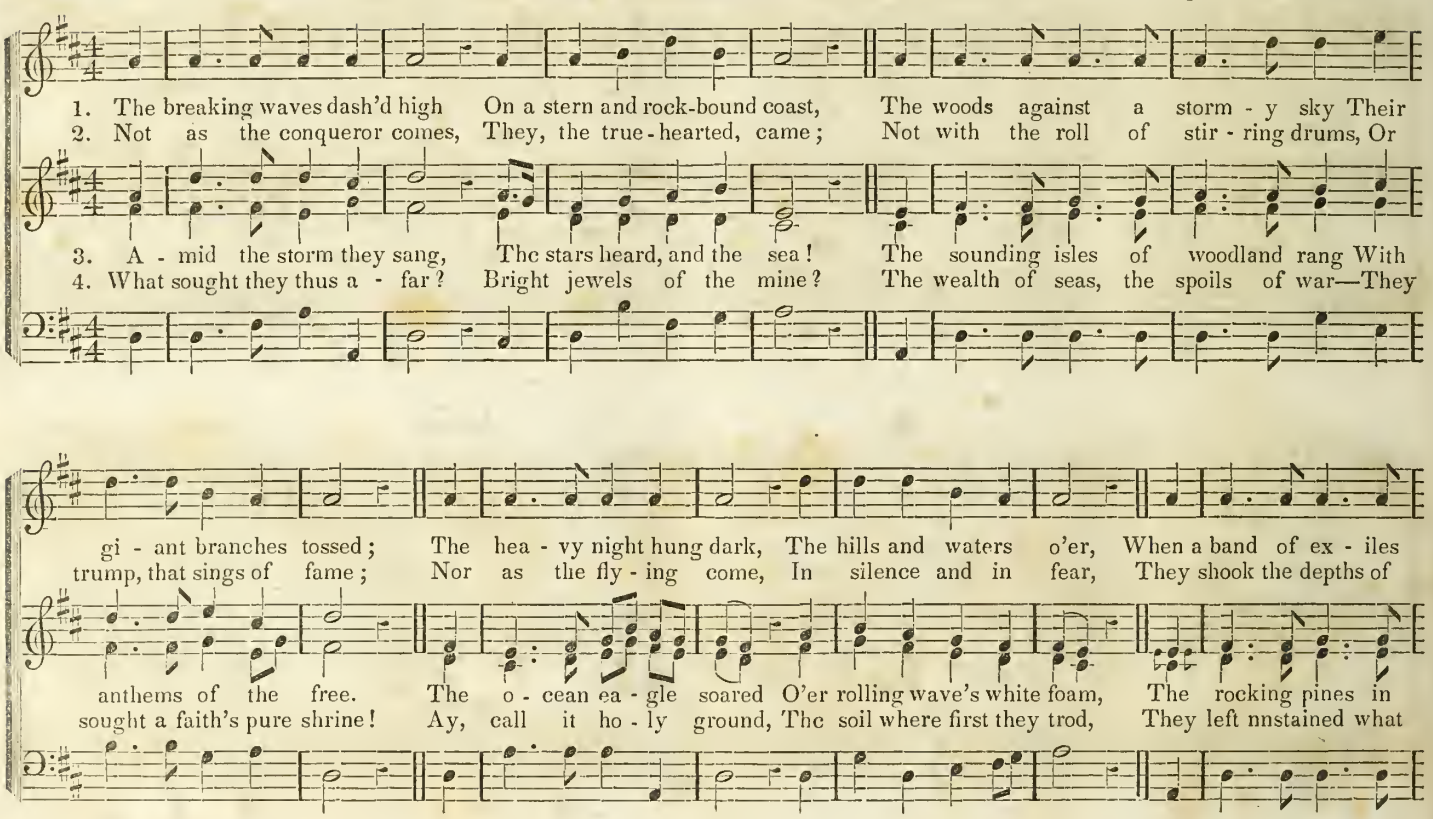

us on earth, Where the love - ly flowers have birth, On the mountain,
of the mind Is not to the earth con - fined; That may shine in
Dim. Ritard. A Tempo.
in the dells, There's the home where beau - ty dwells. Yes, there's beau - ty on the earth,
realms a - bove, Where love is beau - ty! beau - ty, love. Yes, the beau - ty of the mind
p
Dim. Ritard. A Tempo.

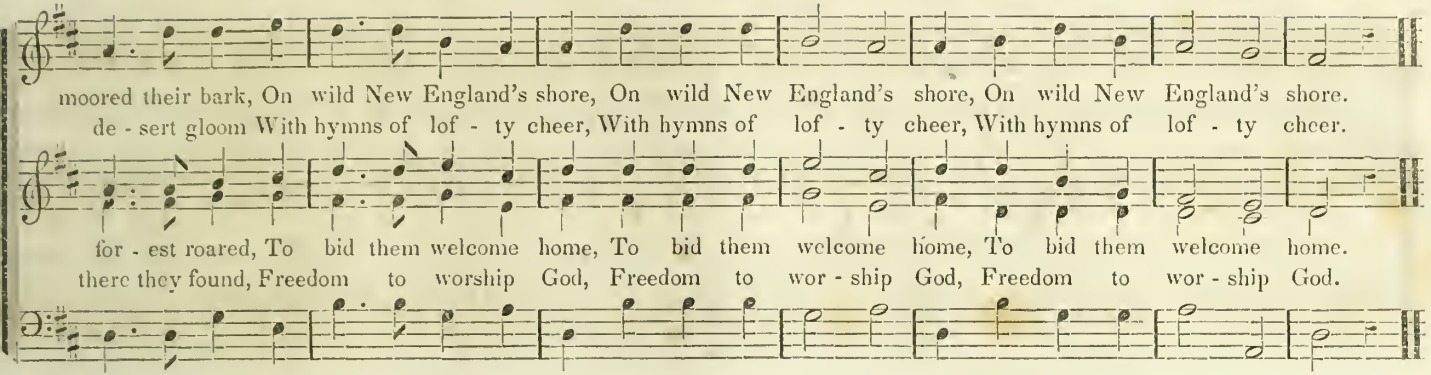

Where the spring re - news its youth; Where the love - ly flowers have birth, Truth is beauty,
Wafts the soul to realms a - bove; On its star - ry throne en - shrined, Love is beauty,
Ritard.
Lento.
beau - ty, truth, Truth is beauty, beau - ty, truth, Truth is beauty, beau - ty, truth.
beau - ty, love. Love is beauty, beau - ty, love, Love is beauty, beau - ty, love.
Ritard.
Lento.

Words by Mrs. HEMANS.

THE BREAKING WAVES DASHED HIGH.

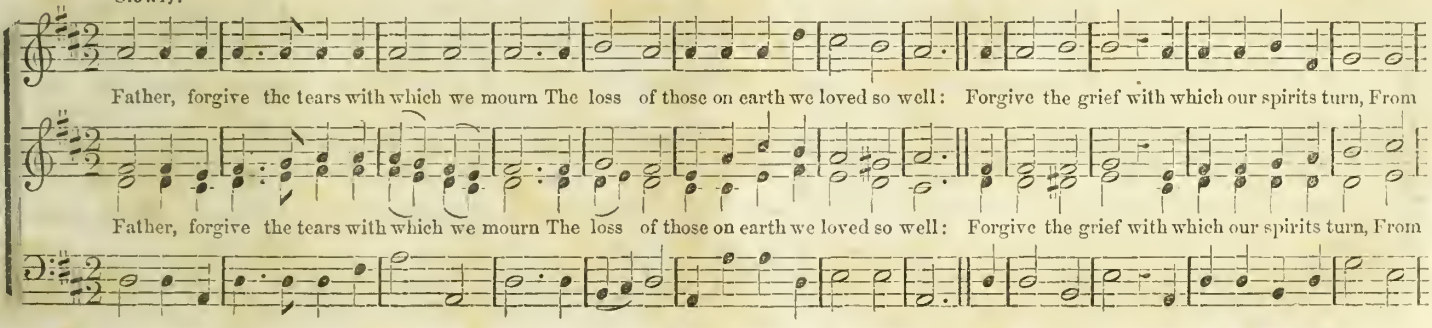
Music, in part, by Miss BROWNE.

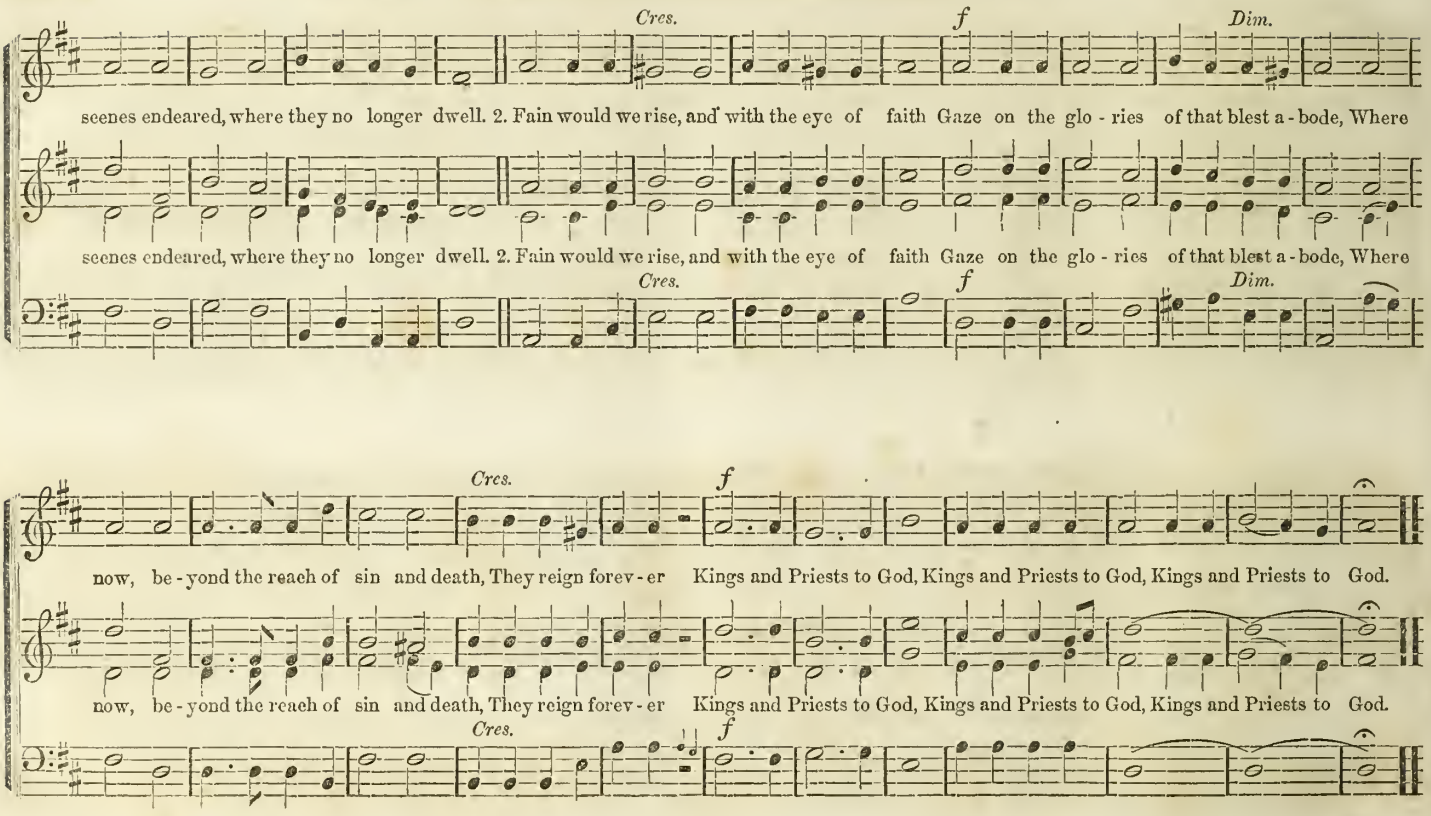


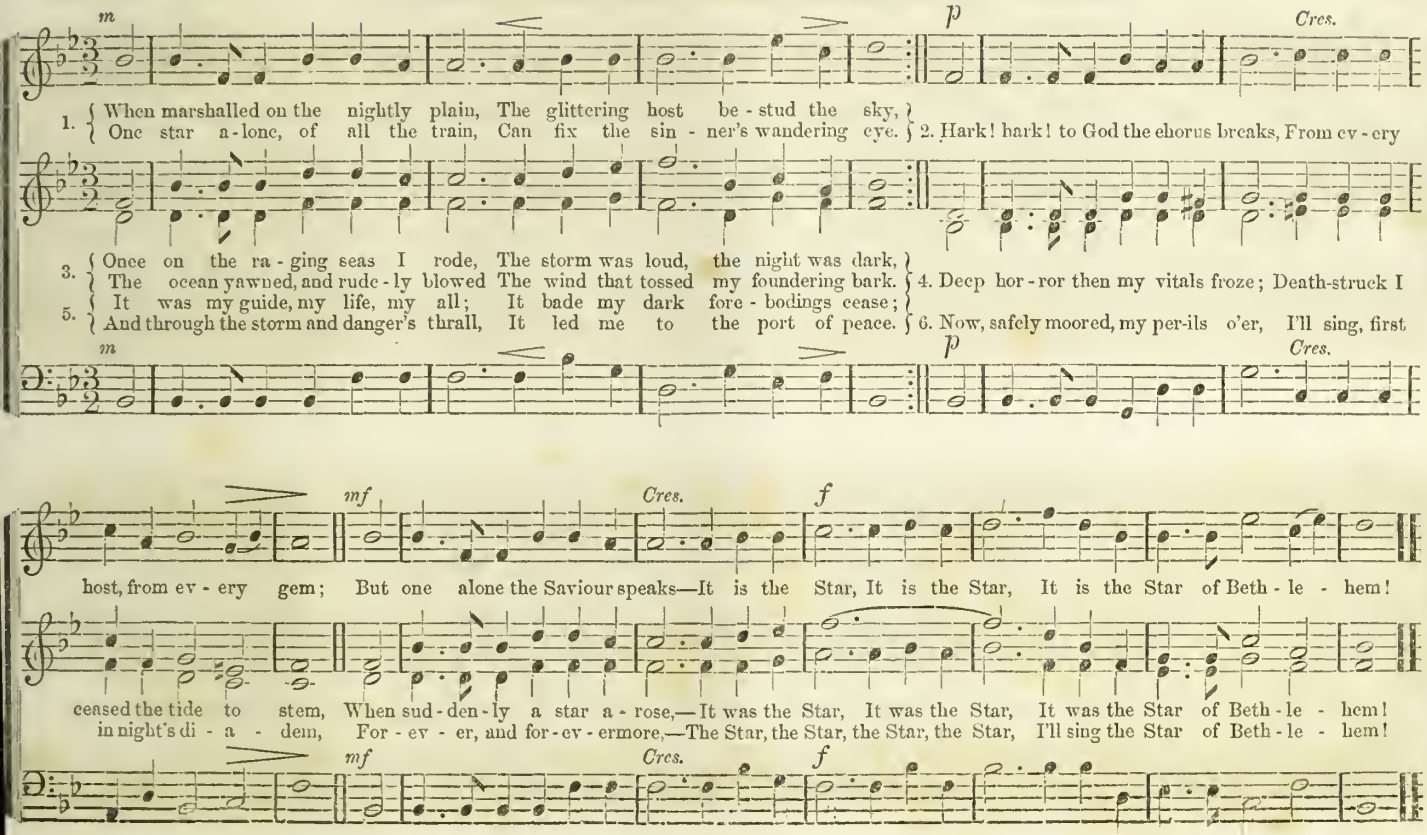


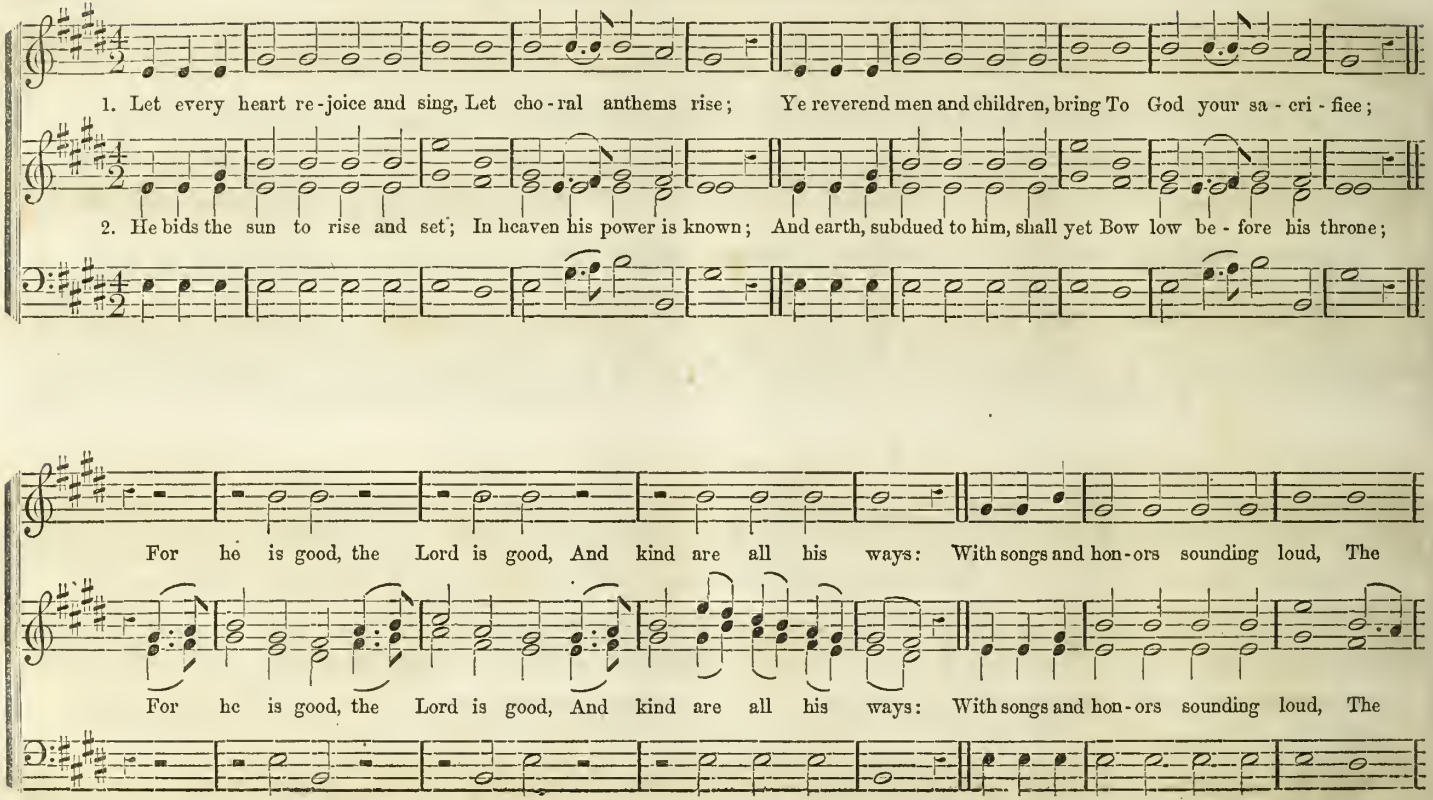
FATHER, FORGIVE THE TEARS WITH WHICH WE MOURN.

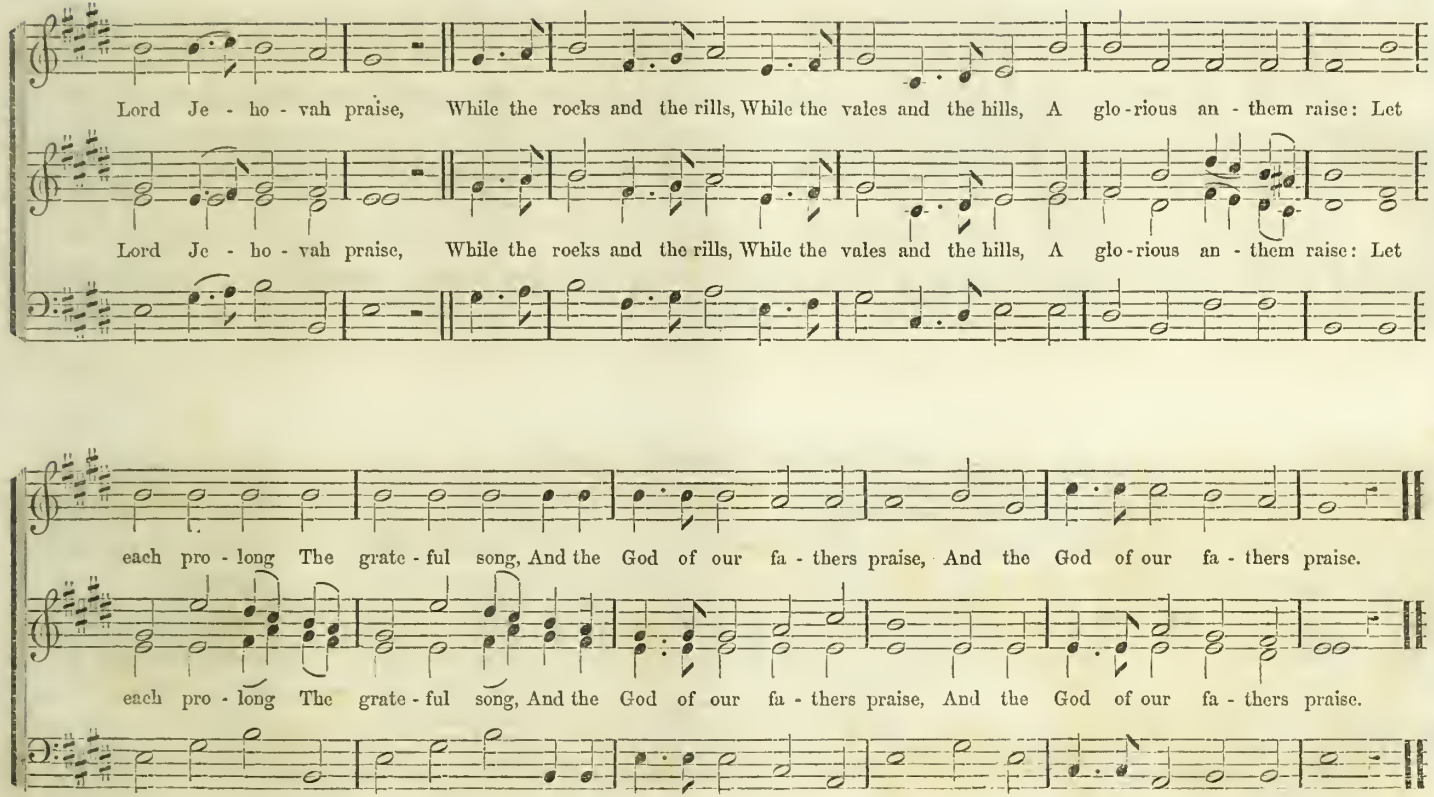
L. MASON




Cres.
f
Dim.
scenes endeared, where they no longer dwell. 2. Fain would we rise, and with the eye of faith Gaze on the glo - ries of that blest a - bode, Where
scenes endeared, where they no longer dwell. 2. Fain would we rise, and with the eye of faith Gaze on the glo - ries of that blest a - bode, Where
Cres.
f
Dim.
Cres.
f
now, be - yond the reach of sin and death, They reign forev - er Kings and Priests to God, Kings and Priests to God, Kings and Priests to God.
now, be - yond the reach of sin and death, They reign forev - er Kings and Priests to God, Kings and Priests to God, Kings and Priests to God.
Cres.
f


m
p
Cres.
1. When marshalled on the nightly plain, The glittering host be - stud the sky,
One star a - lone, of all the train, Can fix the sin - ner's wandering eye.
2. Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks, From ev - ery
3. Once on the ra - ging seas I rode, The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rude - ly blowed The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
4. Deep hor - ror then my vitals froze; Death-struck I
5. It was my guide, my life, my all; It bade my dark fore - bodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall, It led me to the port of peace.
6. Now, safely moored, my per-ils o'er, I'll sing, first
m
p
Cres.
mf
Cres.
f
host, from ev - ery gem; But one alone the Saviour speaks—It is the Star, It is the Star, It is the Star of Beth - le - hem!
ceased the tide to stem, When sud - den - ly a star a - rose,—It was the Star, It was the Star, It was the Star of Beth - le - hem!
in night's di - a - dem, For - ev - er, and for - ev - ermore,—The Star, the Star, the Star, the Star, I'll sing the Star of Beth - le - hem!
mf
Cres.
f

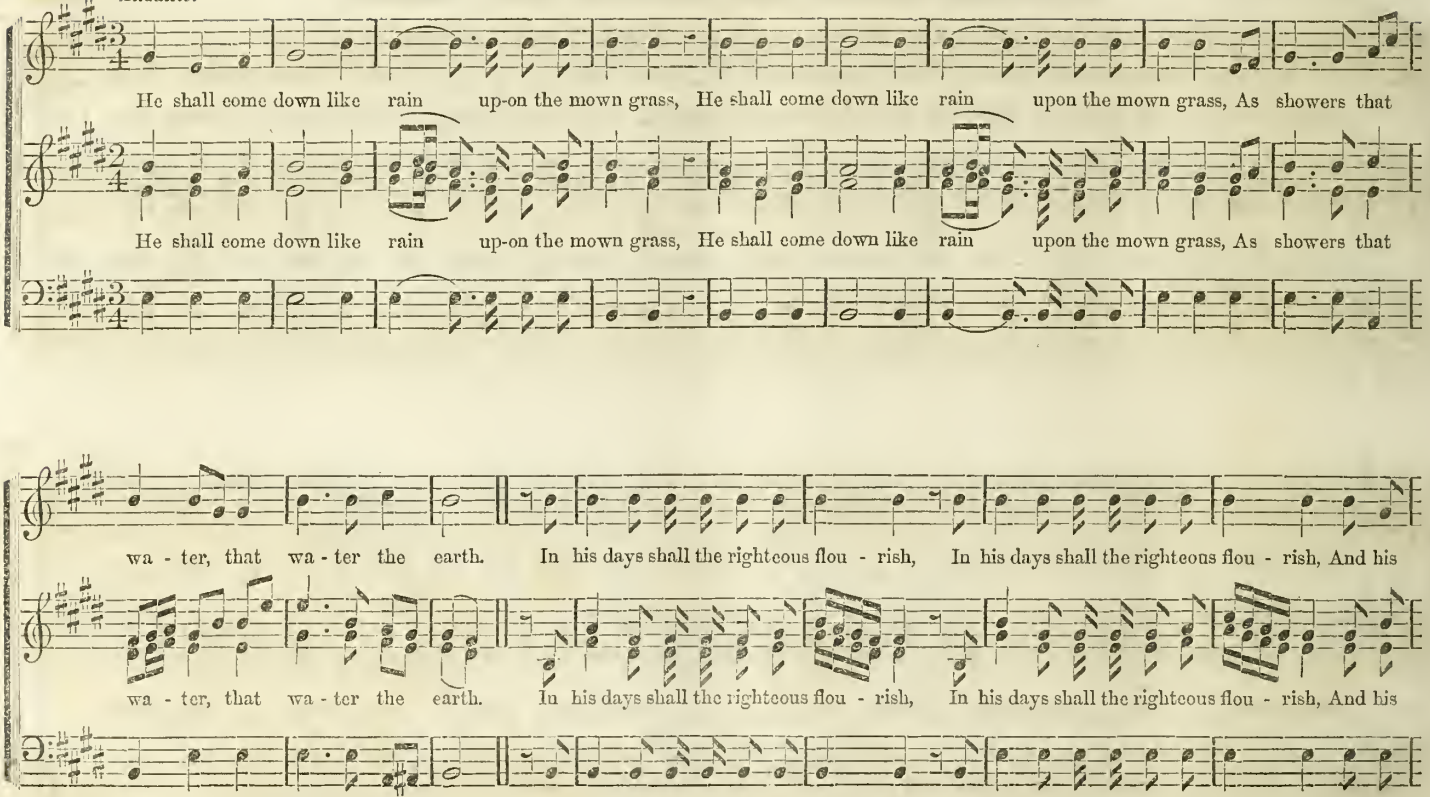

1. Let every heart re-joice and sing, Let cho-ral anthems rise; Ye reverend men and children, bring To God your sa-cri-fice;
2. He bids the sun to rise and set; In heaven his power is known; And earth, subdued to him, shall yet Bow low be-fore his throne;
For he is good, the Lord is good, And kind are all his ways: With songs and hon-ors sounding loud, The
For he is good, the Lord is good, And kind are all his ways: With songs and hon-ors sounding loud, The

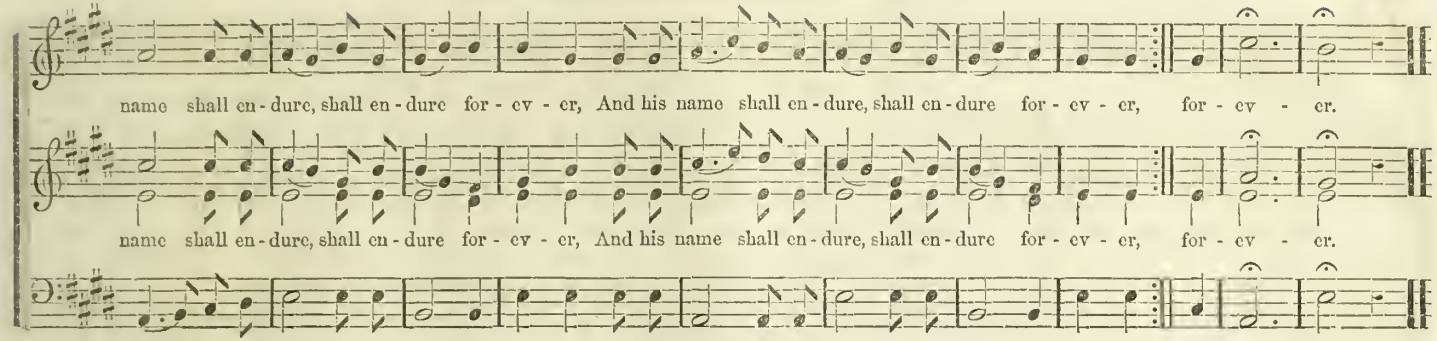

Lord Je - ho - vah praise, While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, A glo-rious an - them raise: Let
Lord Je - ho - vah praise, While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, A glo-rious an - them raise: Let
each pro - long The grate - ful song, And the God of our fa - thers praise, And the God of our fa - thers praise.
each pro - long The grate - ful song, And the God of our fa - thers praise, And the God of our fa - thers praise.

HE SHALL COME DOWN LIKE RAIN.

From PORTOGALLO.

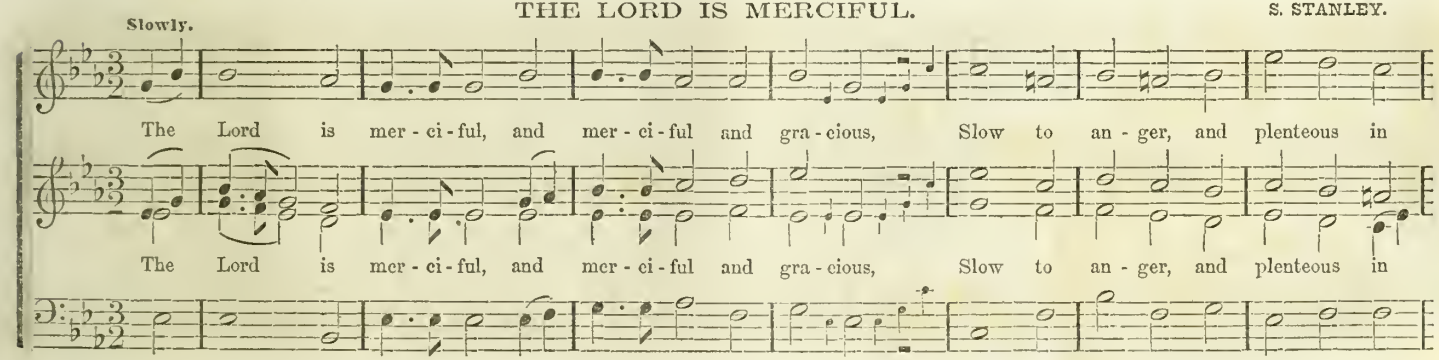
Andante.

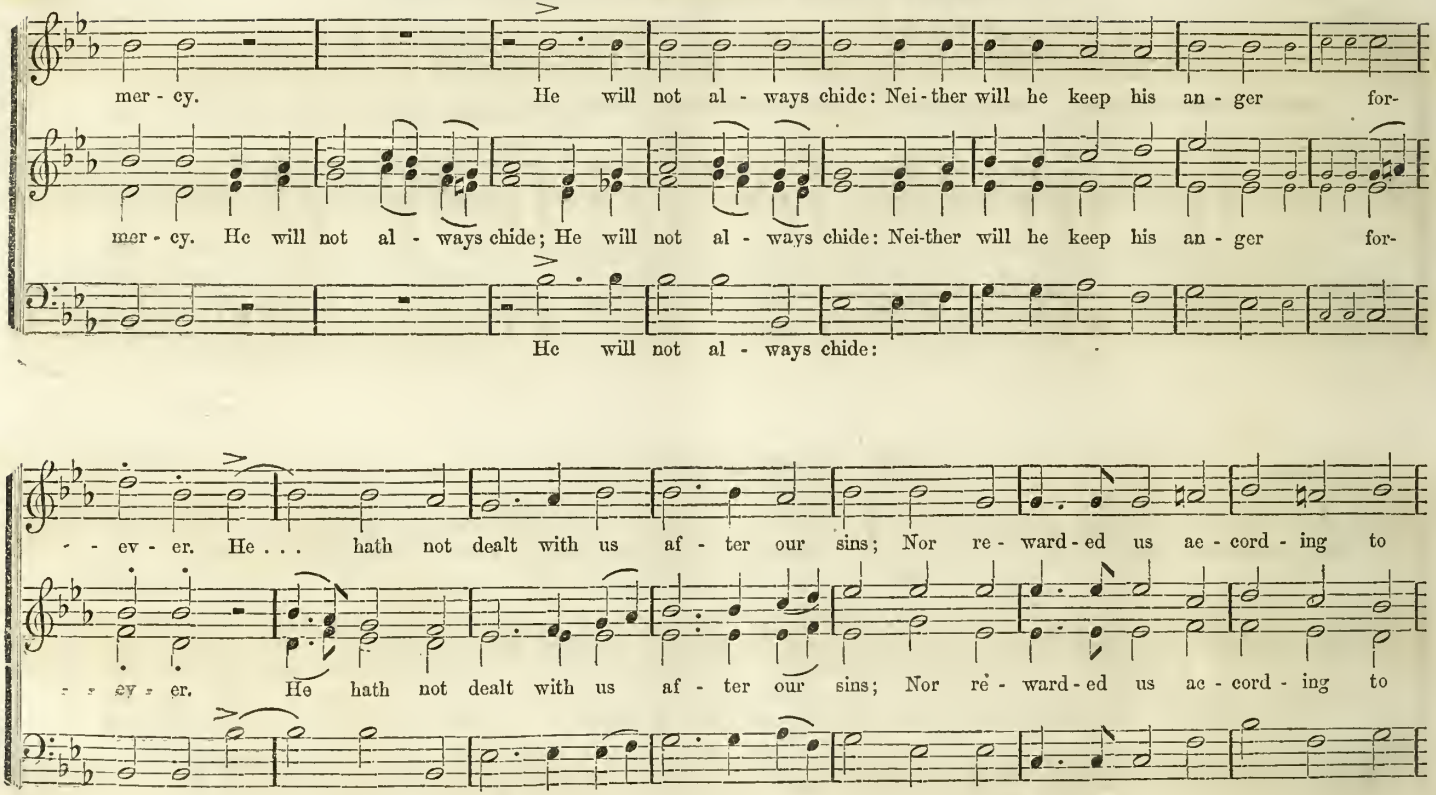


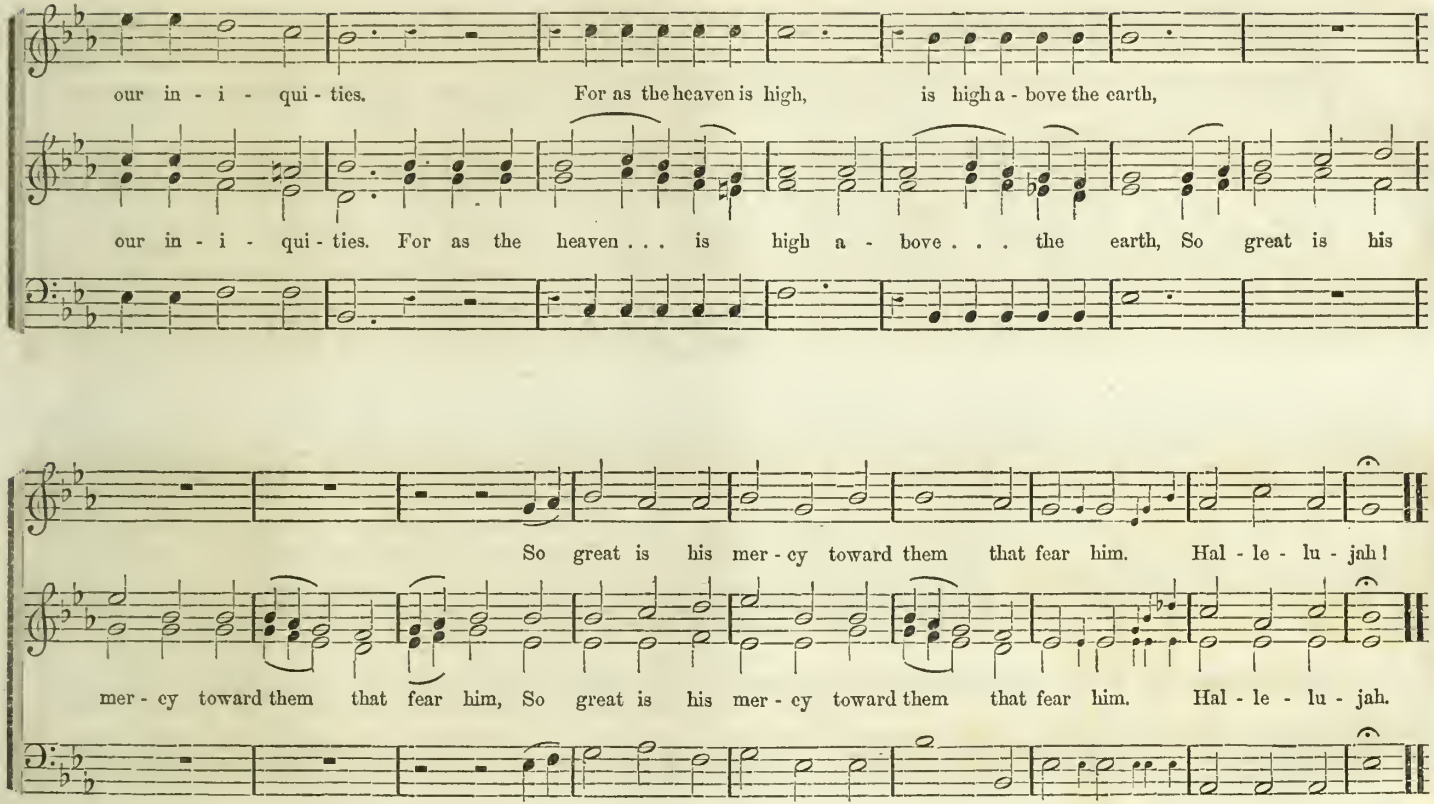


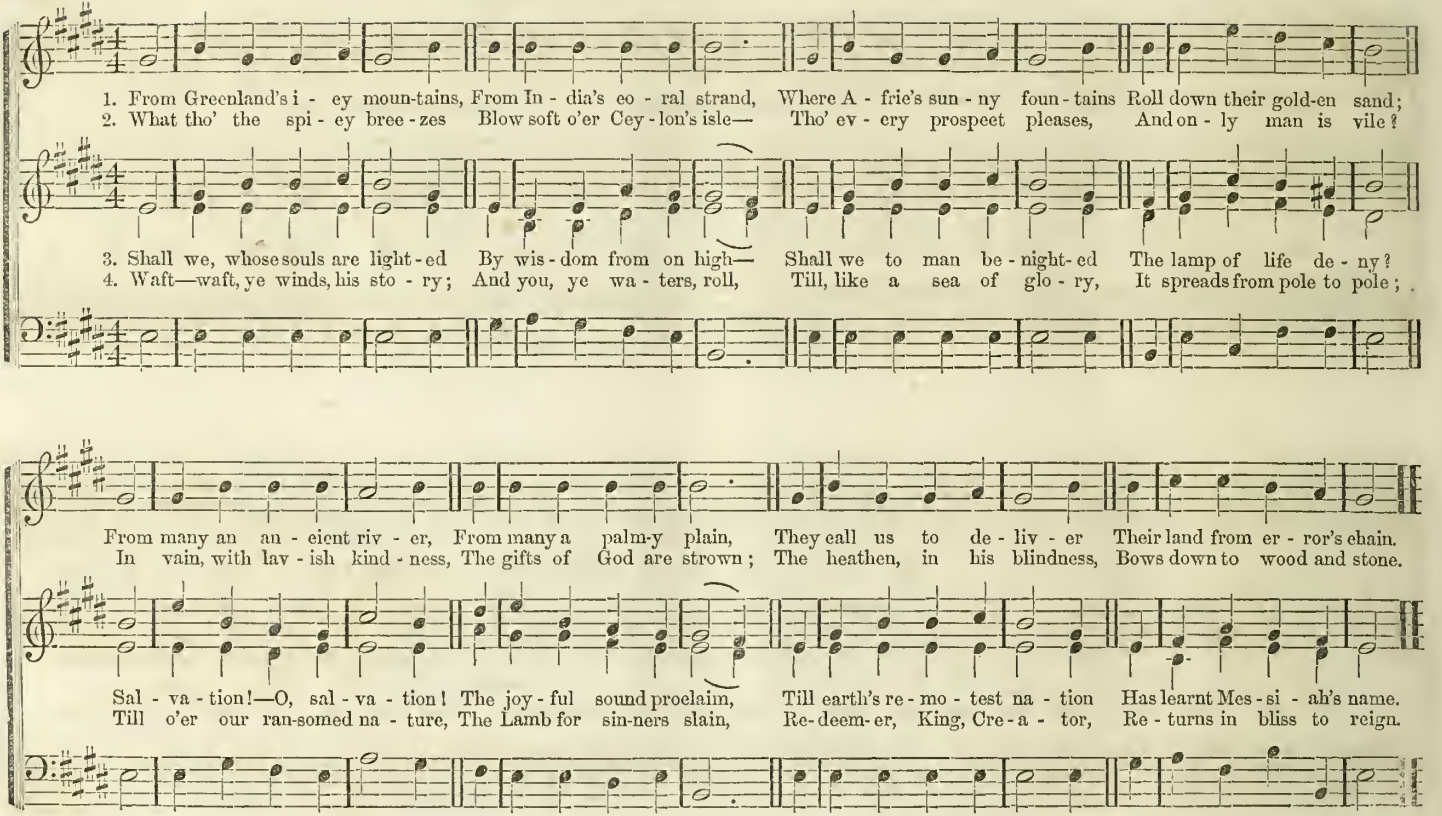
THE LORD IS MERCIFUL.

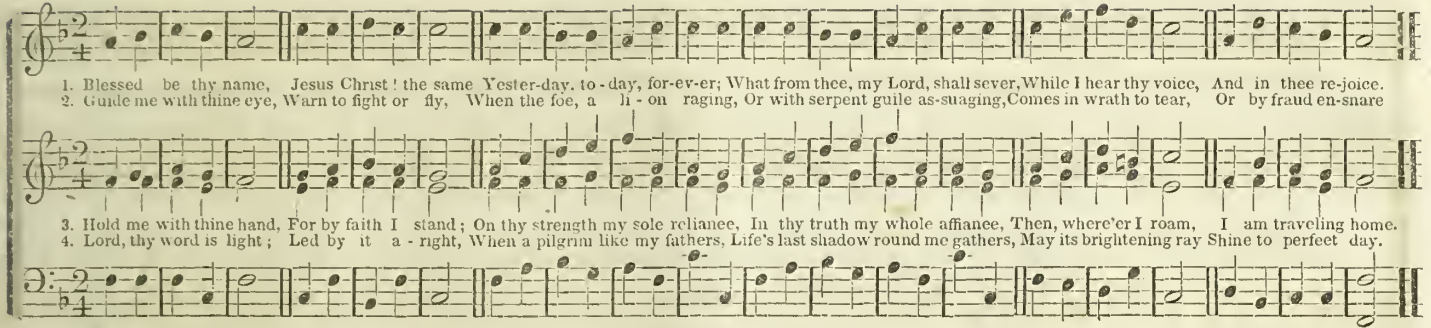
S. STANLEY.



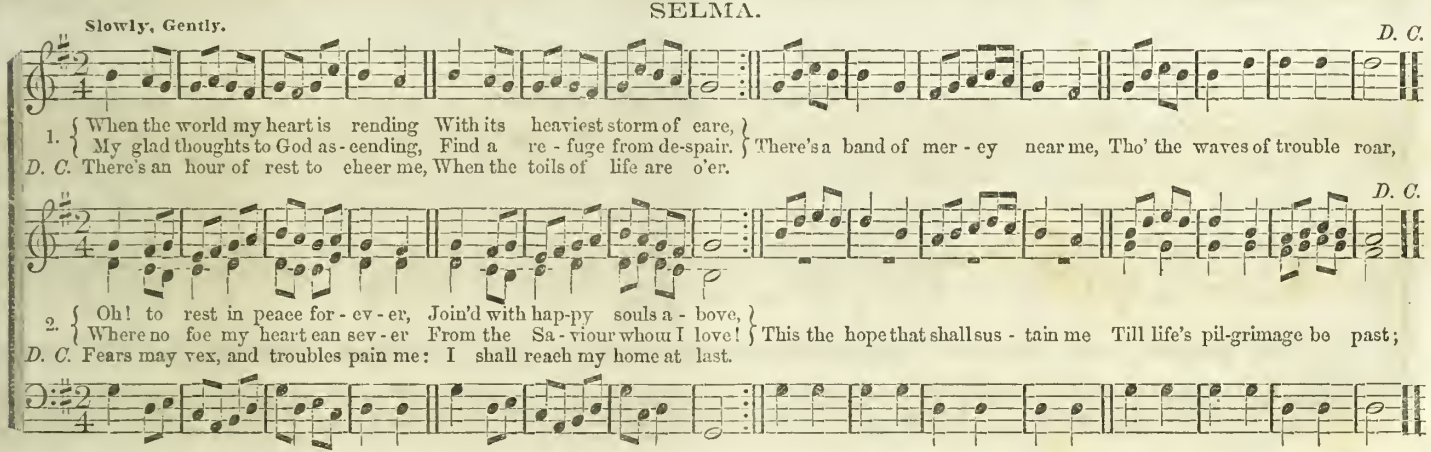

mer - cy. He will not al - ways chide: Nei-ther will he keep his an - ger for-
mer - cy. He will not al - ways chide; He will not al - ways chide: Nei-ther will he keep his an - ger for-
He will not al - ways chide:
- - ev - er. He . . . hath not dealt with us af - ter our sins; Nor re - ward - ed us ac - cord - ing to
- - ev - er. He hath not dealt with us af - ter our sins; Nor re - ward - ed us ac - cord - ing to
He . . . hath not dealt


our in - i - qui - ties. For as the heaven is high, is high a - bove the earth,
our in - i - qui - ties. For as the heaven . . . is high a - bove . . . the earth, So great is his
So great is his mer - cy toward them that fear him. Hal - le - lu - jah!
mer - cy toward them that fear him, So great is his mer - cy toward them that fear him. Hal - le - lu - jah.


1. From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From In - dia's co - ral strand, Where A - frie's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold-en sand;
2. What tho' the spi - cy bree - zes Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle— Tho' ev - ery prospect pleases, And on - ly man is vile?
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed By wis - dom from on high— Shall we to man be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
4. Waft—waft, ye winds, his sto - ry; And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;
From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
In vain, with lav - ish kind - ness, The gifts of God are strown; The heathen, in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone.
Sal - va - tion!—O, sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound proclaim, Till earth's re - mo - test na - tion Has learnt Mes - si - ah's name.
Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture, The Lamb for sin-ners slain, Re-deem-er, King, Cre - a - tor, Re - turns in bliss to reign.


1. Blessed be thy name, Jesus Christ! the same Yester-day, to-day, for-ev-er; What from thee, my Lord, shall sever, While I hear thy voice, And in thee re-joice.
2. Guide me with thine eye, Warn to fight or fly, When the foe, a - li - on raging, Or with serpent guile as-suaging, Comes in wrath to tear, Or by fraud en-snare
3. Hold me with thine hand, For by faith I stand; On thy strength my sole reliance, In thy truth my whole affiance, Then, where'er I roam, I am traveling home.
4. Lord, thy word is light; Led by it a - right, When a pilgrim like my fathers, Life's last shadow round me gathers, May its brightening ray Shine to perfect day.

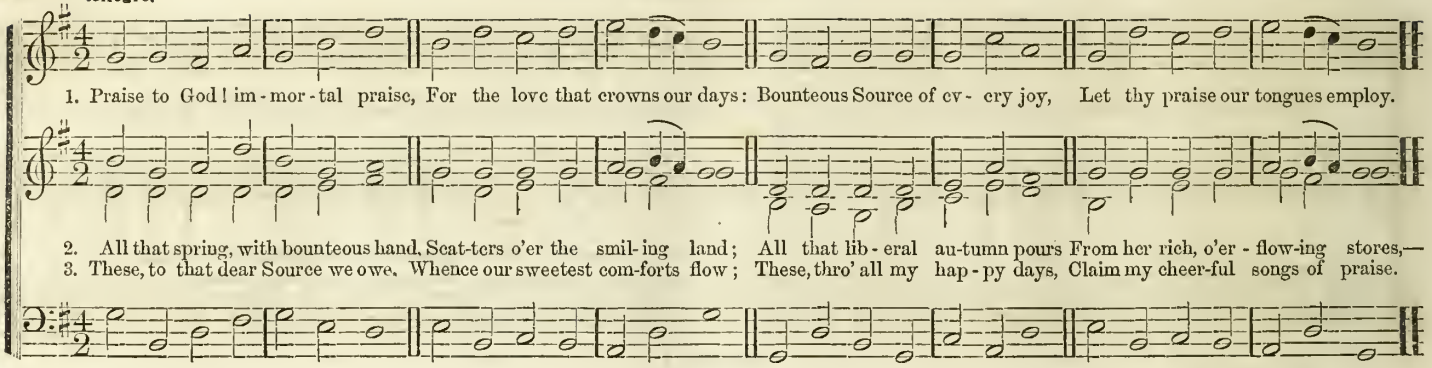
SELMA.


Slowly, Gently.
D. C.
1. When the world my heart is rending With its heaviest storm of care, / My glad thoughts to God as-cending, Find a re-fuge from de-spair. There's a band of mer-cy near me, Tho' the waves of trouble roar,
D. C. There's an hour of rest to cheer me, When the toils of life are o'er.
D. C.
2. Oh! to rest in peace for-ev-er, Join'd with hap-py souls a-bove, / Where no foe my heart can sev-er From the Sa-viour whom I love! This the hope that shall sus-tain me Till life's pil-grimage be past;
D. C. Fears may vex, and troubles pain me: I shall reach my home at last.

NUREMBURG.

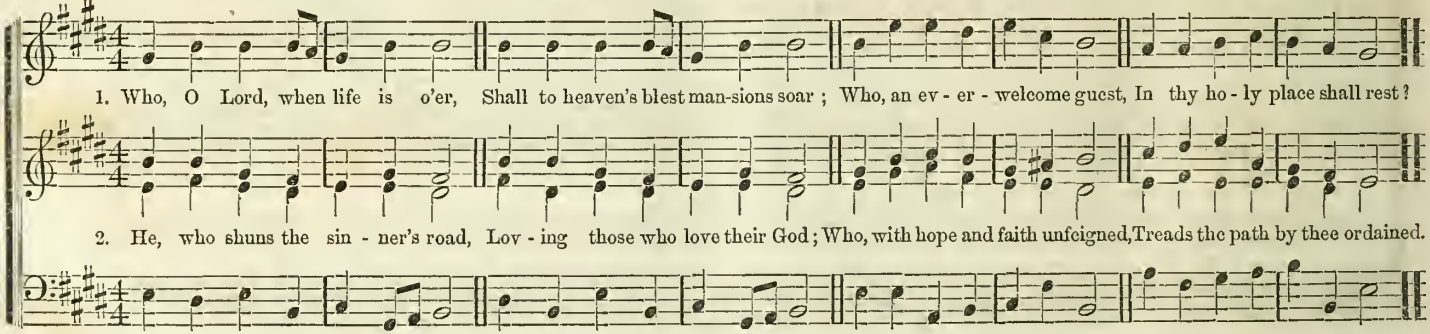
From a German Tune.

Allegro.



LATROBE, OR EDYFIELD.

German Tune.



VERNON.

Slowly.

D. C.

1. { Fount of ev - er - last - ing love! Rich thy streams of mer-cy are, }
   { Flow - ing pure - ly from a - bove, Beau - ty marks their course a - far. } Lo! thy church, thy garden, now, Bloom be-neath thy heavenly shower,
D. C. While we feel, and melt, and bow, Mild, yet might - y in thy power.

D. C.

2. { God of grace, be - fore thy throne, Here our warm-est thanks we bring; }
   { Thine the glo - ry, thine a - lone, Loud - est praise to thee we sing; } Hear, O hear our grateful song, Let thy spi - rit still de - scend;
D. C. Roll the tide of grace a - long, Widen-ing, deep'ning to the end.

CAMELON.

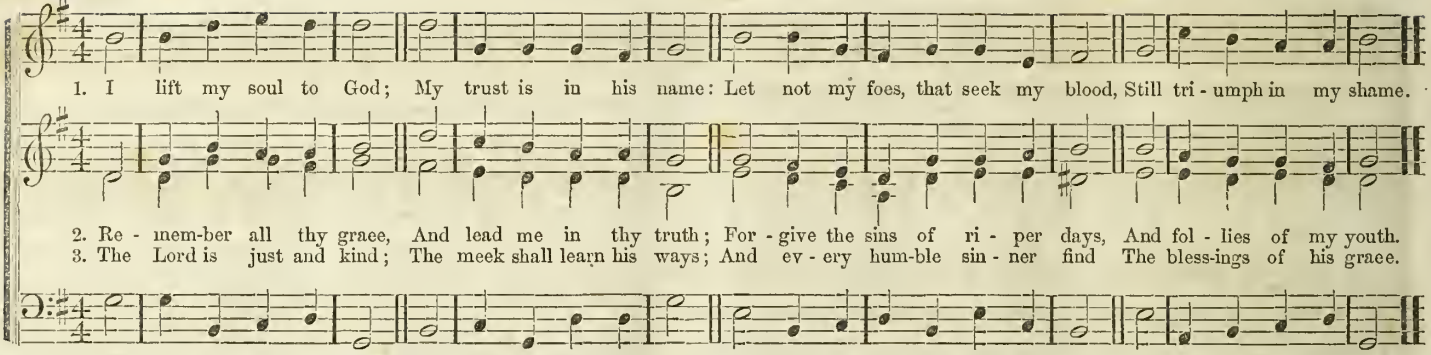
From a Chant by Dr. BOYCE.

1. Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing: Je - ho-vah is the sove - reign God, The u - ni - ver-sal King.

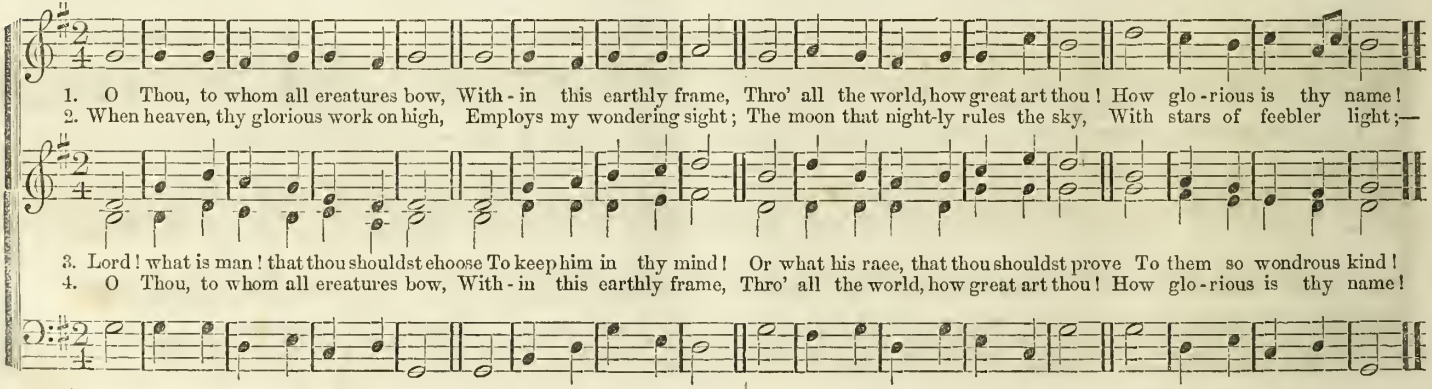
2. Come, wor - ship at his throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We are his work, and not our own; He formed us by his word.
3. To - day at - tend his voice, Nor dare pro - voke his rod; Come, like the peo-ple of his choice, And own your gracious Lord.

ST. MICHAEL.

From DAY'S Psalter, 1588. Harmony by Rev. W. H. HAVERGILL.

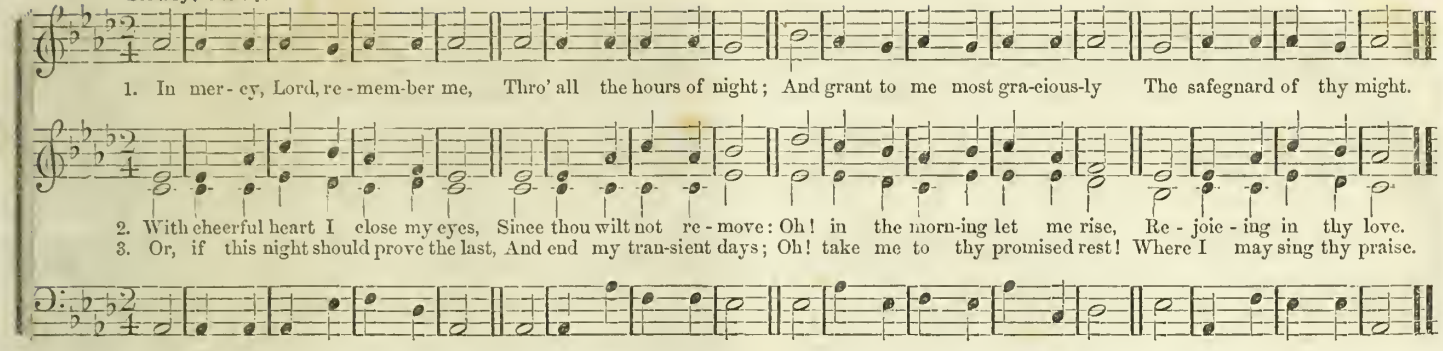


SUNTER.



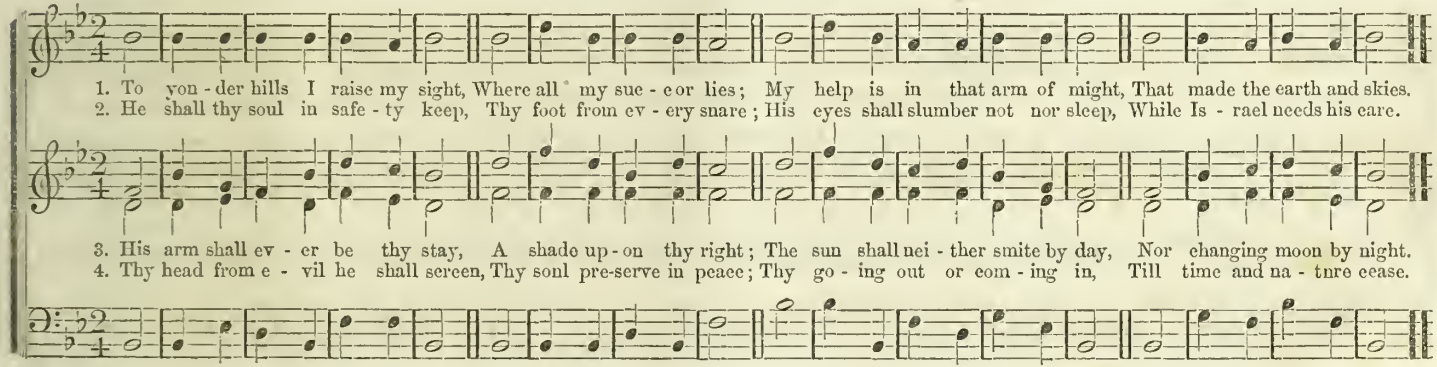
EVAN.

Slowly, Gently.



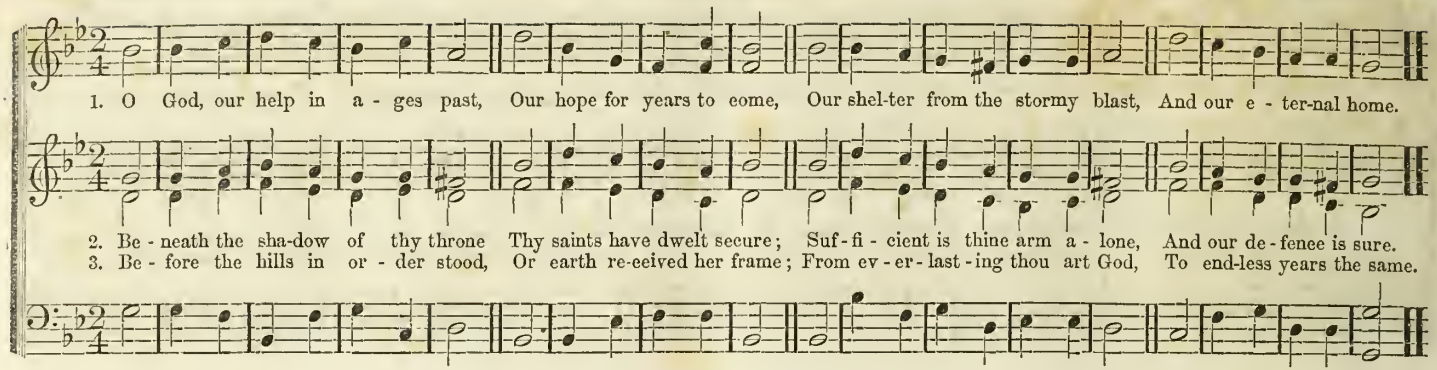
NEW YORK TUNE.

Words from JONES' Versification of the Psalms.



WINDSOR.

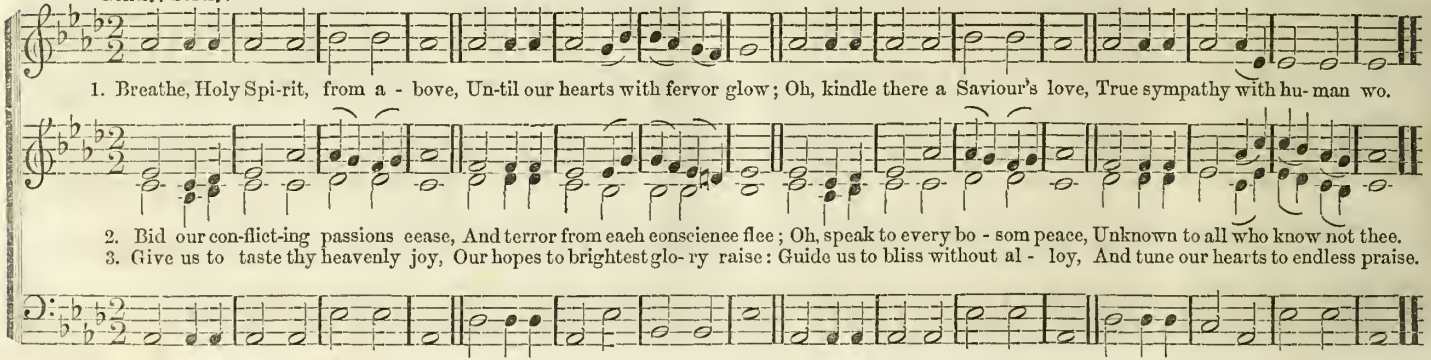
From the "Scotch Psalter," 1615.

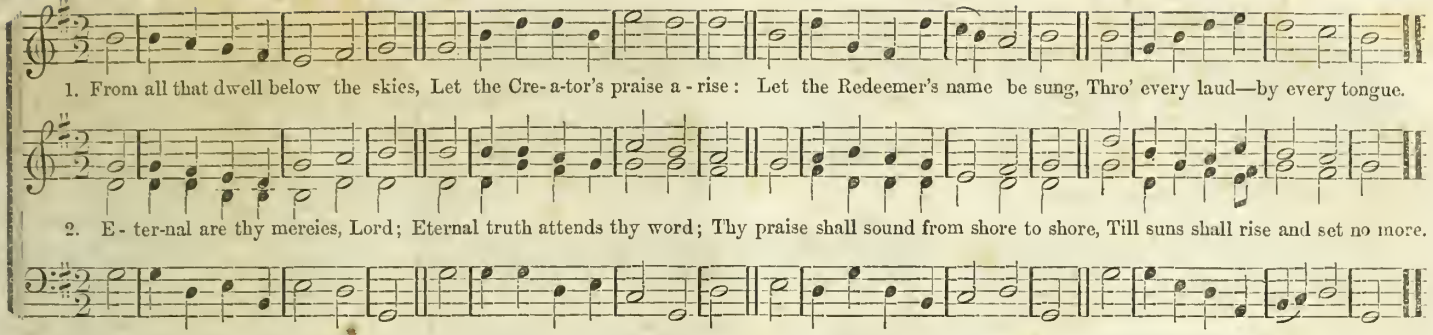


ERNAN.

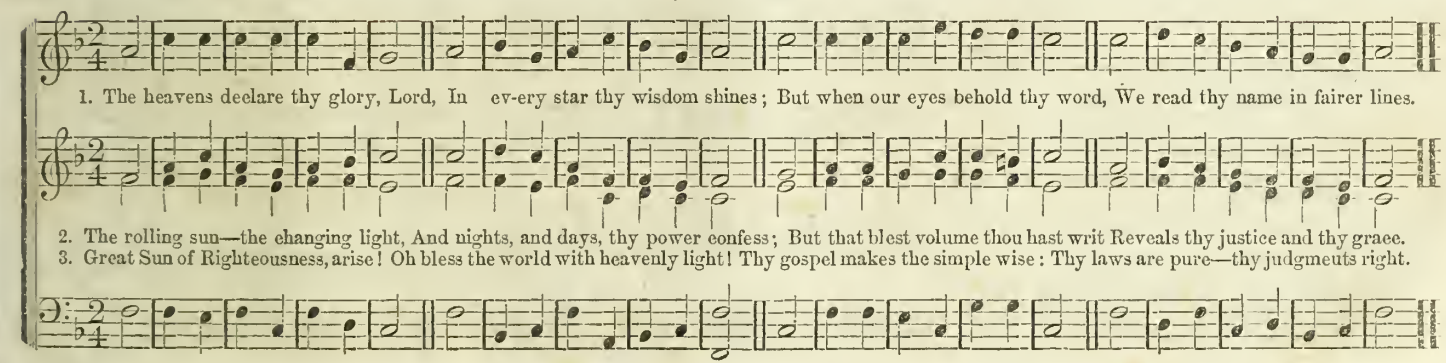
Gently, Softly.

LOWELL MASON, 1850.





IOSCO, OR PRAGUE.



SELECTION 1.

1. Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the | way of | sinners ;
   Nor sitteth in the | se-at | of the | scornful.
2. But his delight is in the | law · of the | Lord.
   And in his law doth he | medi-tate | day and | night.
3. And he shall be like a tree planted by the | rivers · of | water,
   That bringeth forth his | fru-it | in his | season.
4. His leaf also | shall not | wither.
   And whatso- | ever he | doeth shall | prosper.

5. The ungodly | are not | so,
   But are like the chaff which the | wind dri- | veth a- | way.
6. Therefore the ungodly shall not | stand · in the | judgment,
   Nor sinners in the congre- | gation | of the | righteous.
7. For the Lord knoweth the | way · of the | righteous.
   But the way of the un- | godly | sha-ll | perish.

[Ps. I.]

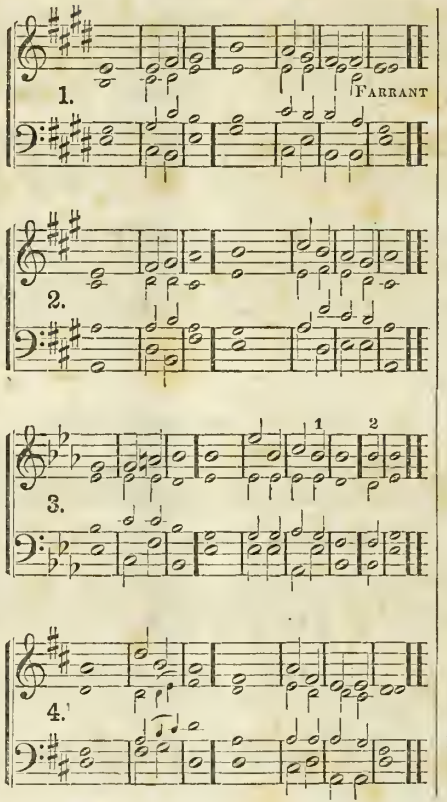
SELECTION 2.

1. Give ear to my | words, O | Lord ;
   Con- | sider - my | med-i- | tation.
2. Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King, | and my | God;
   For unto | thee will | I— | pray.
3. My voice shalt thou hear in the | morning, O | Lord ;
   In the morning will I direct my prayer unto | thee, and | will look | up.

4. For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in | wicked- | ness.
   Neither shall | evil | dwell with | thee.
5. The foolish shall not stand | in thy | sight.
   Thou hatest all | workers | of in- | iquity.
6. Thou shalt destroy them | that speak | falsehood ;
   The Lord will abhor the bloody | and de- | ceitful | man.

7. But as for me, I will come unto thy house in the multitude | of thy | mercy ;
   And in thy fear will I worship | toward thy | holy | temple.
8. Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness, because | of mine | enemies ;
   Make thy way | straight be- | fore my | face.
9. Let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice, let them ever shout for joy, because thou de- | fendest | them ;
   Let them also that love thy name be | joy- | ful in | thee.
10. For thou, Lord, wilt | bless the | righteous ;
    With favor wilt thou compass | him as | with a | shield.

[Ps. v.].



SELECTION 3.

1. The heavens declare the | glory of | God ;
   And the firmament | sheweth his | handy | work.
2. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night | sheweth | knowledge.
   There is no speech nor language, where their | voice is | not— | heard.
3. Their line is gone out through | all the | earth,
   And their words to the | e-nd | of the | world.
4. In them hath he set a tabernacle | for the | sun,
   Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong | man to | run a | race.
5. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the | ends of | it :
   And there is nothing | hid · from the | heat there- | of.

6. The law of the Lord is perfect, con- | verting the | soul :
   The testimony of the Lord is sure, | making | wise the | simple.
7. The statutes of the Lord are right, re- | joicing the | heart :
   The commandment of the Lord is pure, en- | light- | ening the | eyes.
8. The fear of the Lord is clean, en- | during for- | ever :
   The judgments of the Lord are true and | righteous | altogether.
9. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than | much fine | gold :
   Sweeter also than honey | and the | honey- | comb.
10. Moreover by them is thy | servant | warned :
    And in keeping of them | there is | great re- | ward.

11. Who can under- | stand his | errors ?
    Cleanse thou | me from | secret | faults.
12. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins ; let them not have do- | minion | over me :
    Then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent | from the | great trans- | gression.
13. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in | thy— | sight,
    O Lord, my | strength and | my Re- | deemer.

[Ps. XIX.]

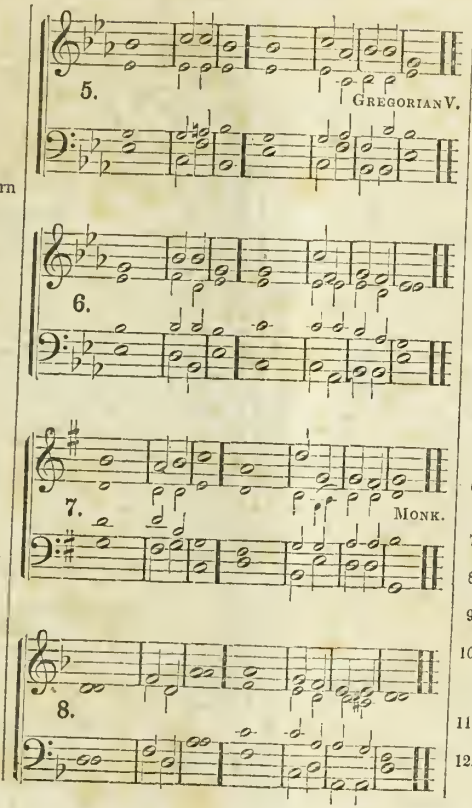
SELECTION 4.

1. God be merciful unto | us, and | bless us :
   And cause his | face to | shine up- | on us.
2. That thy way may be | known up-'-on | earth,
   Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.
3. Let the people praise | thee, O | God :
   Let all the | people | pra-ise | thee.
4. O let the nations be glad, and | sing for | joy :
   For thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the | na-'-tions up- | on the | earth.
5. Let the people praise | thee, O | God ;
   Let | all the | people | praise thee.
6. Then shall the earth | yield her | increase,
   And God, even | our own | God shall | bless us.
7. God | sha-ll | bless us,
   And all the ends of the | earth shall | fe-ar | him.

[Ps. LXVII.]

SELECTION 5.

1. God is our | refuge · and | strength,
   A very | present | help in | trouble.
2. Therefore we will not fear, though the | earth · be re- | mov-ed.
   And though the mountains be carried into the | midst of | the— | sea.
3. Though the waters thereof | roar, · and be | troubled,
   Though the mountains | shake · with the | swelling there- | of.
4. There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the | city · of | God ;
   The holy place of the tabernacles | of the | Mo-st | High.
5. God is in the midst of her, she shall | not be | mov-ed,
   God shall help her, and | that right | ea-r- | ly.
6. The heathen rag-ed, the | kingdoms ' were | mov-ed,
   He uttered his | voice, the | ea-rth | melted.
7. The Lord of | Hosts is | with us ;
   The God of | Jacob | is our | refuge.
8. Come, behold the | works · of the | Lord,
   What desolations | he hath | made · in the | earth.



9. He maketh wars to cease unto the | end · of the | earth ;
   He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder, he burneth the | chariot | in the | fire.
10. Be still, and know that | I am | God ;
    I will be exalted among the heathen, and I will be ex- | alted | in the | earth.
11. The Lord of | hosts is | with us ;
    The God of | Jacob | is our | refuge.

[Ps. XLVI.]

SELECTION 6.

1. Lord, thou hast been our | dwelling | place,
   In | a-ll | gene- | rations.
2. Before the mountains were brought forth, or even the earth | and the | world ;
   Even from everlasting to ever- | lasting, | Thou art | God.
3. Thou turnest man | to de- | struction ;
   And sayest, Return ye, | children | o-f | men.
4. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday, when | it is | past,
   And as a | wa-tch | in the | night.
5. Thou carriest them away as | with a | flood :
   They | a-re | as a | sleep.
6. In the morning they are like grass which | groweth | up ;
   In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up ; in the evening it is cut | down, and | wither- | eth.
7. For we are consum-ed | by thine | anger ;
   And by thy | wra-th | are we | troubled.
8. Thou hast set our iniquities be- | fo-re | thee ;
   Our secret sins in the | light of | thy— | countenance.
9. For all our days are passed away | in thy | wrath :
   We spend our years as a | ta-le | that is | told.
10. The days of our years are three-score years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be | four-score | years,
    Yet is their strength labor and sorrow ; for it is soon cut off, | and we | fly a- | way.
11. Who knoweth the power | of thine | anger :
    Even according to thy fear, | so is | thy— | wrath.
12. So teach us to | number · our | days :
    That we may apply our | hea-rts | unto | wisdom.

[Ps. XC.]

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